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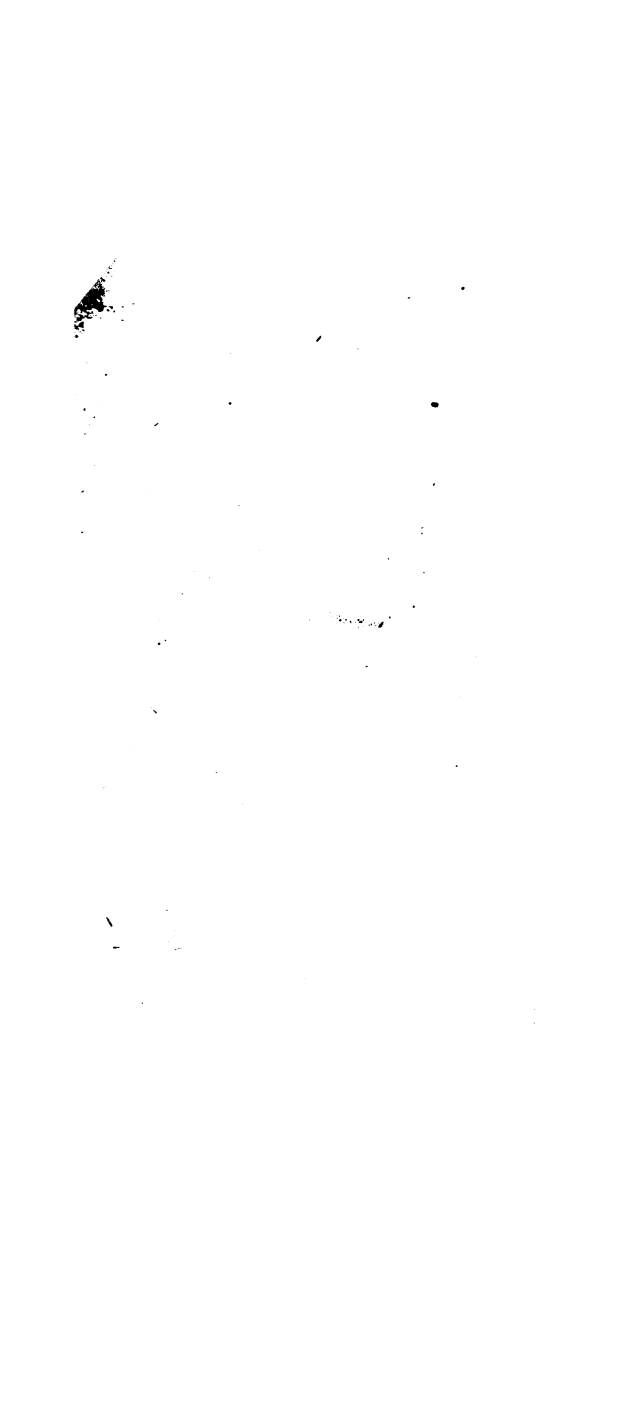
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JOHN DRYDEN.

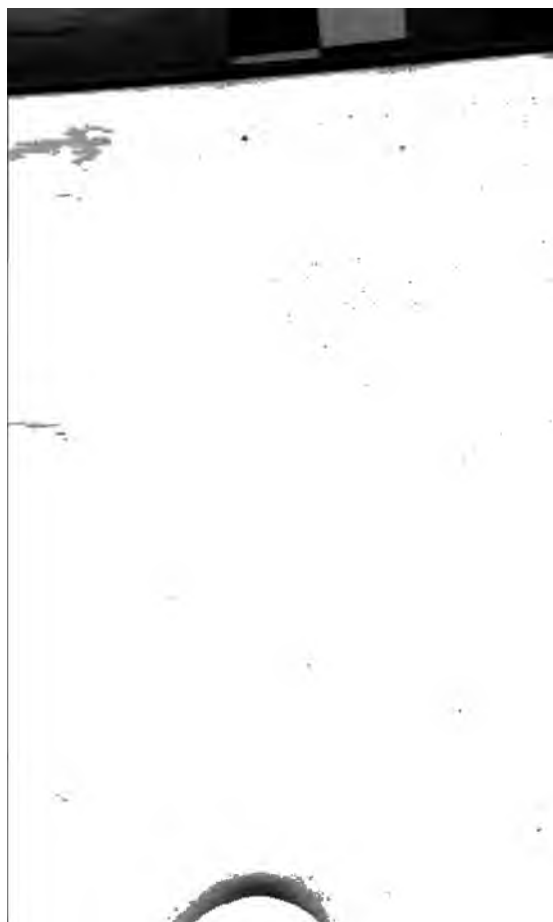
John Bell, at the British Library in the Strand London.

BEKE'S EDITION.
THE POETS of GREAT BRITAIN
COMPLETE, FROM
CHAPMAN to CHURCHILL.



DRUM VOLUME I.
Hark his hands the lyre explore!
Bright eye! Fancy hovering o'er.

Printed for John Bell near Exeter Exchange Strand London Mar. 8. 1777.



THE
POETICAL WORKS
OF
JOHN DRYDEN.

IN THREE VOLUMES.
WITH THE LIFE OF THE AUTHOR.

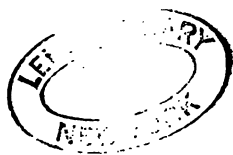
Hear how Timotheus' vary'd lays surprise,
And bid alternate passions fall and rise.---
The pow'r of music all our hearts allow,
And what Timotheus was is DRYDEN now. POPE.

Behold where DRYDEN's less presumptuous car
Wide o'er the fields of glory bear
Two coursers of ethereal race,
With necks in thunder cloth'd, and long-resounding pace.
Hark, his hands the lyre explore!
Bright ey'd Fancy hov'ring o'er,
Scatters from her pictur'd urn
Thoughts that breathe, and words that burn.
But ah! 'tis heard no more.--- GRAY.

LONDON :

PRINTED AT THE *Apollo Press*,
BY GEORGE CAWTHORN, NO. 132, STRAND,
BOOKSELLER & PRINTER TO HER ROYAL HIGHNESS
THE PRINCESS OF WALES.

1801.



THE
POETICAL WORKS
OF
JOHN DRYDEN.
VOL. I.

CONTAINING HIS
ASTRÆA REDUX,
ANNUS MIRABILIS,
BRITANNIA REDIVIVA, || RELIGIO LAICI,
|| THRENOD. AUGUSTALIS,
STANZAS TO CROMWELL,
&c. &c. &c.

But see where artful DRYDEN next appears,
Grown old in rhyme, but charming ev'n in years!
Great DRYDEN next! whose tuneful Muse affords
The sweetest numbers and the fittest words.
Whether in comic sounds or tragic airs
She forms her voice, she moves our smiles or tears.
If satire or heroic strains she writes,
Her hero pleases, and her satire bites.
From her no harsh unartful numbers fall;
She wears all dresses, and she charms in all.

ADDISON.

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THE PRINCESS OF WALES.

1801.



THE LIFE OF
JOHN DRYDEN.

is illustrious Poet was son of Erasmus Dryden of
nerish in Northamptonshire, third son of Sir Eras-
Dryden of Canons-Ashby, in the same county,
onet, and born at Aldwincle, near Oundle, 1631. *
had his education in grammar learning at West-
ster-school, under the famous Dr. Busby, and was
thence elected, in 1650, a scholar of Trinity-
lege in Cambridge,

we have no account of any extraordinary indica-
s of genius given by this great Poet while in his
ler days; and he is one instance how little regard
o be paid to the figure a boy makes at school.

Dryden was turned of thirty before he introdu-
any play upon the stage; and his first, called *The*
ld Gallants, met with a very indifferent reception;
hat if he had not been impelled by the force of
ius and propension, he had never again attempted
stage; a circumstance which the lovers of drama-
xetry must ever have regretted, as they would in
case have been deprived of one of the greatest or-
ients that ever adorned the profession.

he year before he left the University, he wrote a

* *Athen. Oxon.*

poem on the death of Lord Hastings, a performance, some of his critics say, very unworthy of himself, and of the astonishing genius he afterwards discovered.

That Mr. Dryden had at this time no fixed principles, either in religion or politics, is abundantly evident from his *Heroic Stanzas* on Oliver Cromwell, written after his funeral 1658; and immediately upon the Restoration he published *Astræa Redux*, a poem on the happy restoration of Charles II. and the same year his *Panegyric* to the King on his Coronation.

In 1662 he addressed a poem to the Lord Chancellor Hyde, presented on New-year's-day, and the same year published a *Satire on the Dutch*. His next piece was his *Annus Mirabilis*; or, *The Year of Wonders*, 1668, an historical poem, which celebrated the Duke of York's victory over the Dutch. In the same year Mr. Dryden succeeded Sir William Davenant as Poet Laureate, and was also made Historiographer to his Majesty; and that year published his *Essay on Dramatic Poetry*, addressed to Charles Earl of Dorset and Middlesex. Mr. Dryden tells his patron, that the writing this *Essay* served as an amusement to him in the country, when he was driven from Town by the violence of the plague which then raged in London; and he diverted himself with thinking on the theatres, as lovers do by ruminating on their absent mistresses. He there justifies the method of writing plays in verse, but he confesses that he has quitted

stice, because he found it troublesome and

In the preface, we are informed that the drift of his discourse was to vindicate the honour of the writers from the censure of those who unreasonably refer the French to them. Langbaine has justly treated Mr. Dryden on account of his dramatic performances, and charges him as a licentious writer. The truth is, our Author as a dramatist, is more eminent than in any other sphere of poetry ; and in all his faults, he is even in that respect the least eminent of his time.

Critics have remarked, that as to Tragedy, he touches the passions, but deals rather in pompous language, poetical flights and descriptions ; and frequently makes his characters speak better than on any other occasion, or ought to do, when their sphere of drama is considered. And it is peculiar to him (says Mr. Addison) to make his personages as witty, elegant, and polite as himself. That he did not so intimately affect the tender passions is evident, for we find no play of his in which we are disposed to weep ; and we are so often enchanted by his beautiful descriptions, and noble flights of fancy, that we forget the business of the play, and are attentive to the Poet, while the characters sleep. Johnson observes, in his *Laws of Poetry*, that it was recommended to Mr. Dryden to turn his

† He might have added it was unnatural.

thoughts to a translation of Euripides rather than to Homer, he confessed that he had no relish for that poet, who was a great master of tragic simplicity. Mr. Gildon further observes, as a confirmation, that Dryden's taste for tragedy was not of the genuine sort; that he constantly expressed a great contempt for Otway, who is universally allowed to have succeeded very happily in effecting the tender passions: yet Mr. Dryden, in his preface to the translation of M. du Fresnoy, speaks more favourably of Otway; and after mentioning these instances, Gildon ascribes this taste in Dryden to his having read many French romances. --- The truth is, if a poet would affect the heart, he must not exceed Nature too much, nor colour too high. Distressful circumstances, short speeches, and pathetic observations, never fail to move infinitely beyond the highest rant, or long declamations in tragedy. The simplicity of the drama was Otway's peculiar excellence. A living poet observes that from Otway to our own times,

“From hard to hard the frigid caution crept,

“And Declamation roar'd while Passion slept.”

Mr. Dryden seems to be sensible that he was not born to write comedy; “For,” says he, “I want that gaiety of humour which is required in it; my conversation is slow and dull, my humour saturnine and reserved. In short, I am none of those who endeavour to break jests in company, and make

rites; so that those who decry my Comedies
do me no injury except it be in point of profit:
station in them is the last thing to which I shall
end." *

An ingenuous confession of inability, one would
think, were sufficient to silence the clamour of the
against Mr. Dryden in that particular; but,
or true it may be that Dryden did not succeed
degree in comedy, I shall endeavour to support
portion, that in tragedy, with all his faults, he
was the most excellent of his time. The end of
poetry is to instruct ~~the~~ the mind as well as move the
passions; and where ~~there~~ there are no shining sentiments,
the mind may be affected, but not improved; and
where prevalent the passion of grief may be over-
powerful to the virtuous man, it is certain that he may feel distress
in the most acute manner, and not be much the wiser for
it. The tragedies of Otway, Lee, and Southern, are
highly moving, but they convey not such grand
sentiments, and their language is far from being so
polished as Dryden's. Now, if one dramatic poet
is to move, and another to enchant and instruct,
instruction is of greater consequence than being
amused, it follows naturally that the latter is the most
important writer, and possesses the greatest genius.

Perhaps our Poet would have wrote better in
the kinds of the drama, had not the necessity of his

† Defence; or the Essay on Dramatic Poetry.

circumstances obliged him to comply with the popular taste. He himself, in his Dedication to the Spanish Fryar, insinuates as much. "I remember," says he, "some verses of my own Maximin and Almanzor, which cry vengeance upon me for their extravagance. All that I can say for those passages, which are I hope not many, is that I knew they were bad when I wrote them. But I repent of them amongst my sins, and if any of their fellows intrude by chance into my present writings, I draw a veil over all these Dalilahs of the theatre, and am resolved I will settle myself no reputation upon the applause of fools. It is not that I am mortified to all ambition but I scorn as much to take it from half-witted judges, as I should to raise an estate by cheating of bubbles. Neither do I discommend the lofty style in tragedy, which is naturally pompous and magnificent; but nothing is truly sublime that is not just and proper." He says in another place, that his Spanish Fryar was given to the people, and that he never wrote any thing in the dramatic way to please himself but his *All for Love*.

In 1761 Mr. Dryden was publicly ridiculed on the stage in the Duke of Buckingham's comedy called *The Rehearsal*, under the character of Bays. This character, we are informed in the *Key to the Rehearsal*, was originally intended for Sir Robert Howard, under the name of Bilboa; but the representation being

at a stop to by the breaking out of the plague in 1665, it was laid by for several years, and not exhibited on the stage till 1671, in which interval, Mr. Dryden being advanced to the Laurel, the noble author changed the name of his poet from Bilboa to Bays, and made great alterations in his play, in order to ridicule several dramatic performances that appeared since the first writing it. Those of Mr. Dryden which fell under his Grace's lash were, *The Wild Gallant*, *Tyrannic Love*, *The Conquest of Granada*, *Marriage à-la Mode*, and *Love in a Nunnery*. Whatever was extravagant, or too warmly expressed, or any way unnatural, the author has ridiculed by parody.

Mr. Dryden affected to despise the satire levelled at him in the *Rehearsal*, as appears from his Dedication of the translation of Juvenal and Persius, where speaking of the many lampoons and libels that had been written against him, he says, "I answered not to the *Rehearsal*, because I knew the author sat to himself when he drew the picture, and was the very Bays of his own farce; because also I knew my betters were more concerned than I was in that satire; and lastly because Mr. Smith and Mr. Johnson, the main pillars of it were two such languishing gentlemen in their conversation, that I could liken them to nothing but their own relations, those noble characters of men of wit and pleasure about Town."

In 1679 came out an *Essay on Satire*, said to be

iii
written jointly by Mr. Dryden and the
grave. This piece, which was handed al
cript, contained reflections on the Duc
mouth and the Earl of Rochester; who
Wood says, Mr. Dryden to be the auth
ruffians to cudgel him in Wills' coffee-
o'clock at night. This short anecdote
be told without indignation. It proved
a malicious coward, and like other cow
insolent; his soul was incapable of any
proached towards generosity; and wh
ment was heated, he pursued revenge,
the most lasting hatred: he had always
prejudice against Dryden, from no othe
envy. Dryden's plays met with succe
was enough to fire the resentment of F
was naturally envious. In order to hu
and shake the interest of this noble Po
mended Crown, an obscure man, to w
the Court, which was Dryden's province
reate, to perform. Crown in this succe
after, when his play, called *The Conq
lem*, met with such extravagant applau
jealous of his new favourite, not only a
but commenced from that moment his
The other person, against whom this
velled, was not superior in virtue to th

ll the nation over, two better subjects for satire could not have been found than Lord Rochester and the Duchess of Portsmouth. As for Rochester, he had not genius enough to enter the lists with Dryden, so he fell upon another method of revenge, and meanly hired bravoës to assault him.

In 1680 came out a translation of Ovid's *Epistles* in English verse, by several hands, two of which were translated by Mr. Dryden, who also wrote the preface. In the year following our Author published *Absalom and Achithophel*. It was first printed without his name and is a severe satire against the contrivers and abettors of the opposition against King Charles II. In the same year that *Absalom and Achithophel* was published the *Medal, a Satire*, was likewise given to the public. This piece is aimed against sedition, and was occasioned by the striking of a medal, on account of the indictment against the Earl of Shaftsbury for high treason, being found *ignoramus* by the grand jury at the Old Bailey, November, 1681; for which the Whig party made great rejoicings, by ringing of bells, bonfires, &c. in all parts of London. The poem is introduced with a very satirical epistle to the Whigs, in which the Author says, "I have one favour to desire of you at parting, that when you think of answering this poem, you would employ the same pens against it who have combated with so much success against *Absalom and Achithophel*, for then you



LIFE OF DRYDEN.

x

“ may assure yourselves of a clear victory with
“ least reply. Rail at me abundantly, and no
“ a custom to do it with wit. By this method
“ gain a considerable point, which is wholly
“ the answer of my arguments. If God has no
“ you with the talent of rhyming, make use of
“ stock, and welcome; let your verses run
“ feet, and for the utmost refuge of notorio
“ heads reduced to the last extremity of sense
“ own lines against me, and, in utter despa
“ own satire, make me satirize myself.”

The whole poem is a severe invective :
Earl of Shaftsbury, who was uncle to that Earl
the Characteristics. Mr. Elkanah Settle w
swer to this poem, entitled The Meda
However contemptible Settle was as a po
was the prevalence of parties at that tim
some years he was Dryden's rival on the s
came out his Religio Laici; or, A Lay
This piece is intended as a defence of
gion, and the excellency and authority
tures, as the only rule of faith and ma
Deists, Papists, and Presbyterians. H
In the Preface, that it was written fo
young gentleman, his friend, upon h
Father Simon's Critical History of
ment, and that the style of it was epis
In 1684 he published a translatio

bourg's History of the League, in which he was employed by the command of King Charles II. on account of the plain parallel between the troubles of France and those of Great Britain. Upon the death of Charles II. he wrote his *Threnodia Augustalis*, a poem sacred to the happy memory of that prince. Soon after the accession of James II. our Author turned Roman Catholic, and by this extraordinary step drew upon himself abundance of ridicule from wits of the opposite faction; and in 1689 he wrote a Defence of the Papers written by the late King, of blessed memory, found in his strong box. Mr. Dryden, in the above-mentioned piece, takes occasion to vindicate the authority of the Catholic Church, in decreeing matters of faith upon this principle, that the church is more visible than the Scriptures, because the Scriptures are seen by the church; and to abuse the Reformation in England, which he affirms was erected on the foundation of lust, sacrilege, and usurpation. Dr. Stillingfleet hereupon answered Mr. Dryden, and treated him with some severity. Another author affirms, that Mr. Dryden's tract is very light, in some places ridiculous; and observes, that his talent lay towards controversy no more in prose than, by the *Hind and Panther*, it appeared to do in verse. This poem of the *Hind and Panther* is a direct defence of the Romish Church, in a dialogue between a Hind, which represents the Church of Rome, and a Pan-

ther, which supports the character of England. The first part of this poem is a general characters and narration of the state of the nation. "I have endeavoured to raise, a new turn of heroic poetry. The second part is a dispute, and chiefly concerning the propriety of the language. "I was obliged to make as plain and as simple as possibly I could, yet not without some numbers, though I had not the opportunity of the magnificence of verse. The third part is more of the nature of domestic poetry, and ought to be more free and familiar. There are in it two parts, which are interwoven with the story, which they are properly parts of it, and which are distinct stories of themselves. The fourth part have made use of the common language, whether true or false, which are the numbers of the one church against the other."

This poem was attacked by Mr. Mordaunt, afterwards Earl of Halifax, and Mr. Warton, who joined in writing the *Hind and the Panther* to the *Country Mouse and the City Mouse* in 1673, 4to. In the preface to the *Review*, "that Mr. Dryden's poem is a burlesque; and that in this burlesque presented monstrous and unbecomingly so in the original."

mark, that they have this comfort, under the severity of Mr. Dryden's satire, to see his abilities equally lessened with his opinion of them, and that he could not be a fit champion against the Panther till he had laid aside his judgment.

Mr. Dryden is supposed to have been engaged in translating M. Varilla's History of Heresies, but to have dropped that design. This we learn from a passage in Burnet's Reflection on the ninth book of the first volume of M. Varilla's History, being a reply to his answer.

When the Revolution was completed, Mr. Dryden, having turned Papist, became disqualified for holding his place, and was accordingly dispossessed of it; and it was conferred on a man to whom he had a confirmed aversion; in consequence whereof he wrote a satire against him, called Mac Fleckno, which is one of the severest and best written satires in our language.

In the year wherein he was deprived of the Laurel he published the life of St. Francis Xavier, translated from the French of Father Dominic Bouhours. In 1693 came out a translation of Juvenal and Persius; in which the first, third, sixth, tenth, and sixteenth satires of Juvenal, and Persius entire, were done by Mr. Dryden, who prefixed a long and ingenious discourse, by way of dedication, to the Earl of Dorset. In this address our author takes occasion a while to drop his reflections on Juvenal, and to lay before his

Lordship a plan for an epic poem. He observed that his genius never much inclined him to the study of poetry, that he wrote for it rather from necessity than from inclination. He complains that his circumstances were not so favourable as to suffer him to pursue the bent of his genius, and then lays down a plan upon which an epic poem might be written; to which, says he, I was much inclined. Whether the plan proposed is favourable or not we are not at present to consider: one thing is certain, that a man of Mr. Dryden's genius would have succeeded by the rapidity of the action, the art of the diction, and the beauty of the poetry, whatever might be defective in the plan, and produced a work which might have been the boast of the nation: and he does not help regretting on this occasion, that his ill fortune was not easy enough to enable him, with convenience and leisure, to pursue a work that might have proved an honour to himself, and reflected thereon on all who should have appeared his equals on this occasion.

In 1695 Mr. Dryden published a translation of Du Fresnoy's *Art of Painting*, with a preface containing a parallel between painting and poetry. Mr. Pope has addressed a copy of verses to him on the occasion. It was in praise of this translation. In 1697 his translation of Virgil's works came out. This translation passed through many editions, and, of all the translations which have been made to render Virgil into

critics, I think, have allowed that Dryden best deserved; notwithstanding, as he himself says, when he began it, he was past the grand climacteric! so much influence it seems age had over him, that he retained his judgment and fire in full force to the last. Pope, in his Preface to Homer, says, if Dryden lived to finish what he began of Homer, he (Mr. Pope) would not have attempted it after him, "no more (says he) than I would his Virgil, his version of whom (notwithstanding some human errors) is the most noble and spirited translation I know in any language."

Besides the original pieces and translations hitherto mentioned, Mr. Dryden wrote many others. They consist of translations from the Greek and Latin poets, dedications to several persons, Prologues and Epilogues to several plays, Elegies, Epitaphs, and Songs. His last work was his Fables, ancient and modern, translated into verse from Homer, Ovid, Boccaccio, and Lucan. To this work is prefixed, by way of preface, a critical account of the authors from whom the fables are translated.

As to our Author's performances in prose, besides his Dedications and Prefaces, and controversial writings, they consist of the Lives of Plutarch and Lucan, prefixed to the translation of those authors by several hands; the Life of Polybius, before the translation of that historian by Sir Henry Sheers, and the

Preface to the Dialogue concerning Women, by William Walsh, Esq.

Mr. Dryden died the first of May 1701, and was interred in Westminster-Abbey. On the 19th of April he had been very bad with the gout and erisipelas on one leg; but he was then somewhat recovered, and designed to go abroad. On the Friday following he ate a partridge for his supper, and going to take a turn in the little garden behind his house in Gerrard street, he was seized with a violent pain under the ball of the great toe of his right foot. Unable to stand, he cried out for help, and was carried in by his servants, when, upon sending for surgeons, they found a small black spot in the place affected. He submitted to their present applications, and, when afterwards he called his son Charles to him, using these words: "I know this black spot is a mortification; I know that it will seize my head, and that they will tempt to cut off my leg; but I command you, son, by your filial duty, that you do not suffer to be dismembered." As he foretold, the event proved, and his son was too dutiful to disobey his father's commands.

He married the Lady Elizabeth Howard, daughter of the Earl of Berkshire, who survived him above 40 years, and by whom he had three sons, Charles and Henry. Charles became usher of the chamber to Pope Clement XI. and, returning to England,

drowned in the Thames near Windsor in 1704. He was the author of several things, and translated the sixth satire of Juvenal. John translated the fourteenth satire of Juvenal; was the author of a comedy called *The Husband his own Cuckold*, printed in 1696, and died of a fever at Rome. Henry entered into religious orders.

The day after Mr. Dryden's death, the Dean of Westminster sent word to Mr. Dryden's widow, that he would make a present of the ground, and all other Abbey-fees, for the funeral. The Lord Halifax likewise sent to the Lady Elizabeth, and to Mr. Charles Dryden, offering to defray the expences of our Poet's funeral, and afterwards to bestow 500*l.* on a monument in the Abbey, which generous offer was accepted. Accordingly, on Sunday following, the company being assembled, the corpse was put into a velvet hearse, attended by eighteen mourning coaches. When they were just ready to move, Lord Jeffreys, son of Lord Chancellor Jeffreys, a name dedicated to infamy, with some of his rakish companions, riding by, asked whose funeral it was? and being told it was Mr. Dryden's, he protested he should not be buried in that private manner; that he would himself, with the Lady Elizabeth's leave, have the honour of the interment, and would bestow a thousand pounds on a monument in the Abbey for him. This put a stop to their procession; and the Lord Jeffreys, with se-

veral of the gentlemen, who had alighted from the coaches, went up stairs to the lady, who was sick in bed. His Lordship repeated the purport of what he had said below; but the lady Elizabeth refusing consent, he fell on his knees, vowing never to rise till his request was granted. The lady, under a sudden surprise, fainted away, and Lord Jeffreys, pretending to have obtained her consent, ordered the body to be carried to Mr. Russel's, an undertaker in Cheap, and to be left there till further orders. In the meantime the Abbey was lighted up, the ground opened, the choir attending, and the Bishop waiting several hours to no purpose for the corpse. The next day Charles Dryden waited on my Lord Halifax and the Bishop, and endeavoured to excuse his mother by relating the truth. Three days after, the undertaker having received no orders, waited on the Lord Jeffreys, who pretended it was a drunken frolic; that he remembered nothing of the matter, and he might do what he pleased with the body. Upon this the undertaker waited on the Lady Elizabeth, who desired a day's respite, which was granted. Mr. Charles Dryden immediately wrote to the Lord Jeffreys, who returned for answer, that he knew nothing of the matter, and would be troubled no more about it. Dryden hereupon applied again to the Lord Halifax and the Bishop of Rochester, who absolutely refused to do any thing in the affair.

In this distress Dr. Garth, who had been Mr. Dryden's intimate friend, sent for the corpse to the College of physicians, and proposed a subscription; which succeeding, about three weeks after Mr. Dryden's decease Dr. Garth pronounced a fine Latin oration over the body, which was conveyed from the College, attended by a numerous train of coaches to Westminster-Abbey, but in very great disorder. At last the corpse arrived at the Abbey, which was all unlighted. No organ played, no Anthem sung; only two of the singing boys preceded the corpse, who sung an ode of Horace, with each a small candle in their hand. When the funeral was over, Mr. Charles Dryden sent a challenge to Lord Jeffreys, who refusing to answer it, he sent several others, and went often himself; but could neither get a letter delivered, nor admittance to speak to him; which so incensed him, that finding his Lordship refused to answer him like a gentleman, he resolved to watch an opportunity, and brave him to fight, though with all the rules of honour; which his Lordship hearing, quitted the Town, and Mr. Charles never had an opportunity to meet him, though he sought it to his death with the utmost application.

The character of Mr. Dryden has been drawn by various hands; some have done it in a favourable, others in an opposite manner. The Bishop of Sarum, in the History of his own Times, says, that the state was defiled beyond all example; "Dryden, the great master of dramatic poetry, being a monster of im-

modesty and impu-
ard Landsdowne took upon him-
Dryden's character from this severe im-
was again answered, and apologies for it, by
net, the Bishop's son. But not to dwell on these con-
troversies about his character, let us hear what Mr.
Congreve says, in the Dedication of Dryden's works
to the Duke of Newcastle. Congreve knew him in-
timately; and as he could have no motive to deceive
the world in that particular, and being a man of un-
tainted morals, none can suspect his authority. By his
account it appears that Dryden was indeed as amiable
in private life as a Man, as he was illustrious in the
eye of the public as a Poet.

"Mr. Dryden (says Congreve) had personal qua-
lities to challenge love and esteem from all who
were truly acquainted with him. He was of a na-
ture exceeding humane and compassionate, easily
forgiving injuries, and capable of a prompt and
sincere reconciliation with those who had offend-
ed him.---His friendship, where he professed it, was
much beyond his professions.---As his reading
been very extensive, so was he very happy in

* In Millar's edition of the Bishop's works we have the fol-
lowing upon this passage. "This (says the editor) must be unde-
rstood of his performances for the stage; for as to his personal charac-
ter, nothing remarkably vicious in it; but his plays are, I
think, the fullest of obscenity of any now extant."

ous of every thing he had read. He was
possessed of knowledge than he was com-
of it; but then his communication of
o means pedantic, or imposed upon the
on, but just such, and went so far as, by
l turns of the discourse in which he was
it was necessarily prompted or required.
xtremely ready and gentle in the correc-
e errors of any writer who thought fit to
aim, and full as ready and patient to admit
prehension of others in respect of his own
ats or mistakes. He was of a very easy, I may
very pleasing access; but something slow,
it were, diffident in his advances to others.
d something in his nature that abhorred in-
n in any society whatsoever; and indeed it is
regretted that he was rather blameable on the
extreme. He was of all men I ever knew the
modest, and the most easy to be discounte-
ed in his approaches either to his superiors or
quals. As to his writings---I may venture to
a general terms, that no man hath written in
anguage so much, and so various matter, and in
rious manners, so well. Another thing I may
was very peculiar to him, which is, that his
did not decline with his years, but that he
an improving writer to the last, even to near
ty years of age, improving even in fire and ima-
ion as well as in judgment: witness his *Ode*
Cecilia's Day, and his *Fables*, his latest per-

“formances. He was equally excellent in verse and
 “prose: his prose had all the clearness imaginable
 “without deviating to the language or diction of
 “poetry; and I have frequently heard him own with
 “pleasure, that if he had any talent for writing prose
 “it was owing to his frequently having read the
 “writings of the great Archbishop Tillotson. In his
 “Poems his diction is, whatever the subject requires,
 “it, so sublimely and so truly poetical, that its essence
 “like that of pure gold, cannot be destroyed. Take
 “his verses, and divest them of their rhymes, disjoin
 “them of their numbers, transpose their expression
 “make what arrangement to disposition you please
 “his words, yet shall there eternally be poetry, and
 “something which will be found incapable of being
 “reduced to absolute prose. What he has done in
 “any one species, or distinct kind of writing, would
 “have been sufficient to have acquired him a very
 “great name. If he had written nothing but his *Præ-
 “faces*, or nothing but his *Songs*, or his *Prologue*,
 “each of them would have entitled him to the pre-
 “ference and distinction of excelling in its kind.”

Besides Mr. Dryden's numerous other performances we find him Author of the twenty-six dramatic pieces following, viz.

1. *The Wild Gallant*, a Comedy, 1669.
2. *The Indian Emperor*; or, *The Conquest of Mexico by the Spaniards*.
3. *An Evening's Love*; or, *The Mock Astrologer*, a Comedy, 1671.

9. *Marriage à-la-Mode*, a Comedy, 1673.
10. *Amboyna*, a Tragedy, 1673.
11. *The Mistaken Husband*, a Comedy, 1675.
12. *Aureng-zebe*; or, *The Great Mogul*, a Tragedy, 1676.
13. *The Tempest*; or, *The Enchanted Island*, a Comedy, 1676.
14. *Feigned Innocence*; or, *Sir Martin Mar-all*, a Comedy, 1678.
15. *The Assignment*; or, *Love in a Nunnery*, a Comedy, 1678.
16. *The state of Innocence*; or, *The Fall of Man*, an Opera, 1678.
17. *The Conquest of Granada by the Spaniards*, in 10 parts, two Tragi-Comedies, 1678.
18. *All for Love*; or, *The World well Lost*, a Tragedy, 1678.
19. *Tyrannic Love*; or, *The Royal Martyr*, a Tragedy, 1679.
20. *Troilus and Cressida*; or, *Truth found too late*, Tragedy, 1679.
21. *Secret Love*; or, *The Maiden Queen*, a Tragi-comedy, 1679.
22. *The Rival Ladies*, a Tragi-Comedy, 1679.
23. *The Kind Keeper*; or, *Mr. Limberham*, a Comedy, 1680.
24. *The Spanish Friar*; or, *The Double Discovery*, Tragi-Comedy, 1681.
25. *Duke of Guise*, a Tragedy, 1683.

21. Albion and Albanus, an Opera, 1685.
22. Don Sebastian, King of Portugal, a Tragedy, 1690.
23. King Arthur; or, The British Worthy, a Tragedy, 1691.
24. Amphytrion; or, The two Sosias, a Comedy, 1691.
25. Cleomenes, the Spartan Hero, a Tragedy, 1692.
26. Love Triumphant; or, Nature will prevail, a Tragi-Comedy, 1694.

Mr. Dryden had no monument erected to him for several years; to which Mr. Pope alludes, in his epitaph intended for Mr. Rowe, in this line:

Beneath a rude and nameless stone he lies.

In a note upon which we are informed, that the tomb of Mr. Dryden was erected upon this hint, by Sheffield Duke of Buckingham, to which was originally intended this epitaph:

This Sheffield rais'd---The sacred dust below
Was Dryden once; the rest who does not know?

Which was since changed into the plain inscription now upon it, viz.

J. DRYDEN,

NATUS AUG. 9. 1631.

MORTUS MARI 1. 1701.

Johannes Sheffield, Dux Buckinghamiensis fecit

ADVERTISEMENT.

Public is here obliged with the Poetical Works of Mr. Dryden, detached from the compositions of inferior writers, with which most of them have been hitherto blended in the *Miscellanies*.* It was thought for justice to the productions of so excellent a Poet; to set them free at last from so disadvantageous, if not unnatural, an union; which, like the cruelty of mixing *living* and *dead* bodies. We say this in respect to the numberless pieces in Mr. Dryden's *Miscellanies*, without derogating from that praise which is justly due to his others among them. But, not to enter into the merit of Mr. Dryden's *fellow-undertakers*† in that collection, or the motives which induced him to write in conjunction with others, we may venture to say it is now high time the *partnership* should be dissolved, and Mr. Dryden left to stand upon his own bottom. His credit as a Poet, is out of all danger; though the withdrawing his stock may probably expose many of his co-partners to the hazard of a poetical bankruptcy.

There is, indeed, a Collection of original poems and translations by Mr. Dryden, published for J. Tonson

* Those published by Mr. Dryden himself in Six Parts, and others.

† So he himself calls them, Preface to the *Miscellanies*.

While our cross stars de-
 Whom our first flames and virgins
 For his long absence Church and State
 Madness the pulpit, Faction seiz'd the throne;
 Experienc'd age in deep despair was lost,
 To see the rebel thrive, the loyal cross'd:
 Youth that with joys had unacquainted been,
 Envy'd gray hairs that once good days had seen:
 We thought our sires, not with their own content,
 Had, ere we came to age, our portion spent.
 Nor could our nobles hope their bold attempt,
 Who ruin'd crowns, would coronets exempt,
 For when, by their designing leaders taught
 To strike at pow'r, which for themselves they sought
 The vulgar, gull'd into rebellion, arm'd,
 Their blood to action by their prize was warm'd.
 The sacred purple then, and scarlet gown,
 Like sanguine dye, to elephants was shown,
 Thus when the bold Typhœus scal'd the sky,
 And forc'd great Jove from his own heav'n io
 (What king, what crown, from Treason's reach
 If Jove and heav'n can violated be?)
 The lesser gods, that shar'd his prosp'rous
 All suffer'd in the exil'd Thund'rer's fate.
 The rabble now such freedom did enjoy,
 As winds at sea, that use it to destroy:
 Blind as the Cyclop, and as wild as he,
 They own'd a lawless savage liberty,

our painted ancestors so priz'd,
 Empire's arts their breasts had civiliz'd.
 great were then our Charles' woes, who thus
 forc'd to suffer for himself and us; 50
 toss'd by Fate, and hurry'd up and down,
 to his father's sorrows with his crown,
 could taste no sweets of youth's desired age,
 but found his life too true a pilgrimage.
 Inconquer'd yet in that forlorn estate,
 His manly courage overcame his fate.
 His wounds he took, like Romans, on his breast,
 Which by his virtue were with laurels drest.
 As souls reach heav'n while yet in bodies pent,
 So did he live above his banishment. 60
 That sun, which we beheld with cozen'd eyes
 Within the water, mov'd along the skies.
 How easy 'tis, when Destiny proves kind,
 With full-spread sails to run before the wind!
 But those that 'gains: stiff gales laveering go,
 Must be at once resolv'd and skilful too.
 He would not, like soft Otho, hope prevent,
 But stay'd and suffer'd Fortune to repent.
 These virtues Galba in a stranger sought,
 And Piso to adopted empire brought. 70
 How shall I then my doubtful thoughts express,
 That must his suff'rings both regret and bless!
 For when his early valour Heav'n had cross'd,
 And all at Worc'ster but the honour lost,
Volume I. D

ASTREA REDUX.

From his rightful throne,
 tries where he came his own;
 arches' secret arts of sway,
 his kingdoms lay.

David spent abroad his time,
 d's anointed was his crime;
 or'd made his proud neighbours rue
 emarks he from his travels drew,
 by afflictions shown

hers' realms, but rule his own:
 ardly what he lost before,
 ears it much, his purchase more.
 er ere he came to reign,

edure will his actions stain:
 ripen'd by digestive thought,
 ule is into method brought:
 o first proportion understand,
 practice reach a master's hand.

At the ancient poets then confer
 the honour'd name of Counsellor,
 uck with rays of prosperous fortune bl
 alone in dark afflictions find.
 idversities to sceptres train'd,
 e of Great his famous grandsire
 t a king alone in name and right
 unger, cold, and angry Jove
 t by a covenant league's
 y and as catholic as ours.

Time's fruitless spi
 not shook, but
 ages, lost in
 leave to busy ch
 those sapine felicit
 chastes, and epo
 when Time gentl
 his silent sic
 that Charles'
 open'd b
 what str
 that
 at

fruitless spite had made it known
 shook, but rivetted his throne.
 ages, lost in sleep and ease,
 ve to busy chronicles :
 supine felicity but makes
 ms, and epochs mistakes ;
 Time gently shakes his wings of down,
 is silent sickle they are mown. 110
 : Charles' too too active age,
 vern'd by the wild distemper'd rage
 lack star infecting all the skies,
 at his own cost like Adam wise.
 ye Nations! who, secure before,
 at those arms that 'gainst ourselves we bore ;
 / the lash of his own stubborn tail,
 now will foreign foes assail.
 who the sacred altar strows ? -
 sea-gods Charles an off'ring owes : 120
 ee, Portunus, shall be slain,
 rou, ye Tempests of the main :
 ud storms, that did against him roar,
 s shipwreck'd vessel on the shore,
 artists mix their colours so,
 ees they from each other go.
 inheeded from the neighb'ring white,
 nding the well-cozen'd sight ;
 our blessed change, while we
 feel, but scarce the manner see. 130

ASTREA REDUX.

deny

Frosts that constrain the ground, and birth
To flow'rs that in its womb expecting lie,
Do seldom their usurping pow'r withdraw,
But raging floods pursue their hasty thaw.
Our thaw was mild, the cold not chas'd away,
But lost in kindly heat of lengthen'd day.
Hear'n would no bargain for its blessings drive,
But what we could not pay for freely give.
The Prince of Peace would, like himself, confer
A gift unhop'd without the price of war:
Yet, as he knew his blessings' worth, took care
That he would know it by repeated pray'r,
Which storm'd the skies, and ravish'd Charles
As heav'n itself is took by violence.
Booth's forward valour only serv'd to show
He durst that duty pay we all did owe:
Th' attempt was fair, but Heav'n's prefixed
Not come: so, like the watchful traveller,
That by the moon's mistaken light did rise,
Lay down again, and clos'd his weary eyes.
'Twas Monk, whom Providence design'd to
Those real bonds false freedom did impose
The blessed saints, that watch'd this turn
Did from their stars with joyful wonder
To see small clues draw vastest weights
Not in their bulk, but in their order str
Thus pencils can by one slight touch re
Smiles to that changed face that wept

such fond chimeras we pursue,
 names for fancy to subdue; 160
 ourselves to action we betake,
 e mint like gold that chymists make.
 was then his task, at once to be
 he body natural we see?
 hitect distinctly did ordain
 : of muscles, nerves, and of the brain,
 less conduits spirits to dispense,
 s of motion from the seat of sense.
 the hasty product of a day,
 ill-ripen'd fruit of wise delay. 170
 patient angler, ere he strook,
 him play a while upon the hook.
 ful food the stomach labours thus,
 bracing what it straight doth crush.
 es will not vain receipts obtrude,
 wing pains pronounce the humours crude;
 nplaints they wait upon the ill,
 safe crisis authorise their skill.
 his acts too close a vizard wear,
 heir eyes whom guilt had taught to fear,
 with caution that polluted nest 181
 egion twice before was dispossess:
 d house; which when they enter'd in,
 ght the place could sanctify a sin;
 that vainly hop'd kind Heav'n would wink,
 xcess on martyrs' tombs they drink:

And as devouter Turks first warn their souls
To part before they taste forbidden bowls,
So these, when their black crimes they went about,
First timely charm'd their useless conscience out. 19
Religion's name against it if was made;
The shadow serv'd the substance to invade;
Like zealous missions, they did care pretend
Of souls in shew, but made the gold their end.
Th' incensed pow'rs beheld with scorn from high
An heav'n so far distant from the sky,
Which durst, with horses' hoofs that beat the ground
And martial brass, belie the thunder's sound;
'Twas hence at length just Vengeance thought it fit
To speed their ruin by their impious wit. 20
Thus Sforza, curs'd with a too fertile brain,
Lost by his wiles the pow'r his wit did gain.
Henceforth their *fougue* must spend at lesser rate
Than in its flames to wrap a nation's fate.
Suffer'd to live, they are like Helots set,
A virtuous shame within us to beget:
For by example most we sinn'd before,
And glass-like clearness mix'd with frailty bore.
But since reform'd by what we did amiss,
We by our suff'rings learnt to prize our bliss.
Like early lovers, whose unpractis'd hearts
Were long the May-game of malicious arts,
When once they find their jealousies were vain,
With double heat renew their fires again.

w'd the joy that hurry'd o'er
 English to the neighb'ring shore,
 se by which Batavia made
 or our impoverish'd trade.
 n from Sc. Javelin's barren shore
 roops, and barren now no more) 220
 d to his farewell bring
 illand to regret a king !
 im his royal fleet did ride,
 ds to their lower'd sails deny'd.
 reamers, flags, and standards out,
 ens' rude but cheerful shout ;
 nons' voice that shook the skies,
 1 sudden ecstasies,
 s both of ears and eyes. }
 v no longer England's shame, 230
 lost in Charles' name,
 qual bride in nobler sheets)
 d, the joyful Lodom meets
 ork, himself alone a freight ;
 roans beneath great Glo'ster's weight.
 the halcyon breeds, with these
 n to drown might cross the seas.
 t own a Providence, and take
 e nations ventur'd at a stake.
 gence Charles's voyage bless'd, 240
 ght hand miracles confess'd.

Or out
Their straiten'd
The British Amphytrite, ~~show~~
In richer azure never did appear,
Proud her returning Prince to entertain
With the submitted fasces of the main.

And welcome now, great Monarch! to your own;
Behold th' approaching cliffs of Albion:
It is no longer motion cheats your view;
As you meet it the land approacheth you.
The land returns, and in the white it wears,
The marks of penitence and sorrow bears.
But you, whose goodness your descent doth show,
Your heav'nly parentage and earthly too;
By that same mildness which your father's crown
Before did ravish shall secure your own.
Not ty'd to rules of policy, you find
Revenge less sweet than a forgiving mind.
Thus, when th' Almighty would to Moses give
A sight of all he could behold and live,
A voice before his entry did proclaim
" Long suffering, Goodness, Mercy," in his
Your pow'r to justice doth submit your cause
Your goodness only is above the laws,

I letter, while pronounc'd by you,
 le: so winds that tempests brew,
 Arabian groves they take their flight,
 n with rich odours, lose their spite: 271
 e lees that trouble it refine
 l soul of gen'rous wine;
 oy for your returning spilt,
 nd expiate our former guilt.
 see those crowds on Dover's strand,
 r haste to welcome you to land
 he beach with their still-growing store,
 wilder torrent on the shore;
 r'd with eager thoughts of past delight,
 iad seen you court a second sight; 281
 ill your steps, and making haste
 1 often wheresoe'er you past.
 speak of that triumphant day,
 enew'd th' expiring pomp of May!
 iat owns an int'rest in your name;
 flow'rs are its peculiar claim.)
 at at your birth shone out so bright,
 e duller sun's meridian light,
 ain its potent fires renew, 293
 eyes to find and worship you.
 Time's whiter series is begun,
 ft centuries shall smoothly run:
 s that overcast your morn shall fly
 farthest corners of the sky.

Our nation with united int'rest bless'd,
Not now content to poise shall sway the rest:
Abroad your empire shall no limits know,
But like the sea in boundless circles flow.
Your much-lov'd fleet shall with a wide command
Besiege the petty-monarchs of the land;
And as old Time his offspring swallow'd down,
Our ocean in its depths all seas shall drown.
Their wealthy trade from pirates' rapine free,
Our merchants shall no more advent'ers be,
Nor in the farthest East those dangers fear,
Which humble Holland must dissemble here.
Spain to your gift alone her Indies owes;
For what the pow'rful takes not he bestows:
And France, that did an exile's presence fear,
May justly apprehend you still too near.
At home the hateful names of party cease,
And factious souls are weary'd into peace.
The discontented now are only they
Whose crimes before did your just cause betray:
Of those your edicts some reclaim from sin,
But most your life and bless'd example win.
Oh happy Prince! whom Heav'n hath taught the w.
By paying vows, to have more vows to pay!
Oh happy age! oh times like those alone,
By fate reserv'd for great Augustus' throne!
When the joint growth of arms and arts foreshew
The world a Monarch, and that monarch You.

METROPOLIS OF GREAT BRITAIN,

most Renowned and late Flourishing

TY OF LONDON,

& ITS REPRESENTATIVES

*Mayor and Court of Aldermen, the Sheriffs,
and Council of it.*

am the first who ever presented a work
to the metropolis of any nation, so it
is resonant to justice, that he who was to
be an example of such a Dedication, should
be that City which has set a pattern to all
loyalty, invincible courage, and un-
flinching fidelity. Other cities have been praised for
their valour, but I am much deceived if any have
lost their reputation; their fame has
been raised by cheaper trials than an expensive
civil war, a consuming pestilence, and a
raging fire. To submit yourselves with that
calmness to the judgments of Heaven, and, at the same
time, to exert yourselves with that vigour above all
others; to be combated at once from above
and below, to be struck down and to triumph; I
think never such trials have been ever pa-
ssed by any nation; the resolution and successes of

them never can be. Never had Prince or people more mutual reason to love each other, if suffering for each other can endear affection. You have come together a pair of matchless lovers, through many difficulties, he through a long exile, various traverses of fortune and the interposition of many rivals, who violently ravished and withheld you from him; and certainly you have had your share in sufferings. But Providence has cast upon you want of trade, that you might appear bountiful to your country's necessities; and the rest of your afflictions are not more the effects of God's displeasure (frequent examples of them having been in the reign of the most excellent princes) than occasions for the manifesting of your Christian and civil virtues. To you, therefore, this Year of Wonders is justly dedicated, because you have made it so. You, who are to stand a wonder to all years and ages, and who have built yourselves an immortal Monument on your own ruins; you are now a phoenix in her ashes, and, as far as humanity can approach, a great emblem of the suffering Deity: but Heaven never made so much piety and virtue to leave it miserable. I have heard, indeed, of some virtuous persons who have ended unfortunately, but never of any virtuous nation: Providence is engaged too deeply, when the cause becomes so general; and I cannot imagine it has resolved the ruin of that people at home, which it has blessed abroad with such successes. I am therefore to

hat your sufferings are at an end; and that
f my Poem has not been more-an history
struction than the other prophecy of your
The accomplishment of which happiness,
wish of all true Englishmen, so is it by none
ionately desired than by

The greatest of your admirers,

And most humble of your servants,

JOHN DRYDEN.



ANNUS MIRABILIS:

THE YEAR OF WONDERS, M.DC.LXVI.

I. In thriving arts long time had Holland grown,
Crouching at home, and cruel when abroad:
Scarce leaving us the means to claim our own,
Our King they courted, and our merchants sw'd.

II.

Trade, which, like blood, should circularly flow,
Stopp'd in their channels, found its freedom lost:
Thither the wealth of all the world did go,
And seem'd but shipwreck'd on so base a coast.

III.

For them alone the hear'ns had kindly heat,
In eastern quarries rip'ning precious dew: 10
For them the Idumean balm did sweat,
And in hot Ceylon spicy forests grew.

IV.

The sun but seem'd the lab'rer of the year;
Each waxing moon supply'd her wat'ry store,
To swell those tides which from the lift did bear
Their brimful vessels to the Belgian shore.

V.

Thus, mighty in her ships, stood Carthage long,
And swept the riches of the world from far;
Yet stoop'd to Rome, less wealthy, but more strong;
And this may prove our second Punic war. 20

Dryden.]

E ij

VI.

What peace can be where both to one pretend?
(But they more diligent, and we more strong)
Or if a peace, it soon must have an end;
For they would grow too pow'rful were it long.

VII.

Behold two nations then, engag'd so far,
That each sev'n years the fit must shake each land;
Where France will side to weaken us by war,
Who only can his vast designs withstand.

VIII.

See how he feeds th' Iberian with delays,
To render us his timely friendship vain; 30
And, while his secret soul on Flanders preys,
He rocks the cradle of the Babe of Spain.

IX.

Such deep designs of empire does he lay
O'er them whose cause he seems to take in hand;
And prudently would make them Lords at sea,
To whom with ease he can give laws by land.

X.

This saw our King; and long within his breast
His pensive counsels balanc'd to and fro:
He griev'd the land he freed should be oppress'd,
And he less for it than usurpers do, 40

XI.

His gen'rous mind the fair ideas drew
Of fame and honour, which in dangers lay;

wealth like fruit on precipices grew,
e gather'd but by birds of prey.

XII.

and gain each fatally were great;
his subjects called aloud for war;
eful kings, o'er martial people set,
er's poise and counterbalance are.

XIII.

survey'd the charge with careful eyes,
none but mighty monarchs could maintain; so
g'd, like vapours that from limbs rise,
in richer show'rs descend again.

XIV.

h resolv'd t' assert the wat'ry ball
mself did whole armadoes bring:
ed seamen might their master call,
se for gen'ral, were he not their King.

XV.

as ev'ry ship their Sov'reign knows,
al summons they so soon obey;
the scaly herd when Proteus blows, †
o pasture follow thro' the sea.

60

XVI.

his fleet upon the ocean move,
drew wide the curtains of the skies;

teus blows.]

Coeruleus Proteus immanis ponti
cna et magnas pascit sub gurgite Phocas,

VIRG.

For

Whether they unctuous exult
Fir'd by the sun, or seeming so alone,
Or each some more remote and slipp'ry star, -
Which loses footing when to mortals shown :

xviii.

Or one, that bright companion of the sun,
Whose glorious aspect seal'd our new-born King; 70
And now a round of greater years begun,
New influence from his walks of light did bring.

xix.

Victorious York did first, with fam'd success,
To his known valour make the Dutch give place :
Thus Heav'n our Monarch's fortune did confess,
Beginning conquest from his royal-race.

xx.

But since it was decreed, auspicious King !
In Britain's right that thou shouldst wed the ma
Heav'n as a gage, would cast some precious thi
And therefore doom'd that Lawson should be sl

xxi.

Lawson amongst the foremost met his fate
Whom sea-green Sirens from the rocks lame
Thus as an off'ring for the Grecian state,
He first was kill'd who first to battle went.

XXII.

Chief blown up, in air, not waves, expir'd,
Which his pride presum'd to give the law !
The Dutch confess'd Heav'n present and retir'd,
And all was Britain the wide Ocean saw.

XXIII.

To nearest ports their shatter'd ships repair,
Where by our dreadful cannon they lay aw'd ; 90
So rev'rently men quit the open air,
When thunder speaks the angry gods abroad.

XXIV.

And now approach'd their fleet from India, fraught
With all the riches of the rising sun :
And precious sand from southern climates brought,
The fatal regions where the war begun.

XXV.

Like hunted castors, conscious of their store,
Their way-laid wealth to Norway's coast they bring ;
There first the North's cold bosom spices bore,
And Winter brooded on the eastern spring. 100

XXVI.

By the rich scent we found our perfum'd prey,
Which, flank'd with rocks, did close in covert lie ;
And round about their murd'ring cannon lay,
At once to threaten and invite the eye.

XXVII.

Fiercer than cannon, and than rocks more hard,
The English undertake th' unequal war :

Sev'n ships alone, by which the port is barr'd,
Besiege the Indies, and all Denmark dare,

XXVIII.

These fight like husbands, but like lovers those :
These fain would keep, and those more fain enjoy;
And to such height their frantic passion grows,
That what both love both hazard to destroy.

XXIX.

Amidst whole heaps of spices lights a ball,
And now their odours arm'd against them fly;
Some precious by shatter'd porcelain fall,
And some by aromatic splinters die.

XXX.

And tho' by tempests of the prize bereft,
In Heav'n's inclemency some ease we find;
Our foes we vanquish'd by our valour left,
And only yielded to the seas and wind.

XXXI.

Nor wholly lost we so deserv'd a prey;
For storms repenting part of it restor'd;
Which, as a tribute from the Baltic sea,
The British Ocean sent her mighty Lord.

XXXII.

Go, Mortals! now, and vex yourselves in vain
For wealth which so uncertainly must come;
When what was brought so far, and with such pain
Was only kept to lose it nearer home.

XXXIII.

The son who, twice three months on th' ocean tost,
 Prepar'd to tell what he had pass'd before, 130
 Now sees in English ships the Holland coast,
 And parents' arms in vain stretch'd from the shore.

XXXIV.

This careful husband had been long away,
 Whom his chaste wife and little children mourn;
 Who on their fingers learn'd to tell the day
 On which their father promis'd to return.

XXXV.

Such are † the proud designs of humankind,
 And so we suffer shipwreck ev'ry where!
 Alas! what port can such a pilot find,
 Who in the night of fate must blindly steer? 140

XXXVI.

The undistinguish'd seeds of good and ill
 Heav'n in his bosom from our knowledge hides,
 And draws them in contempt of human skill,
 Which oft' for friends mistaken foes provides.

XXXVII.

Let Munster's prelate ever be accurst,
 In whom we seek the German faith ‡ in vain:
 Alas! that he should teach the English first,
 That fraud and av'rice in the church could reign.

† Such are, &c.] From Petronius; "Si bene calculum ponas, ubique
 "fit naufragium."

‡ The German faith.] Tacitus saith of them, "Nullos mortalium fide
 "aut armis, ante Germanos esse."

ANNUS MIRABILIS.

XXXVIII.

ppy, who never trust a stranger's will,
hose friendship's in his int'rest understood! 150
nce money giv'n but tempts him to be ill,
hen pow'r is too remote to make him good.

XXXIX.

Fill now alone the mighty nations strove;
The rest at gaze without the lists did stand:
And threat'ning France, plac'd like a painted Jove,
Kept idle thunder in his lifted hand.

XL.

That eunuch-guardian of rich Holland's trade,
Who envies us what he wants pow'r t' enjoy;
Whose noisy valour does no foe invade,
And weak assistance will his friends destroy 160

XLI.

Offended that we fought without his leave,
He takes this time his secret hate to show;
Which Charles does with a mind so calm receive,
As one that neither seeks nor shuns his foe.

XLII.

With France, to aid the Dutch, the Danes unite;
France as their tyrant, Denmark as their slave:
But when with one three nations join to fight,
They silently confess that one more brave.

XLIII.

Lewis had chas'd the English from his shore;
But Charles the French as subjects does invite;

Heav'n for each some Solomon restore,
 y their mercy may decide their right.

XLIV.

subjects so but only by their choice,
 not from birth did forc'd dominion take,
 prince alone would have the public voice,
 all his neighbours' realms would deserts make.

XLV.

without fear a dang'rous war pursues,
 rich without rashness he began before.
 honour made him first the danger chuse,
 still he makes it good on virtue's score.

180

XLVI.

he doubled charge his subjects' love supplies,
 Who in that bounty to themselves are kind :
 so glad Egyptians see their Nilus rise,
 And in his plenty their abundance find.

XLVII.

With equal pow'r he does two chiefs create,
 Two such, as each seem'd worthiest when alone ;
 Each able to sustain a nation's fate,
 since both had found a greater in their own.

XLVIII.

both great in courage, conduct, and in fame,
 yet neither anxious of the other's praise ;
 'heir duty, faith, and int'rest to the same,
 like mighty partners equally they raise.

ANNUS MIRABILIS.

XLIX.

long time had courted Fortune's love,
possess'd did absolutely reign:
their Amazons the heroes strove,
quer'd first those beauties they would gain.

L.

like beheld, like Scipio, with disdain,
Carthage, which he ruin'd, rise once more,
hook aloft the fasces of the main,
sight those slaves with what they felt before. 209

LI.

gether to the wat'ry camp they haste,
hom matrons passing to their children show:
infants' first vows for them to Heav'n are cast,
and future people † bless them as they go.

LII.

With them no riotous pomp, nor Asian train,
T' infect a navy with their gaudy fears;
To make slow fights, and victories but vain,
But war, severely, like itself, appears.

LIII.

Diffusive of themselves, where'er they pass,
They make that warmth in others they expect
Their valour works like bodies on a glass,
And does its image on their men project.

† Future people.] † Examina infantium futurisque po
in PANZ. ad Traj.

LIV.

It divides, and straight the Dutch appear,
 Ober, and a fair'd commander bold;
 narrow seas can scarce their navy bear,
 crowded vessels on their soldiers hold.

LV.

The Duke, less num'rous, but in courage more;
 On wings of all the winds to combat flies;
 His murd'ring guns a loud defiance roar,
 And bloody crosses on his flag-staffs rise. 220

LVI.

Both furl their sails, and strip them for the fight;
 Their folded sheets dismiss the useless air:
 Th' Elian plains could boast no nobler fight,
 When struggling champions did their bodies bare.

LVII.

Borne each by other in a distant line,
 The sea-built forts in dreadful order move;
 So vast the noise, as if not fleets did join,
 But lands unfix'd, † and floating nations strove.

LVIII.

Now pass'd, on either side they nimbly tack;
 Both strive to intercept and guide the wind, 230
 And in its eye more closely they come back
 To finish all the deaths they left behind.

† Lands unfix'd.] From Virgil. 'Cretæ. lævæ revolvæ Cycladas, &c.'

LIII.

On high-rai'd decks the mighty Belgians ride,
 Beneath whose shade our humble frigates go:
 Such port the elephant bears, and so defr'd
 By the rhinoceros, but unequal foe.

LIV.

And as the bull, so different is the fight;
 Their mounting shot is on our sails design'd:
 Deep in their hulls our deadly bullets light,
 And thro' the yielding planks a passage find. 146

LV.

Our dreaded Admiral from far they threat,
 Whose batter'd rigging their whole war received:
 All bare, like some old oak which tempests beat,
 He stands, and sees below his scatter'd leaves.

LVI.

Heroes of old, when wounded, shelter sought;
 But he, who meets all danger with disdain,
 E'en in their face his ship to anchor brought,
 And, steeple-high, stood propp'd upon the main.

LVII.

At this excess of courage, all amaz'd,
 The foremost of his foes a while withdraw: 150
 With such respect in enter'd Rome they gaz'd,
 Who on high chairs the godlike Fathers saw.

LVIII.

And now, as where Patroclus' body lay,
 Her Trojan chiefs advanc'd, and there the Greeks;

er the Duke their pious wings display,
 and the noblest spoils of Britain seek.

LXV.

Now his busy mariners he hastes,
 their'd sails with rigging to restore,
 Illing pines ascend his broken masts,
 lofty heads rise higher than before. : 260

LXVI.

t to the Dutch he turns his dreadful prow,
 sees th' important quarrel to decide:
 vans, in long array his vessels show,
 crests advancing do the waves divide.

LXVII.

large, recharge, and all along the sea
 rive, and squander the huge Belgian fleet:
 alone, who nearest danger lay,
 he sits with lost Creusa meet.

LXVIII.

ht comes on, we eager to pursue
 what still, and they seem'd to leave; : 270
 last streak of dying day withdrew,
 abtful moonlight did our rage deceive.

LXIX.

nglish fleet each ship resounds with joy,
 id applause of their great leader's fame:
 dreams the Dutch they still destroy,
 umb'ring, smile at the imagin'd flame.

s.]

F ij

50
Not so the Holland fleet, who, m
Stretch'd on their decks, like weary oxen lie;
Faint sweats all down their mighty members run,
(Vast bulks, which little souls but ill supply.) 280

LXXI.

In dreams they fearful precipices tread,
Or, shipwreck'd, labour to some distant shore;
Or in dark churches walk among the dead;
They wake with horror, and dare sleep no more.

LXXII.

The morn they look on with unwilling eyes,
Till from their maintop joyful news they hear
Of ships, which by their mould bring new supplies,
And in their colours Belgian Lions bear.

LXXIII.

Our watchful Gen'ral had discern'd from far
This mighty succour, which made glad the foe: 29
He sigh'd, but like a father of the war,
His face spake hope, † while deep his sorrows flow.

LXXIV.

His wounded men he first sends off to shore,
Never till now, unwilling to obey:
They not their wounds but want of strength depl
And think them happy who with him can stay.

† His face, &c.] 'speciem vultus simulat, premit alto corde dolorem'

ANNUS MIRABILIS.

LXXV.

On, to the rest, " Rejoice, (said he) to day ;
In you the fortune of Great Britain lies :
Among so brave a people you are they
Whom Heav'n has chose to fight for such a

LXXVI.

" If number English courages could quell,
" We should at first have shunn'd, not met ou
" Whose num'rous sails the fearful only tell :
" Courage from hearts, and not from numbers g

LXXVII.

He said, nor needed more to say : with haste
To their known stations cheerfully they go ;
And all at once, disdaining to be last,
Solicit ev'ry gale to meet the foe.

LXXVIII.

Nor did th' encourag'd Belgians long delay,
But, bold in others, not themselves, they stood
So thick, our navy scarce could steer their way,
But seem'd to wander in a moving wood,

LXXIX.

Our little fleet was now engag'd so far,
That, like the sword-fish in the whale, they fo
The combat only seem'd a civil war,
Till thro' their bowels we our passage wrought

LXXX.

Never had valour, no, not ours, before
Done aught like this upon the land or main,

Where not to be o'ercome was to do more
Than all the conquests former kings did gain.

LXXXI.

The mighty ghosts of our great Harrys rose,
And armed Edwards look'd with anxious eyes,
To see this fleet among unequal foes,
By which Fate promis'd them their Charles should rise.

LXXXII.

Meantime the Belgians tack upon our rear,
And raking chase-guns thro' our sterns they send;
Close by their fire-ships, like jackals, appear,
Who on their lions for the prey attend.

LXXXIII.

Silent in smoke of cannon they came on,
(Such vapours once did fiery Cacus hide)
In these the height of pleas'd revenge is shown,
Who burn contented by another's side.

LXXXIV.

Sometimes, from fighting squadrons of each fleet,
Deceiv'd themselves, or to preserve some friend,
Two grappling Ætnas on the ocean meet,
And English fires with Belgian flames contend.

LXXXV.

Now, at each tack, our little fleet grows less,
And, like maim'd fowl, swim lagging on the r
Their greater loss their numbers scarce confess
While they lose cheaper than the English gai

LXXXVI.

Not seen, when whistled from the fist,
Falcon stoops at what her eye design'd,
With her eagerness the quarry miss'd,
Aight flies at check, and clips it down the wind?

LXXXVII.

'The dastard crew, that to the wood made wing,
And sees the groves no shelter can afford,
With her loud laws her craven kind does bring,
Who, safe in numbers, cuff the noble bird.

LXXXVIII.

Among the Dutch thus Albemarle did fare:
He could not conquer, and disdain'd to fly; 350
Past hope of safety, 'twas his latest care,
Like falling Cæsar, decently to die.

LXXXIX.

Yet pity did his manly spirit move,
To see those perish who so well had fought;
And, gen'rously, with his despair he strove,
Resolv'd to live till he their safety wrought.

XC.

Let other Muses write his prosp'rous fate,
Of conquer'd nations tell, and kings restor'd;
But mine shall sing of his eclipse'd estate,
Which, like the sun's more wonders does afford. 360

XCI.

He drew his mighty frigates all before,
On which the foe his fruitless force employs;

His weak ones deep into his rear he bore,
Remote from guns, as sick men from the noise.

XCII.

His fiery cannon did their passage guide,
And following smoke obscur'd them from the foe:
Thus Israel safe from the Egyptians' pride,
By flaming pillars, and by clouds, did go.

XCIII.

Elsewhere the Belgian force we did defeat,
But here our courages did theirs subside: 170
So Xenophon once led that fam'd retreat,
Which first the Asian empire overthrew.

XCIV.

The foe approach'd; and one, for his bold sin,
Was sunk; as he that touch'd the ark was slain:
The wild waves master'd him, and suck'd him in,
And smiling eddies dimpled on the main.

XCV.

This seen, the rest at awful distance stood,
As if they had been there as servants set,
To stay, or to go on, as he thought good,
And not pursue, but wait on his retreat. 310

XCVI.

So Libyan hunters, on some sandy plain,
From shady coverts rous'd, the lion chase;
The kingly beast roars out with loud disdain,
And slowly moves, † unknowing to give place.

† The simile is Virgil's; "Vestigia rursu inoppreata refert," &c.

XCVII.

But if some one approach to dare his force,
 He swings his tail, and swiftly turns him round;
 With one paw seizes on his trembling horse,
 And with the other tears him to the ground.

XCVIII.

Amidst these toils succeeds the balmy night;
 Now hissing waters the quenched guns restore, 390
 And weary waves, † withdrawing from the sight,
 Lie lull'd and panting on the silent shore.

XCIX.

The moon shone clear on the becalmed flood,
 Where, while her beams like glitt'ring silver play,
 Upon the deck our careful gen'ral stood,
 And deeply mus'd on the succeeding day.

C.

"That happy sun," said he, "will rise again,
 "Who twice victorious did our navies see;
 "And I alone must view him rise in vain,
 "Without one ray of all his star for me. 400

CI.

"Yet like an English gen'ral will I die,
 "And all the ocean make my spacious grave:
 "Women and cowards on the land may lie;
 "The sea's a tomb that's proper for the brave."

† Weary waves.] From S. satius Sylv.

"Nec trucibus fluvils idem sonus; occidit horror

"Æquoris, antennis maris acclinata quiescunt."

CII.

Restless he pass'd the remnant of the night,
Till the fresh air proclaimed the morning nigh,
And burning ships, the martyrs of the fight,
With paler faces beheld the eastern sky.

CIII.

But now, his stores of ammunition spent,
His naked valour is his only guard: 416
Rare thunders are from his dumb cannons sent,
And solitary guns are scarcely heard.

CIV.

Thus far had Fortune pow'r, he forc'd to stay,
Nor longer durst with Virtue be at strife:
This as a ransom Albemarle did pay
For all the glories of so great a life.

CV.

For now brave Rupert from afar appears,
Whose waving streamers the glad gen'ral knows:
With full spread sails his eager navy steers,
And ev'ry ship in full proportion grows. 420

CVI.

The anxious Prince had heard the cannon long,
And from that length of time dire omens drew
Of English overmatch'd, and Dutch too strong,
Who never fought three days but to pursue.

CVII.

Then as an eagle, who, with plous care,
Was beating widely on the wing for prey,

To her now silent eiry does repair,
And finds her callow infants forc'd away :

CVIII.

Stung with her love, she stoops upon the plain,
The broken air loud whistling as she flies: 430
She stops, and listens, and shoots forth again,
And guides her pinions by her young ones' cries.

CIX.

With such kind passion hastes the Prince to fight,
And spreads his flying canvas to the sound:
Him whom no danger, were he there, could fright,
Now absent, ev'ry little noise can wound.

CX.

As in a drought the thirsty creatures cry,
And gaze upon the gather'd clouds for rain,
And first the martlet meets it in the sky,
And with wet wings joys all the feather'd train. 440

CXI.

With such glad hearts did our despairing men
Salute th' appearance of the Prince's fleet ;
And each ambitiously would claim the ken
That with first eyes did distant safety meet.

CXII.

The Dutch, who came like greedy hinds before,
To reap the harvest their ripe ears did yield,
Now look like those, when rolling thunders roar,
And sheets of lightning blast the standing field.

CXIII.

Full in the Prince's passage hills of sand,
 And dang'rous flats, in secret ambush lay, 45
 Where the false tides skim o'er the cover'd land,
 And seamen with dissembled depths betray.

CXIV.

The wily Dutch, who, like fall'n angels fear'd
 This new Messiah's coming, there did wait,
 And round the verge their braving vessels steer'd,
 To tempt his courage with so fair a bait.

CXV.

But he, unmov'd, contemns their idle threat,
 Secure of fame whene'er he pleas'd to fight :
 His cold experience tempers all his heat,
 And inbred worth doth boasting valour slight. 46

CXVI.

Heroic virtue did his actions guide,
 And he the substance not th' appearance chose:
 To rescue one such friend he took more pride
 Than to destroy whole thousands of such foes.

CXVII.

But when approach'd, in strict embraces bound,
 Rupert and Albemarle together grow,
 He joys to have his friend in safety found,
 Which he to none but to that friend would owe.

CXVIII.

The cheerful soldiers, with new stores supply'd,
 Now long to execute their spleenful will : 47

And, in revenge for those three days they try'd.
Wish one, like Joshua's, when the sun stood still.

CXIX.

Thus reinforc'd, against the adverse fleet,
Still doubling ours, brave Rupert leads the way ;
With the first blushes of the morn they meet,
And bring night back upon the new-born day.

CXX.

His presence soon blows up the kindling sight,
And his loud guns speak thick like angry men :
It seem'd as Slaughter had been breath'd all night,
And Death new-pointed his dull dart agen. 480

CXXI.

The Dutch too well his mighty conduct knew,
And matchless courage, since the former fight ;
Whose navy still a stiff-stretch'd cord did shew,
Till he bore in and bent them into flight.

CXXII.

The wind he shares, while half their fleet offends
His open side, and high above him shows ;
Upon the rest at pleasure he descends,
And, doubly harm'd, he double harms bestows.

CXXIII.

Behind, the Gen'ral mends his weary pace,
And sullenly to his revenge he sails : 490
So glides * some trodden serpent on the grass,
And long behind his wounded volume trails.

† So glides, &c.] From Virgil.

“ Quam mediū nexus extēmaeque agmina caudae

“ Solvuntur; tardosque trahit finis ultimus orbes.

cxxxiv.

The increasing sound is borne to either shore,
 And for their stakes the throwing nations fear:
 Their passions double with the cannons' roar,
 And with warm wishes each man combats there.

cxxxv.

Ply'd thick and close as when the fight began,
 Their huge unwieldy navy wastes away:
 So sicken weaning moons too near the sun,
 And blunt their crescents on the edge of day.

cxxxvi.

And now reduc'd on equal terms to fight,
 Their ships like wasted patrimonies show,
 Where the thin scatt'ring trees admit the light,
 And shun each other's shadows as they grow.

cxxxvii.

The warlike Prince had sever'd from the rest
 Two giant ships, the pride of all the main,
 Which with his one so vigorously he press'd,
 And flew so home, they could not rise again.

cxxxviii.

Already batter'd, by his lee they lay;
 In vain upon the passing winds they call;
 The passing winds thro' their torn canvas pl
 And flagging sails on heartless sailors fall.

cxxxix.

Their open'd sides receive a gloomy light,
 Dreadful as day let into shades below;

Without grim Death rides barefac'd in their sight,
And urges ent'ring billows as they flow.

CXXX.

When one dire shot, the last they could supply,
Close by the board the Prince's main-mast bore :
All three, now helpless, by each other lie,
And this offends not, and those fear no more. 520

CXXXI.

So have I seen some fearful hare maintain
A course, till tir'd before the dog she lay ;
Who, stretch'd behind her, pants upon the plain,
Past pow'r to kill, as she to get away.

CXXXII.

With his loll'd tongue he faintly licks his prey ;
His warm breath blows her flix up as she lies ;
She trembling creeps upon the ground away,
And looks back to him with beseeching eyes.

CXXXIII.

The Prince unjustly does his stars accuse,
Which hinder'd him to push his fortune on. 530
For what they to his courage did refuse
By mortal valour never must be done.

CXXXIV.

This lucky hour the wise Batavian takes,
And warns his tatter'd fleet to follow home,
Proud to have so got off with equal stakes,
Where 't was a triumph not to be o'ercome. †

† " Quos optimus fallere et effugere est triumphus.
Dryden].

Hor,

CXXXV.

The General's force, as kept alive by flight,
Now not oppos'd, no longer can pursue;
Lasting till Heav'n had done his courage right;
When he had conquer'd he his weakness knew.

CXXXVI.

He casts a frown on the departing foe,
And sighs to see him quit the wat'ry field:
His stern fix'd eyes no satisfaction show,
For all the glories which the fight did yield.

CXXXVII.

Tho', as when fiends did miracles avow,
He stands confess'd ev'n by the boastful Dutch;
He only does his conquest disavow,
And thinks too little what they found too much.

CXXXVIII.

Return'd, he with his fleet resolv'd to stay;
No tender thoughts of home his heart divide;
Domestic joys and cares he puts away;
For realms are households which the great must g

CXXXIX.

As those who unripe veins in mines explore,
On the rich bed again the warm turf lay,
Till time digests the yet imperfect ore,
And know it will be gold another day:

CXL.

So looks our Monarch on this early fight,
Th' essay and rudiments of great success,

Which all maturing Time must bring to light, 559
While he, like Heav'n, does each day's labour bless.

CXL.

Heav'n ended not the first or second day,
Yet each was perfect to the work design'd;
God and kings' work, when they their works survey,
A passive aptness in all subjects find.

CXLI.

In burden'd vessels, first with speedy care,
His plenteous stores do season'd timber send;
Thither the brawny carpenters repair,
And as the surgeons of maim'd ships attend.

CXLII.

With corn and canvas from rich Hamburg sent,
His navies' molted wings he imp's once more; 570
Tall Norway fir their masts in battle spent,
And English oaks sprung leaks and planks restore.

CXLIV.

All hands employ'd, the royal work grows warm: *
Like lab'ring bees on a long summer's day,
Some sound the trumpet for the rest to swarm,
And some on bells of tasted lilies play,

CXLV.

With glewy wax some new foundations lay
Of virgin-combs, which from the roof are hung:
Some arm'd within doors upon duty stay,
Or tend the sick, or educate the young. 580

* "Fervet opus." The same similitude in Virgil.

CXLVI.

So here some pick out bullets from the sides,
Some drive old okum thro' each seam and rift :
Their left hand does the caulking iron guide,
The rattling mallet with the right they lift.

CXLVII.

With boiling pitch another near at hand,
(From friendly Sweden brought) the seams instops ;
Which, well paid o'er, the salt sea-waves withstand,
And shakes them from the rising beak in drops.

CXLVIII.

Some the gall'd ropes with dauby snarling bind,
Or searcloth masts with strong tarpauling coats : 590
To try new shrouds one mounts into the wind,
And one below their ease or stiffness notes.

CXLIX.

Our careful Monarch stands in person by,
His new-cast cannons' firmness to explore ;
The strength of big-corn'd powder loves to try,
And ball and cartridge sorts for ev'ry bore.

CL.

Each day brings fresh supplies of arms and men,
And ships which all last winter were abroad ;
And such as fitted since the fight had been,
Or new from stocks were fall'n into the road. 600

CLI.

The goodly London in her gallant trim,
The Phoenix, daughter of the vanish'd old,

Like a rich bride does to the ocean swim,
And on her shadow rides in floating gold.

CLII.

Her flag aloft spread ruffling to the wind,
And sanguine streamers seem the flood to fire :
The weaver, charm'd with what his loom design'd,¹
Goes on to sea, and knows not to retire.

CLIII.

With roomy decks, her guns of mighty strength,
Whose low-laid mouths each mounting billow laves ;
Deep in her draught and warlike in her length, 611
She seems a sea-wasp flying on the waves.

CLIV

This martial present, piously design'd,
The loyal City gave their best-lov'd King ;
And with a bounty ample as the wind,
Built, fitted, and maintain'd, to aid him bring.

CLV.

By viewing Nature, Nature's handmaid, Art
Makes mighty things from small beginnings grow ;
Thus fishes first to shipping did impart,
Their tail the rudder, and their head the prow. 620

CLVI,

Some log perhaps upon the waters swam,
An useless drift, which rudely cut within,
And hollow'd first a floating trough became,
And cross some riv'let passage did begin.

CLVII.

In shipping such as this the Irish kern,
 And untaught Indian, on the stream did glide,
 Ere sharp keel'd boats to stem the flood did learn,
 Or fin-like oars did spread from either side.

CLVIII.

Add but a sail, and Saturn so appear'd,
 When from lost empire he to exile went, 630
 And with the Golden Age to Tiber steer'd,
 Where coin and commerce first he did invent.

CLIX.

Rude as their ships was navigation then,
 No useful compass, or meridian known;
 Coasting, they kept the land within their ken,
 And knew no north but when the pole-star shone.

CLX.

Of all who since have us'd the open sea,
 Than the bold English none more fame have won:
 Beyond the year, and out of heav'n's high way †
 They make discov'ries where they see no sun. 640

CLXI.

But what so long in vain, and yet unknown,
 By poor mankind's benighted wit is sought,
 Shall in this age to Britain first be shewn,
 And hence be to admiring nations taught.

CLXII

The ebbs of tide, and their mysterious flow,
 We as Art's elements shall understand,

And as by line upon the ocean go,
Whose path shall be familiar as the land.

CLXIII.

Instructed ships shall sail to quick commerce,
By which remotest regions are ally'd: 650
Which makes one city of the universe,
Where some may gain, and all may be supply'd.

CLXIV.

Then we upon our globe's last verge shall go,
And view the ocean leaning on the sky;
From thence our rolling neighbours we shall know,
And on the lunar world securely pry.

CLXV.

This I foretel, from your auspicious care,
Who great in search of God and Nature grow;
Who best your wise Creator's praise declare,
Since best to praise his works is best to know. 660

CLXVI.

O truly royal! who behold the law
And rule of beings in your Maker's mind;
And thence, like limbs, rich ideas draw,
To fit the levell'd use of human kind.

CLXVII.

But first the toils of war we must endure,
And from th' injurious Dutch redeem the seas;
War makes the valiant of his right secure,
And gives up Fraud to be chastis'd with ease.

CLXVIII.

Already were the Belgians on our coast,
Whose fleet more mighty ev'ry day became
By late success, which they did falsely boast,
And now, by first appearing, seem'd to claim.

CLXIX.

Designing, subtle, diligent; and close,
They knew to manage war with wise delay;
Yet all those arts their vanity did cross,
And by their pride their prudence did betray.

CLXX.

Nor staid the English long; but well supply'd,
Appear as num'rous as th' insulting foe;
The combat now by courage must be try'd,
And the success the braver nation show.

CLXXI.

There was the Plymouth squadron now come in,
Which in the Streights last winter was abroad;
Which twice on Biscay's working bay had been,
And on the midland sea the French had aw'd.

CLXXII.

Old expert Allen, loyal all along,
Fam'd for his action on the Smyrna fleet;
And Holmes, whose name shall live in epic song,
While music numbers, or while verse has feet.

CLXXIII.

Holmes! the Achates of the gen'ral's fight,
Who first bewitch'd our eyes with Guinea gold,

old Cato in the Romans' sight
 qu'ring fruits of Afric did unfold.

CLXXIV.

him went Sprag, as beautiful as brave,
 his high courage to command had brought ;
 in, who did the twice-fir'd Harry save,
 his burning ship undaunted fought.

CLXXV.

Hollis, on a Muse by Mars begot,
 Caesar-like, to write and act great deeds ;
 lent to revenge his fatal shot,
 right hand doubly to his left succeeds. 700

CLXXVI.

ands were there in darker fame that dwell,
 deeds some nobler poem shall adorn ;
 ho' to me unknown, they sure fought well,
 a Rupert led, and who were British born.

CLXXVII.

ry size a hundred fighting sail :
 at the navy now at anchor rides,
 underneath it the press'd waters fall,
 with its weight it shoulders off the tides.

CLXXVIII.

anchors weigh'd, the seamen shout so shrill,
 heav'n and earth and the wide ocean rings ; 710
 ze from westward waits their sails to fill,
 este in those high beds his downy wings,

AWFUL RETRIBUTION.

CLXXIX.

The wary Dutch this gath'ring storm foretaw,
And durst not bide it on the English coast;
Behind their treach'rous shallows they withdraw,
And there lay ~~stems~~ to catch the British boat.

CLXXX.

So the false spider when her nets are spread,
Deep ambush'd in her silent den does lie,
And feels far of the trembling off her thread,
Whose filmy cord should bind the struggling fly. 720

CLXXXI.

Then if at last she find him fast beset,
She issues forth and runs along her loom;
She joys to touch the captive in her net,
And drag the little wretch in triumph home.

CLXXXII.

The Belgians hop'd that with disorder'd haste
Our deep-cut keels upon the sands might run;
Or, if with caution leisurely we past;
Their num'rous gross might charge us one by one.

CLXXXIII.

But with a fore-wind, pushing them above,
And swelling tide that heav'd them from below
O'er the blind flats our warlike squadrons move
And with spread sails to welcome battle go.

CLXXXIV.

It seem'd as there the British Neptune stood
With all his hosts of waters at command,

Beneath them to submit the officious flood,
And with his trident shot'd them off the sand. †

CLXXXV.

To the pale sea they suddenly drew near,
And suchness shewn to unexpected sight:
They start like murderers when ghosts appear,
And draw their cut-throats in the dead of night.

740

CLXXXVI.

Now van to van the foremost squadrons meet,
The midmost battles hast'ning up behind;
Who view far off the storm of falling sleet,
And hear their thunder-rattling in the wind.

CLXXXVII.

At length the adverse standards appear,
The two bold champions of each country's right;
Their eyes describe the lists as they come near,
And draw the lines of death before they fight.

CLXXXVIII.

The distance judg'd for shot of ev'ry side,
The linetochs touch, the point's red ball expires; 750
The vigorous seaman ev'ry port-hole plies,
And adds his heart to ev'ry gun he fires.

CLXXXIX.

Fierce was the fight on the proud Belgians' side,
For honour, which they seldom sought before;
But now they by their own vain boasts were ty'd,
And fix'd, at least in show, to prize it more.

† —————¹ levat ipse tridentis,

² et vastus aperit syrtos, &c.

VIRG.

Volume I.

H

CXC.

But sharp remembrance on the English part,
 And shame of being match'd by such a foe,
 Rouse conscious virtue up in ev'ry heart,
 And seeming to be stronger makes them so. † 760

CXCI.

Nor long the Belgians could that fleet sustain
 Which did two gen'ral's fates and Cæsar's bear;
 Each several ship a victory did gain,
 As Rupert or as Albemarle were there.

CXCI.

Their batter'd admiral too soon withdrew,
 Unthank'd by ours for his unfinish'd fight:
 But he the minds of his Dutch masters knew,
 Who call'd that Providence which we call'd Flight;

CXCI.

Never did men more joyfully obey,
 Or sooner understood the sign to fly: 770
 With such alacrity they bore away,
 As if to praise them all the States stood by.

CXCI.

O famous Leader of the Belgian fleet!
 Thy monument inscrib'd such praise shall wear,
 As Varro, timely flying, once did meet,
 Because he did not of his Rome despair.

† "Possunt, quia posse videntur." VIRG.

CXCV.

Behold that navy which, a while before,
Provok'd the tardy English close to fight,
Now drew their beaten vessels close to shore,
As larks lie dar'd to shun the hobbles' flight.

780

CXCVI.

Whoe'er would English monuments survey,
In other records may our courage know;
But let them hide the story of this day,
Whose fame was blemish'd by too base a foe.

CXCVII.

Or if too busily they will enquire
Into a victory which we disdain,
Then let them know the Belgians did retire
Beside the person sains of injur'd Spain.

CXCVIII.

Repenting England this revengeful day
To Philip's manes did an off'ring bring;
England, which first by leading them astray,
Hatch'd up rebellion to destroy her King.

790

CXIX.

Our fathers bent their baneful industry
To check a monarchy that slowly grew;
But did not France or Holland's fate foresee,
Whose rising pow'r to swift dominion flew.

CC.

Is Fortune's empire blindly thus we go,
And wander after pathless Destiny;

Dryden.]

H ij

Whose dark resorts since Providence cannot know,
In vain it would provide for what shall be. 805

But whate'er English to the blow'd shall go,
And the fourth Harry or first Orange west,
Find him disowning of a Bourbon foe,
And him detesting a Batavian fleet. 810

Now on their coasts our conqu'ring navy rides,
Way-lays their merchants, and their land hosts;
Each day new wealth without their care provides;
They lie asleep with prizes in their nets. 815

So close behind some promontory lie
The huge leviathans, attend their prey,
And give no chase, but swallow in the fry,
Which thro' their gaping jaws mistake the way. 820

Nor was this all; in ports and roads remote
Destructive fires among whole fleets we send;
Triumphant flames upon the waters float,
And out-bound ships at home their voyage end. 825

Those various squadrons variously design'd,
Each vessel freighted with a sev'ral load,
Each squadron waiting for a sev'ral wind,
All find but one to burn them in the road. 830

CCVI.

Some bound for Guinea, golden sand to find,
Bore all the gauds the simple natives wear;
Some for the pride of Turkish courts design'd,
For folded turbans finest holland bear:

CCVII.

Some English wool, vex'd in a Belgian loom,
And into cloth of spungy softness made,
Did into France or colder Denmark doom,
To stain with worse ware our staple trade.

CCVIII.

Our greedy scenes ramage ev'ry hold,
Smile on the booty of each wealthier chest; 830
And as the priests, who with their gods make bold,
Take what they like, and sacrifice the rest.

CCIX.

But, ah! how unpleas'd are all our joys!
Which, sent from Heav'n, like lightning make no stay;
Their pelling taste the journey's length destroys,
Or Grief, sent post, o'ertakes them on the way.

CCX.

Swell'd with our late successes on the foe,
Which France and Holland wanted pow'r to cross,
We urge an unseen fate to lay us low,
And feed their envious eyes with English loss. 840

CCXI.

Each element his dread command obeys,
Who makes or ruins with a smile or frown;

by one he did
he with another pulls us —
ccxii.

London, Empress of the Northern clime,
In high fate thou greatly didst expire;
At as the world's which at the death of Time, †
Must fall, and rise a nobler frame by fire.

ccxiii.
As when some dire usurper Heav'n provides
To scourge his country with a lawless sway,
His birth perhaps some petty village hides,
And sets his cradle out of Fortune's way :

ccxiv.
Till fully ripe, his swelling fate breaks out,
And hurries him to mighty mischiefs on:
His prince, surpris'd at first, no ill could doubt,
And wants the pow'r to meet it when 'tis known.

ccxv.
Such was the rise of this prodigious fire,
Which in mean buildings first obscurely bred,
From thence did soon to open streets aspire,
And straight to palaces and temples spread.

ccxvi.
The diligence of Trade, and noiseful Gain,
And Luxury, more late, asleep were laid:
All was the Night's, and, in her silent reign,
No sound the rest of Nature did invade.

† Quum mare, quum tellus, correptaque regia cecidi
'Ardeat,' &c.

ANNUS MIRABILIS.

CCXVII.

In this deep quiet, from what source unknown,
Those seeds of fire their fatal birth disclose ;
And, first, few scatt'ring sparks about were blown
Big with the flames that to our ruin rose.

CCXVIII.

Then in some close-pent room it crept along,
And, mould'ring as it went, in silence fed ;
Till th' infant monster, with devouring strong,
Walk'd boldly upright with exalted head.

CCXIX.

Now, like some rich or mighty murderer,
Too great for prison, which he breaks with gold
Who fresher for new mischiefs does appear,
And dares the world to tax him with the old :

CCXX.

So 'scapes th' insulting fire his narrow jail,
And makes small outlets into open air ;
There the fierce winds his tender force assail,
And beat him downward to his first repair.

CCXXI.

The winds, like crafty courtezans, † withheld
His flames from burning, but to blow them more
And ev'ry fresh attempt he is repell'd
With faint denials, weaker than before.

† Like crafty, &c.] 'Hæc arte, tractabat cupidum virum,
' animum inopia accenderet.'

CCXXII.

And now, no longer lett'd of his prey,
He leaps up at it with enrag'd desire;
O'erlooks the neighbours with a wide survey,
And nods at ev'ry house his threat'ning fire.

CCXXIII.

The ghosts of traitors from the bridge descend,
With bold fanatic spectres to rejoice; 870
About the fire into a dance they bend,
And sing their sabbath notes with feeble voice.

CCXXIV.

Our guardian angel saw them where they sate
Above the palace of our slumb'ring King;
He sigh'd, abandoning his charge to Fate,
And, dropping, oft' look'd back upon the wing.

CCXXV.

At length the crackling noise and dreadful blaze
Call'd up some waking lover to the sight;
And long it was ere he the rest could raise,
Whose heavy eye-lids yet were full of night. 900

CCXXVI.

The next to danger, hot pursu'd by Fate,
Half-cloth'd, half-naked; hastily retire;
And frighted mothers strike their breasts, too late,
For helpless infants left amidst the fire.

CCXXVII.

Their cries soon waken all the dwellers near;
Now murm'ring noises rise in ev'ry street;

The more remote run stumbling with their fear,
And in the dark men jostle as they meet.

CCXXVIII.

So weary bees in little cells repose,
But if night-robbers lift the well-stor'd hive, 910
An humming thro' their waxen city grows,
And out upon each other's wings they drive.

CCXXIX.

Now streets grow throng'd and busy as by day :
Some run for buckets to the hollow'd quire ;
Some cut the pipes, and some the engines play,
And some, more bold, mount ladders to the fire.

CCXXX.

In vain ; for from the east a Belgian wind
His hostile breath thro' the dry rafters sent :
The flames, impell'd soon left their foes behind,
And forward, with a wanton fury, went. 920

CCXXXI.

A key of fire ran all along the shore,
And lighten'd all the river with a blaze ; †
The waken'd tides began again to roar,
And wond'ring fish in shining waters gaze.

CCXXXII.

Old Father Thames rais'd up his rev'rend head,
But fear'd the fate of Simois would return ;
Deep in his ooze he sought his sedgy bed,
And shrunk his waters back into his urn.

† ' Sigea igni freta lata relucet.'

VIRG.

CCXXXI.

The fire, meantime, walks in a broader groove,
 To either hand his wings he opens wide; 930
 He wades the streets, and straight he reaches cross,
 And plays his longing flames on th' other side.

CCXXXII.

At first they warm, then scorch, and then they take;
 Now with long necks from side to side they feed;
 At length, grown strong, their mother fire forsake,
 And a new colony of flames succeed.

CCXXXIII.

To ev'ry nobler portion of the Town
 The curling billows roll their restless tide;
 In parties now they straggle up and down,
 As armies, unoppos'd, for prey divide. 940

CCXXXIV.

One mighty squadron, with a side-wind sped,
 Thro' narrow lanes his cumber'd fire does haste,
 By pow'rful charms of gold and silver led,
 The Lombard bankers and the 'Change to waste.

CCXXXV.

Another backward to the Tow'r would go,
 And slowly eats his way against the wind.
 But the main body of the marching foe
 Against th' imperial palace is design'd.

CCXXXVI.

Now day appears, and with the day the King,
 Whose early care had robb'd him of his rest; 950

Far off the cracks of falling houses ring,
And shrieks of subjects pierce his tender breast.

CCXXXIX.

Near as he draws, thick harbingers of smoke,
With gloomy pillars, cover all the place,
Whose little intervals of night are broke
By sparks that drive against his sacred face.

CCXL.

More than his guards his sorrows made him known,
And pious tears which down his cheeks did show'r :
The wretched in his grief forgot their own ;
So much the pity of a king has pow'r !

960

CCXLI.

He wept the flames of what he lov'd so well,
And what so well had merited his love ;
For never prince in grace did more excel,
Or royal city more in duty strove.

CCXLII.

Nor with an idle care did he behold ;
(Subjects may grieve, but monarchs must redress)
He cheers the fearful, and commends the bold,
And makes despairers hope for good success.

CCXLIII.

Himself directs what first is to be done,
And orders all the succours which they bring :
The helpful and the good about him run,
And form an army worthy such a king.

970

CCXLIV.

He sees the dire contagion spread so fast,
 That where it seizes, all relief is vain,
 And therefore must unwillingly lay waste
 That country which would else the lot maintain.

CCXLV.

The powder blows up all before the fire:
 Th' amazed flames stand gather'd on a heap,
 And from the precipice's brink retire,
 Afraid to venture on so large a leap.

CCXLVI.

Thus fighting fires a while themselves consume,
 But straight, like Turks, forc'd on to win or die,
 They first lay tender bridges of their flame,
 And o'er the French in unctuous vapours fly.

CCXLVII.

Part stay for passage till a gust of wind
 Ships o'er their forces in a shining sheet;
 Part creeping under ground, their journey blind,
 And climbing from below, their fellows meet.

CCXLVIII.

Thus to some desert plain, or old wood side,
 Dire night-hags come from far to dance their rot
 And o'er broad rivers on their fiends they ride,
 Or sweep in clouds above the blasted ground.

CCXLIX.

No help avails: for hydra-like, the fire
 Lifts up his hundred heads to aim his way;

And scarce the wealthy can one half retire
Before he rushes in to share the prey.

cdk.

The rich grow suppliant, and the poor grow proud;
Thrice offer mighty gain, and thrice ask more:
So void of pity is th' ignoble crowd,
When others' ruin may increase their store! 1000

cdli.

As those who live by thine with joy behold
Some wealthy vessel split or stranded nigh,
And from the rocks leap down for shipwreck'd gold,
And seek the tempests which the others fly:

cdlii.

So these but wait the owners' last despair,
And what's permitted to the flames invade;
E'en from their jaws the hungry morsels tear,
And on their backs the spoils of Vulcan load.

cdliii.

The days were all in this lost labour spent;
And when the weary king gave place to night,
His beams he to his royal brother lent, 1010
And so shone still in his reflective light.

cdliv.

Night came, but without darkness or repose,
A dismal picture of the gen'ral doom;
Where souls distracted, when the trumpet blows,
And half unready, with their bodies come.

Volume I.

I.

CCLV.

Those who have homes, when home they do
To a last lodging call their wand'ring friends
Their short uneasy sleeps are broke with care
To look how near their own destruction tends

CCLVI.

Those who have none sit round where once it
And with full eyes each wonted room require
Haunting the yet warm ashes of the place;
As murder'd men walk where they did expire

CCLVII.

Some stir up coals, and watch the Vestal fire,
Others in vain from sight of ruin run;
And while thro' burning labyrinths they retire
With loathing eyes repeat what they would shun

CCLVIII.

The most in fields, like herded beasts, lie down
To dews obnoxious, on the grassy floor;
And while their babes in sleep their sorrows drown
Sad parents watch the remnants of their store.

CCLIX.

While by the motion of the flames they guess
What streets are burning now, and what are
An infant, waking, to the paps would press,
And meets, instead of milk, a falling tear.

CCLX.

No thought can ease them but their Sov'reign's
Whose praise th' afflicted as their comfort sing

E'en those whom want might drive to just despair,
Think life 's a blessing under such a King. 1040

CCLXI.

Meantime he sadly suffers in their grief,
Outweeps an hermit, and outprays a saint :
All the long night he studies their relief,
How they may be supply'd and he may want.

CCLXII.

" O God, (said he) thou patron of my days,
" Guide of my youth in exile and distress!
" Who me unfriended brought'st, by wond'rous ways,
" The kingdom of my fathers to possess :

CCLXIII.

" Be thou my judge, with what unwearied care
" I since have labour'd for my people's good, 1050
" To bind the bruises of a Civil war,
" And stop the issues of their wasting blood !

CCLXIV.

" Thou, who hast taught me to forgive the ill,
" And recompense, as friends, the good misled;
" If mercy be a precept of thy will,
" Return that mercy on thy servants head.

CCLXV.

" Or, if my heedless youth had stepp'd astray,
" Too soon forgetful of thy gracious hand,
" On me alone thy just displeasure lay, 1059
" But take thy judgments from this mourning land.

Dryden.]

I ij

ANNUS MIRABILIS.

CCLXVI.

Ve all have sinn'd, and thou hast laid us low,
As humble earth, from whence at first we came :
Like flying ~~shades~~ ^{clouds} before the clouds we show,
And shrink like parchment in consuming flame.

CCLXVII.

O let it be enough what thou hast done !
When spotted death's ran arm'd thro' ev'ry street,
With poison'd darts, which not the good could shun,
The speedy could outfly as valiant meet.

CCLXVIII.

The living few, and frequent fun'ral then,
Proclaim'd thy wrath on this forsaken place ; 1070
And now those few, who are return'd again,
Thy searching judgments to their dwelling trace.

CCLXIX.

" O pass not, Lord, an absolute decree,
" Or bind thy sentence unconditional ;
" But in thy sentence our remorse foresee,
" And in that foresight this thy doom recall.

CCLXX.

" Thy threat'nings, Lord, as thine, thou may'st r
" But if immutable and fix'd they stand,
" Continue still thyself to give the stroke,
" And let not foreign foes oppress thy land."

CCLXXI.

Th' Eternal beard, and from the heav'nly choir
Chose out the cherub with the flaming sword,

And bade him swiftly drive th' approaching fire
 From where our naval magazines were stor'd.

CCLXXII.

The blessed minister his wings display'd,
 And, like a shooting star, he cleft the night :
 He charg'd the flames, and those that disobey'd
 He lash'd to duty with his sword of light.

CCLXXIII.

The fugitive flames, chastis'd, went forth to prey
 On pious structures, by our fathers rear'd ; 1090
 By which to heav'n they did affect the way,
 Ere faith in churchmen-without works was heard.

CCLXXIV.

The wanting orphans saw, with wat'ry eyes,
 Their founder's charity in dust laid low,
 And sent to God their ever answer'd cries,
 For he protects the poor who made them so.

CCLXXV.

Nor could thy fabric, Paul ! defend thee long,
 Tho' thou wert sacred to thy Maker's praise ;
 Tho' made immortal by a poet's song,
 And poets' songs the Theban walls could raise. 1

CCLXXVI.

The daring flames peep'd in, and saw from far
 The awful beauties of the sacred quire ;
 But, since it was profan'd by Civil war,
 Heav'n thought it fit to have it purg'd by fire.

CCLXXVII.

Now down the narrow streets it swiftly came,
 And, widely op'ning, did on both sides prey :
 This benefit we sadly owe the flame,
 If only ruin must enlarge our way.

CCLXXVIII.

And now four days the sun had seen our woe,
 Four nights the moon beheld th' incessant fire ; 1110
 It seem'd as if the stars more sickly rose,
 And farther from the sev'rish North retir'd.

CCLXXIX.

In th' empyrean heav'n, the bless'd abode,
 The Thrones and the Dominions prostrate lie,
 Not daring to behold their angry God,
 And an hush'd silence damps the tuneful sky.

CCLXXX.

At length th' Almighty cast a pitying eye,
 And mercy softly touch'd his melting breast ;
 He saw the Town's one half in rubbish lie,
 And eager flames drive on to storm the rest. 1112

CCLXXXI.

An hollow crystal pyramid he takes,
 In firmamental waters dipt above ;
 Of it a broad extinguisher he makes,
 And hoods the flames that to their quarry strove.

CCLXXXII.

The vanquish'd fires withdraw from ev'ry place,
 Or full with feeding, sink into a sleep :

th household genius shews again his face,
d from the hearths the little Laræ creep.

CCLXXXIII.

r King this more than nat'ral change beholds;
th sober joy his heart and eyes abound; 1130
the All-good his lifted hands he folds,
d thanks him low on his redeemed ground.

CCLXXXIV.

when sharp frosts had long constrain'd the earth,
cindly thaw unlocks it with cold rain,
d first the tender blade peeps up to birth, [grain:
d straight, the green fields laugh with promis'd

CCLXXXV.

such degrees the spreading gladness grew
v'ry heart, which fear had froze before:
standing streets with so much joy they view,
at with less grief the perish'd they deplore. 1140

CCLXXXVI.

father of the people open'd wide
stores, and all the poor with plenty fed;
as God's anointed God's own place supply'd,
fill'd the empty with his daily bread.

CCLXXXVII.

s royal bounty brought its own reward,
l in their minds so deep did print the sense,
if their ruins sadly they regard,
but with fear the sight might drive him thence.

ANNUS MIRABILIS.

CCLXXXVIII.

live long that Town to sway,
auspice they will nobler make, 1150
atch their ashes by his stay,
r humble ruins now forsake.

CCLXXXIX

not lost their loyalty by fire;
courage nor their wealth so low,
his wars they poorly would retire,
pity of a vanquish'd foe.

CCXC.

more constancy the Jews of old,
as from rewarded exile sent,
oyal city did in dust behold,
more vigour to rebuild it went. 1160

CCXCI.

most malice of the stars is past,
wo dire comets, which have scourg'd the Town,
eir own plague and fire have breath'd their last,
imly in their sinking sockets frown.

CCXCII.

w frequent trines the happier lights among,
d high-rai'd Jove from his dark prison freed,
hose weights took off that on his planet hung)
ill gloriously the new-laid works succeed.

CCXCIII.

ethinks already from this chymic flame,
see a city of more precious mould,

as the town which gives the Indies name,
In silver pay'd, and all divine with gold.

CCXCIV.

ready, lab'ring with a mighty fate,
She shakes the rubbish from her mounting brow,
And seems to have renew'd her charter's date,
Which Heav'n will to the death of Time allow.

CCXCV.

More great than human, now, and more august,
New deified, she from her fires did rise ;
Her wid'ning streets on new foundations trust,
And, op'ning, into larger parts she flies. 1180

CCXCVI.

Before, she like some shepherdess did show,
Who sat to bathe her by a river's side ;
Not answering to her fame, but rude and low,
Nor taught the beauteous arts of modern pride.

CCXCVII.

Now, like a maiden queen, she will behold,
From her high turrets, hourly suitors come :
The East with incense, and the West with gold,
Will stand like suppliants to receive her doom.

CCXCVIII.

The silent Thames, her own domestic flood,
Shall bear her vessels like a sweeping train ; 1190
And often wind, as of his mistress proud,
With longing eyes to meet her face again.

CCXCIX.

The wealthy Tagus, and the wealthier Rhine,
The glory of their towns no more shall boast,

ANNUS MIRABILIS.

d Seine, that would with Belgian rivers join,
all find her lustre stain'd and traffic lost.

ccc.

ne vent'rous merchant, who design'd more far,
nd touches on our hospitable shore,
harm'd with the splendor of this Northern star,
shall here unlade him, and depart no more. 1200

ccci.

Our pow'ful navy shall no longer meet,
The wealth of France or Holland to invade;
The beauty of this Town, without a fleet,
From all the world shall vindicate her trade.

ccci1.

And while this fam'd emporium we prepare,
The British ocean shall such triumphs boast,
That those who now disdain our trade to share,
Shall rob, like pirates, on our wealthy coast.

ccci11.

Already we have conquer'd half the war,
And the less dang'rous part is left behind; 1211
Our trouble now is but to make them dare,
And not so great to vanquish as to find.

ccci1v.

Thus to the Eastern wealth thro' storms we go,
But now, the Cape once doubled, fear no more;
A constant trade-wind will securely blow,
And gently lay us on the spicy shore.

BRITANNIA REDIVIVA :

A POEM ON THE PRINCE,

BORN JUNE 10. 1688.

Our vows are heard betimes, and Heav'n takes care
To grant before we can conclude the pray'r;
Preventing angels meet it half the way,
And sent us back to praise who came to pray.

Just on the day when the high-mounted sun
Did farthest in its northern progress run,
He bended forward, and ev'n stretch'd the sphere
Beyond the limits of the lengthen'd year,
To view a brighter sun in Britain born;
That was the bus'ness of his longest morn;
The glorious object seen, 'twas time to turn.

10

Departing Spring could only stay to shed
Her gloomy beauties on the genial bed,
But left the manly Summer in her stead,
With timely fruit the longing land to cheer,
And to fulfil the promise of the year.
Betwixt two seasons comes th' auspicious heir,
This age to blossom, and the next to bear.

Last solemn Sabbath saw the church attend,
The Paraclet in fiery pomp descend;
But when his wond'rous octave roll'd again,
He brought a royal infant in his train.

20

So great a blessing to so good a King
None but th' eternal Comforter could bring.
Or did the mighty Trinity conspire,
As once in council, to create our sire?
It seems as if they sent the new-born guest
To wait on the procession of their feast,
And on their sacred anniverse decreed
To stamp their image on the promis'd seed.
Three realms united, and on one bestow'd,
An emblem of their mystic union show'd;
The mighty Time the triple empire shar'd,
As ev'ry person would have one to guard.
Hail Son of pray'rs! by holy violence
Drawn down from heav'n; but long be banish'd thence
And late to thy paternal skies retire:
To mend our crimes whole ages would require
To change th' inveterate habit of our sins,
And finish what thy godlike sire begins.
Kind Heav'n, to make us Englishmen again,
No less can give us than a patriarch's reign.
The sacred cradle to your charge receive,
Ye Seraphs! and by turns the guard relieve
Thy father's angel and thy father join
To keep possession, and secure the line;
But long defer the honours of thy fate;
Great may they be like his, like his be
That James his running century may
And give this son an auspice to the new

Our wants exact at least that moderate stay ;
 For see the Dragon winged on his way
 To watch the travail and devour the prey.
 Or, if allusions may not rise so high,
 Thus, when Alcides rais'd his infant cry,
 The snakes besieg'd his young divinity ;
 But vainly with their forked tongues they threat,
 For opposition makes a hero great.
 To needful succour all the good will run,
 And Jove assert the godhead of his son.

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65

O still repining at your present state,
 Grudging yourselves the benefits of Fate,
 Look up, and read, in characters of light,
 A blessing sent you in your own despight.
 The manna falls, yet that celestial bread,
 Like Jews, you munch, and murmur while you feed ;
 May not your fortune be like theirs, exil'd,
 Yet forty years to wander in the wild ?
 Or if it be, may Moses live at least
 To lead you to the verge of promis'd rest.

70

Tho' poets are not prophets, to foreknow
 What plants will take the blight, and what will grow,
 By tracing heav'n his footsteps may be found :
 Behold ! how awfully he walks the round !
 God is abroad, and wond'rous in his ways,
 The rise of empires and their fall surveys :
 More (might I say) than with an usual eye,
 He sees his bleeding church in ruin lie,
 And hears the souls of saints beneath his altar cry.

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BRITANNIA REDIVIVA.

I ready has he lifted high the sign
Which crown'd the conqu'ring arms of Constantine
The moon grows pale at that presaging sight,
And half her train of stars have lost their light.

Behold another Sylvester, to bless
The sacred standard, and secure success;
Large of his treasures, of a soul as great,
As fills and crowns his universal seat.

Now view at home a second Constantine;
(The former too was of the British line)
Has not his healing balm your breaches clos'd,
Whose exile many sought, and few oppos'd?
O! did not Heav'n, by its eternal doom,
Permit those evils that this good might come?
So manifest, that e'en the moon-ey'd sects
See whom and what this Providence protects.
Methinks, had we within our minds no more
Than that one shipwreck on the fatal ore,
That only thought may make us think again
What wonders God reserves for such a reign.
To dream that chance his preservation wrought
Were to think Noah was preserv'd for nought;
Or the surviving eight were not design'd
To people earth, and to restore their kind.

When humbly on the royal Babe we gaze,
The manly lines of a majestic face
Give awful joy: 'tis paradise to look
On the fair frontispiece of Nature's book;

If the first op'ning page so charms the sight,
 Think how th' unfolded volume will delight!
 See how the venerable infant lies 110
 In early pomp! how thro' the mother's eyes
 The father's soul, with an undaunted view
 Looks out, and takes our homage as his due.
 See on his future subjects how he smiles!
 Nor meanly flatters, nor with craft beguiles;
 But with an open face, as on his throne,
 Assures our birth-rights, and assumes his own.
 Born in broad day-light, that th' ungrateful soul
 May find no room for a remaining doubt.
 Truth, which itself is light, does darkness shun, 120
 And the true eaglet safely darts the sun.

Fain would the fiends have made a dubious birth, †
 Loath to confess the Godhead cloth'd in earth;
 But sicken'd after all their baffled lies,
 To find an heir-apparent in the skies:
 Abandon'd to despair, still may they grudge,
 And, owning not the Saviour, prove the judge.

Not great Æneas ‡ stood in plainer day,
 When the dark mantling mist dissolv'd away;
 He to the Tyrians shew'd his sudden face, 130
 Shining with all his goddess-mother's grace,
 For she herself had made his count'nance bright,
 Breath'd honour on his eyes, and her own purple light.

† Alluding to the temptations in the wilderness.

‡ Virg. Æneid. 1.

If our victorious Edward, as they say,
 Gave Wales a prince on that propitious day,
 Why may not years, revolving with his fate,
 Produce his like, but with a longer date?
 One who may carry to a distant shore
 The terror that his fam'd forefather bore.
 But why should James or his young hero stay 140
 For slight preceses of a name or day;
 We need no Edward's fortune to adorn
 That happy moment when our Prince was born:
 Our Prince adorns this day, and ages hence
 Shall wish his birth-day for some future prince.

Great Michael! prince of all th' ethereal hosts,
 And whate'er inborn saints our Britain boasts;
 And thou th' adopted patron of our isle,
 With cheerful aspects on this infant smile;
 The pledge of Heav'n, which, dropping from above,
 Secures our bliss, and reconciles his love. 151

Enough of ills our dire rebellion wrought,
 When to the dregs we drank the bitter draught;
 Then airy atoms did in plagues conspire,
 Nor did th' avenging angel yet retire,
 But purg'd our still-increasing crimes with fire. }
 Then perjur'd plots, the still-impending test,
 And worse---but charity conceals the rest.
 Here stop the current of the sanguine flood;
 Require not, gracious God! thy martyr's blood; 160

their dying pangs, their living toll,
 a rich harvest thro' their native soil;
 at rip'ning for another reign.
 In this royal Babe may reap the grain.
 Whence of early saints one womb has giv'n;
 Whence increas'd the family of Heav'n:
 In for his and our atonement go,
 Giving bless'd above leave him to rule below.
 Whence already has the year foreshow'd;
 Untoed course the sea has overflow'd; 170
 Whence ads were floated with a weeping spring,
 Whence lighten'd birds in woods forgot to sing:
 Whence long-limb'd steed beneath his harness faints,
 Whence the same shiv'ring sweat his lord attaints.
 Will the minister of wrath give o'er?
 Him at Aruna's threshing-floor! †
 He, and seems to sheath his flaming brand,
 With burnt incense from our David's hand.
 He has bought the Jebusite's abode,
 He has s'd an altar to the living God. 180
 'n, to reward him, makes his joys sincere;
 Where no ills nor accidents appear
 To y and pollute the sacred infant's year.
 Months to discord and debate were giv'n;
 Which testifies the yet remaining seven.

According to the passage in the first book of Kings, chap. xiv.

Sabbath of months! henceforth in him be bless'd,
And prelude to the realm's perpetual rest!

Let his baptismal drops for us atone,
Lustrations for offences not his own.
Let conscience, which is int'rest ill disguise'd,
In the same font be cleans'd, and all the land bapt
Unnam'd as yet, at least unknown to fame,

Is there a strife in heav'n about his name,
Where ev'ry famous predecessor vies,
And makes a faction for it in the skies?
Or must it be reserv'd to thought alone?
Such was the sacred Tetragrammaton.
Things worthy silence must not be reveal'd,
Thus the true name of Rome was kept conceal'd,
To shun the spells and sorceries of those
Who durst her infant majesty oppose:
But when his tender strength in time shall rise
To dare ill tongues and fascinating eyes,
This isle, which hides the little thund'rer's fame,
Shall be too narrow to contain his name;
Th' artillery of heav'n shall make him known:
Crete could not hold the god when Jove was grown

As Jove's increase, who from his brain was born
Whom arms and arts did equally adorn,
Free of the breast was bred, whose milky taste
Minerva's name to Venus had debas'd;
So this imperial Babe rejects the food
That mixes monarchs' with plebeian blood:

at his inborn courage might control,
 wish all the father in his soul,
 his Estian race, and Saxon strain,
 reproduce some second Richard's reign.
 As he shares from both his parents' blood;
 His too tame are despicably good :
 the mixture of this regal child, 220
 are manly, but by virtue mild. ,
 far the furious transport of the news
 prophetic madness fir'd the Muse ;
 As ungovernable, uninspir'd,
 O foretel whatever she desir'd.
 For me the dark abyss to tread,
 And the book which angels cannot read ?
 Was I punish'd when the sudden blast,
 Of heav'n and our young sun o'ercast !
 The swift ill, increasing as she roll'd, 230
 ie, Despair, and Death, at three reprises told ;
 Three insulting strides she stalk'd the Town,
 Like contagion, struck the loyal down.
 I fell the winnow'd wheat, but mounted high,
 Whirlwind bore the chaff, and hid the sky.
 Black Rebellion shooting from below,
 Earth's gigantic brood by moments grow)
 Here the sons of God are petrify'd with woe : }
 Complex of grief; so low were driv'n
 Aints as hardly to defend their heav'n. 240

As when pent vapours run their hollow round,
 Earthquakes, which are convulsions of the ground,
 Break bellowing forth, and no confinement brook,
 Till the third settles what the former shook :
 Such heavings had our souls, till, slow and late,
 Our life with his return'd, and faith prevail'd on Fate
 By pray'rs the mighty blessing was implov'd,
 To pray'rs was granted, and by pray'rs restor'd.

So, ere the Shunammite † a son conceiv'd,
 The prophet promis'd, and the wife believ'd. 2
 A son was sent, the son so much desir'd,
 But soon upon the mother's knees expir'd :
 The troubled sear approach'd the mournful door,
 Ran, pray'd, and sent his pest'ral staff before,
 Then stretch'd his limbs upon the child and mourn'd
 Till warmth, and breath, and a new soul return'd.

Thus mercy stretches out her hand, and saves
 Desponding Peter sinking in the waves.

As when a sudden storm of hail and rain
 Beats to the ground the yet unbarbed grain, 20
 Think not the hopes of harvest are destroy'd
 On the flat field and on the naked void ;—
 The light, unloading stem, from tempest freed,
 Will raise the youthful honours of his head ;
 And, soon restor'd by native vigour, bear
 The timely product of the bounteous year.

† In the second book of Kings, chap. iv.

Nor yet conclude all fiery trials past,
 For Heav'n will exercise us to the last;
 Sometimes will check us in our full career
 With doubtful blessings and with mingled fear; 270
 That still depending on his daily grace,
 His ev'ry mercy for an ains may pass;
 With sparing hands will diet us to good,
 Preventing surfeits of our pamper'd blood.
 So feeds the mother-bird her craving young
 With little morsels, and delays 'em long.

True, this last blessing was a royal feast;
 But where's the wedding-garment on the guest?
 Our manners, as religion were a dream,
 Are such as teach the nations to blaspheme. 280
 In lusts we wallow, and with pride we swell,
 And injuries with injuries repel;
 Prompt to revenge not daring to forgive,
 Our lives unteach the doctrine we believe.
 Thus Israel sinn'd, impenitently hard,
 And vainly thought the present ark their guard;†
 But when the haughty Philistines appear,
 They fled, abandon'd to their foes and fear:
 Their God was absent tho' his ark was there. }
 Ah! lest our crimes should snatch this pledge away,
 And make our joys the blessings of a day! 290
 For we have sinn'd him hence, and that he lives,
 God to his promise, not our practice, gives.

† 1 Sam. iv. 22.

Our crimes would soon weigh down the guilty scale,
 But James, and Mary, and the Church prevail:
 Nor Amalek can rout the chosen bands, †
 While Hur and Aaron hold up Moses' hands.

By living well let us secure his day,
 Mod'rate in hopes, and humble in our ways.
 No force the freeborn spirit can constrain, 306
 But charity and great examples gain.
 Forgiveness is our thanks for such a day;
 'Tis godlike God in his own coin to pay.
 But you, propitious Queen! translated here,
 From your mild heav'n, to rule our rugged sphere.
 Beyond the sunny walks and circling year;
 You, who your native climate have bereft
 Of all the virtues, and the vices left;
 Whom piety and beauty make their boast,
 Tho' beautiful is well in pious lost; 310
 So lost as star-light is dissolv'd away,
 And melts into the brightness of the day;
 Or gold about the regal diadem,
 Lost to improve the lustre of the gem:
 What can we add to your triumphant day?
 Let the great gift the beauteous giver pay;
 For should our thanks awake the rising sun,
 And lengthen as his latest shadows run, [done.
 That, tho' the longest day, would soon, too soon be }

† Exod. xvii. 9.

et angels' voices with their harps conspire, 320
 ut keep th' auspicious infant from the choir;
 ate let him sing above, and let us know
 o sweeter music than his cries below.

Nor can I wish to you, great Monarch! more
 han such an annual income to your store.

'he day which gave this Unit did not shine
 or a less omen than to fill the Trine.

fter a Prince an Admiral beget;

'he Royal Sev'reign wants an anchor yet.

ur isle has younger titles still in store.

330

nd when th' exhausted land can yield no more,

our line can force them from a foreign shore.

The name of Great your martial mind will suit,
 ut justice is your darling attribnte;

Of all the Greeks 'twas but one hero's * due,

And in him Plutarch prophesy'd of you:

A prince's favours but on few can fall,

ut Justice is a virtue shar'd by all.

Some kings the name of Conqu'rors have assum'd,
 ome to be great, some to be gods presum'd; 340

ut boundless pow'r and arbitrary lust

Made tyrants still abhor the name of Just;

They shunn'd the praises his godlike virtue gives,

And fear'd a title that reproach'd their lives.

The pow'r from which all kings derive their state,
 Whom they pretend at least to imitate,

* Aristides. See his life in Plutarch.

Is equal both to punish and reward,
For few would love their God unless they fear
Resistless force and immortality
Make but a lame imperfect deity:
Tempests have force unbounded to destroy,
And deathless being e'en the damn'd enjoy;
And yet Heav'n's attributes, both last and first
One without life, and one with life accurst;
But Justice is Heav'n's self, so strictly he,
That could it fail the Godhead could not be.
This virtue is your own; but life and state
Are one to Fortune subject, one to Fate:
Equal to all, you justly frown or smile;
Nor hopes nor fears your steady hand beguile;
Yourself our balance hold, the world's our scale

RELIGIO LAICI.

Orari non igitur sapit, contenta deo.

DIM as the borrow'd beams of moon and stars
 To lonely, weary, wand'ring travellers,
 Is reason to the soul: and as on high
 Those rolling fires discover but the sky,
 Not light us here; so reason's glimmering ray
 Was lent, not to assure our doubtful way,
 But guide us upward to a better day.
 And as those nightly tapers disappear
 When day's bright lord ascends our hemisphere,
 So pale grows Reason at Religion's sight,
 So dies, and so dissolves in supernat'ral light.
 Some few, whose lamp shone brighter, have been led
 From cause to cause, to Nature's secret head,
 And found that one first principle must be;
 But what or who that Universal He,
 Whether from soul encompassing this ball
 Unmade, unmov'd, yet making, moving all,
 Or various atoms' interfering dance
 Leapt into form, the noble work of Chance;
 Or this great All was from eternity,
 Not e'en the Stagirite himself could see,
 And Epicurus guess'd as well as he.

Volume I.

L

As blindly grasp'd they for a future state,
 As rashly judg'd of Providence and Fate;
 But least of all could their endeavours find
 What most concern'd the good of human kind;
 For happiness was never to be found,
 But vanish'd from 'em like enchanted ground.
 One thought content the good to be enjoy'd;
 This ev'ry little accident destroy'd;
 The wiser madmen did for virtue toil,
 A thorny, or at best a barren soil:
 In pleasure some their glutton souls would steep,
 But found the line too short, the well too deep,
 And leaky vessels which no bliss would keep.
 Thus anxious thoughts in endless circles roll,
 Without a centre where to fix the soul:
 In this wild maze their vain endeavours end;
 How can the less the greater comprehend?
 Or finite reason reach infinity?
 For what could fathom God were more than He.
 The Deist thinks he stands on firmer ground;
 Cries Εὐρηκα, the mighty secret's found:
 God is that spring of good, supreme, and best;
 We made to serve, and in that service blest.
 If so, some rules of worship must be giv'n,
 Distributed alike to all by Heav'n;
 Else God were partial, and to some deny'd
 The means his justice should for all provide.

This general worship is to praise and pray ; 50
 One part to borrow blessings, one to pay :
 And when frail nature slides into offence,
 The sacrifice for crimes is penitence.
 Yet since th' effects of Providence we find
 Are variously dispens'd to human kind ;
 That vice triumphs, and virtue suffers here,
 (A brand that sov'reign Justice cannot bear)
 Our reason prompts us to a future state,
 The last appeal from Fortune and from Fate,
 Where God's all-righteous ways will be declar'd, 60
 The bad meet punishment, the good reward.
 - Thus man, by his own strength, to heav'n would
 And would not be oblig'd to God for more. [soar,
 Vain, wretched creature! how art thou misled,
 To think thy wit these godlike notions bred !
 These truths are not the product of thy mind,
 But dropt from heav'n, and of a nobler kind.
 Reveal'd religion first inform'd thy sight,
 And Reason saw not till Faith sprung the light.
 Hence all thy nat'ral worship takes the source ; 70
 'Tis revelation what thou think'st discourse ;
 Else how com'st thou to see these truths so clear
 Which so obscure to Heathens did appear ?
 Not Plato these, nor Aristotle, found,
 Nor he whose wisdom oracles renown'd,
 Hast thou a wit so deep or so sublime ?
 Or canst thou lower dive or higher climb ?

Dryden.]

L ij

Canst thou by reason more of Godhead know
Than Plutarch, Seneca, or Cicero?
Those giant wits in happier ages born,
When arms and arts did Greece and Rome
Knew no such system; no such piles could
Of nat'ral worship, built on pray'r and prai
To one sole God:

Nor did remorse to expiate sin prescribe,
But slew their fellow-creatures for a bribe:
The guiltless victim groan'd for their offence
And cruelty and blood was penitence.

If sheep and oxen could atone for men,
Ah! at how cheap a rate the rich might sin
And great oppressors might Heav'n's wrath
By off'ring his own creatures for a spoil!

Dar'st thou, poor worm! offend Infinity
And must the terms of peace be giv'n by thee
Then thou art justice in the last appeal;
Thy easy God instructs thee to rebel;
And like a king remote and weak, must take
What satisfaction thou art pleas'd to make

But if there be a pow'r too just and strong
To wink at crimes, and bear unpunish'd woe
Look humbly upward, see his will disclose
The forfeit first, and then the fine impose;
A mulct thy poverty could never pay
Had not Eternal Wisdom found the way,

And with celestial wealth supply'd the store;
His justice makes the fine, his mercy quits the score.
See God descending in thy human frame,
Th' offended and 'ring in th' offender's name;
All thy misdeeds to him imputed are,
And all his righteousness devolv'd on thee. 110

For granting we have shew'd, and that th' offence
Of man is made against Omnipotence,
Some price that bears proportion must be paid,
And infinite with infinite be weigh'd.
See then the Deist lost; remorse for vice
Not paid, or paid, inadequate in price.
What further means can reason now direct?
Or what relief from human wit expect?
That shews us sick, and sadly are we sure
Still to be sick, till Heav'n reveal the cure. 120
If then Heav'n's will must needs be understood,
(Which must, if we want cure, and Heav'n be good)
Let all records of will reveal'd be shewn,
With Scripture all in equal balance shewn,
And our one sacred Book will be that one. }

Proof needs not here; for whether we compare
That impious, idle, superstitious ware
Of rites, lustrations, offerings, which before,
In various ages, various countries bore,
With Christian faith and virtues, we shall find 130
None answering the great ends of human kind

L H j

But this one rule of life; that shows us best
How God may be appeas'd and mortals blest.
Whether from length of time its worth we draw
The world is scarce more ancient than the law
Heav'n's early case prescrib'd for ev'ry age,
First in the soul, and after in the page;
Or whether more abstractedly we look,
Or on the writers, or the written Book,
Whence but from Heav'n could such unskill'd
In sev'ral ages born, in sev'ral parts,
Weave such agreeing truths? or how, or why
Should all conspire to cheat us with a lie?
Unask'd their pains, ungrateful their advice,
Starving their gain, and martyrdom their price
If on the Book itself we cast our view,
Concurrent Heathens prove the story true:
The doctrine, miracles, which must convince,
For Heav'n in them appeals to human sense;
And tho' they prove not, they confirm the cause
When what is taught agrees with Nature's law
Then for the style; majestic and divine,
It speaks no less than God in every line:
Commanding words whose force is still the same
As the first Fiat that produc'd our frame.
All faiths beside or did by arms ascend,
Or sense indulg'd has made mankind their friend.
This only doctrine does our lusts oppose,
Unfed by Nature's soil in which it grows;

Cross to our interests, curbing sense and sin, 160
 Oppress'd without and undermin'd within,
 It thrives thro' pain, its own tormentors tires,
 And with a stubborn patience still aspires.
 To what can reason such effects assign
 Transcending nature but to laws divine?
 Which in that sacred volume are contain'd,
 Sufficient, clear, and for that use ordain'd.

But stay ; the Deist here will urge anew
 No supernat'ral worship can be true ;
 Because a gen'ral law is that alone 170
 Which must to all and ev'ry where be known ;
 A style so large as not this Book can claim,
 Nor ought that bears Reveal'd Religion's name.
 'Tis said the sound of a Messiah's birth
 Is gone thro' all the habitable earth ;
 But still that text must be confin'd alone
 To what was then inhabited and known ;
 And what provision could from thence accrue
 To Indian souls, and worlds discover'd new ?
 In other parts it helps, that, ages past, 180
 The Scriptures there were known, and were embrac'd,
 Till sin spread once again the shades of night :
 What's that to these who never saw the light ?

Of all objections this indeed is chief
 To sterile reason, stagger frail belief.
 We grant 'tis true that Heav'n from human sense
 Has hid the secret paths of Providence ;

But boundless Wisdom, boundless Mercy, may
Find ev'n for those-bewilder'd souls a way:
If from his nature foes may pity claim,
Much more may strangers who ne'er heard his name
And tho' no name be for salvation known
But that of his eternal Son alone,
Who knows how far transcending goodness can
Extend the merits of that Son to man?
Who knows what reasons may his mercy lead,
Or ignorance invincible may plead?
Not only charity bids hope the best,
But more the great Apostle has express;
That, "if the Gentiles (whom no law inspir'd)
By nature did what was by law requir'd,
They, who the written rule had never known,
Were to themselves both rule and law alone;
To Nature's plain indictment they shall plead,
And by their conscience be condemn'd or freed.
Most righteous doom! because a rule reveal'd
Is none to those from whom it was conceal'd.
Then those who follow'd Reason's dictates right
Liv'd up, and lifted high her nat'ral light;
With Socrates may see their Maker's face,
While thousand rubric martyrs want a place.

Nor doth it baulk my charity to find
Th' Egyptian bishop of another mind:
For tho' his Creed eternal truth contains,
'Tis hard for man to deem to endless pains

All who believ'd not all his zeal requir'd,
Unless he first could prove he was inspir'd.
Then let us either think he meant to say,
This faith where publish'd was the only way;
Or else conclude that, Arius to confute, 220
The good old man, too eager in dispute,
Flew high, and, as his Christian fury rose,
Damn'd all for heretics who durst oppose.

Thus far my charity this path hath try'd,
(A much unskilful, but well-meaning guide)
Yet what they are, e'en those crude thoughts were bred
By reading that which better thou hast read,
Thy matchless author's work; which thou, my friend,
By well translating better dost commend:
Those youthful hours, which of thy equals most 230
In toys have squander'd, or in vice have lost,
Those hours hast thou to nobler use employ'd,
And the severe delights of truth enjoy'd:
Witness this weighty book, in which appears
The crabbed toil of many thoughtful years,
Spent by thy author in the sifting care
Of Rabins' old sophisticated ware
From gold divine; which he who well can sort
May afterwards make Algebra a sport.
A treasure which, if country curates buy, 240
They Junius and Tremellius may defy,
Save pains in various readings and translations,
And without Hebrew make most learn'd quotations.

A work so full, with various learning fraught,
 So nicely ponder'd, yet so strongly wrought,
 As Nature's height and Art's last hand requir'd :
 As much as man could compass uninspir'd ;
 Where we may see what errors have been made
 Both in the copiers' and translators' trade ;
 How Jewish, Popish int'rests have prevail'd, 254
 And where the infallibility has fail'd :

For some, who have his secret meaning guess'd,
 Have found our author not too much a priest :
 For fashion-sake he seems to have recourse
 To Pope, and councils, and tradition's force :
 But he that old traditions could subdue
 Could not but find the weakness of the new.
 If scripture, tho' deriv'd from heav'nly birth,
 Has been but carelessly preserv'd on earth ;
 If God's own people, who of God before 264
 Knew what we know, and had been promis'd more
 In fuller terms, of Heav'n's assisting care,
 And who did neither time, nor study spare
 To keep this Book untainted, unperplext,
 Let in gross errors to corrupt the text,
 Omitted paragraphs, embroil'd the sense,
 With vain traditions stopp'd the gaping fence,
 Which ev'ry common hand pull'd up with ease,
 What safety from such brushwood helps as these ?
 If written words from time are not secur'd, 270
 How can we think t' have oral sounds endur'd ?

Which thus transmitted if one mouth has fail'd,
 Immortal lies on ages are entail'd;
 And that some such have been, is prov'd too plain,
 If we consider int'rest, church, and gain.

Oh but, says one, tradition set aside,
 Where can we hope for an unnerring guide?
 For, since th' original Scripture has been lost,
 All copies disagreeing, maim'd the most,
 Or Christian faith can have no certain ground, 280
 Or truth in church tradition must be found.

Such an omniscient church we wish indeed;
 'Twere worth both Testaments cast in the Creed;
 But if this mother be a guidē so sure
 As can all doubts resolve, all truths secure,
 Then her infallibility as well,
 Where copies are corrupt, or lame, can tell;
 Restore lost canon with as little pains
 As truly explicate what still remains;
 Which yet no council can pretend to do, 290
 Unless like Esdras, they could write it new:
 Strange confidence, still to interpret true,
 Yet not be sure that all they have explain'd
 Is in the bless'd original contain'd!

More safe, and much more modest, 'tis to say,
 God would not leave mankind without a way,
 And that the Scriptures, tho' not ev'ry where
 Free from corruption, or entire, or clear,

Are uncorrupt, sufficient, clear, entire,
 In all things which our needful faith require.
 If others in the same glass better see,
 'Tis for themselves they look, but not for me;
 For my salvation must its doom receive,
 Not from what others but what I believe,
 Must all tradition then be set aside?

This to affirm were ignorance or pride.
 Are there not many points, some needful sure
 To saving faith, that Scripture leaves obscure?
 Which ev'ry sect will wrest a sep'rate way;
 For what one sect interprets all sects may:
 We hold, and say, we prove from Scripture plain
 That Christ is God; the bold Socinian
 From the same Scripture urges he's but Man.
 Now what appeal can end th' important suit?
 Both parts talk loudly, but the rule is mute.

Shall I speak plain, and in a nation free,
 Assume an honest layman's liberty?
 I think (according to my little skill)
 To my own Mother-church submitting still,
 Tho' many have been sav'd, and many may,
 Who never heard this question brought in plain
 Th' unletter'd Christian; who believes in gross
 Plods on to Heav'n, and ne'er is at a loss:
 For the strait gate would be made straiter yet
 Were none admitted there but men of wit.

The few by Nature form'd, with learning fraught,
 Born to instruct as others to be taught,
 Must study well the sacred page, and see
 Which doctrine, this or that, do best agree
 With the whole tenor of the work divine, 330
 And plainliest points to Heav'n's reveal'd design;
 Which exposition flows from genuine sense,
 And which is forc'd by wit and eloquence.
 Not that tradition's parts are useless here,
 When gen'ral, old, disint'rested, and clear:
 That ancient Fathers thus expound the page,
 Gives truth the rev'rend majesty of age;
 Confirms its force by binding ev'ry test,
 For best authorities, next rules are best;
 And still the nearer to the spring we go, 340
 More limpid, more unsoil'd, the waters flow.
 Thus first traditions were a proof alone,
 Could we be certain such they were, so known;
 But since some flaws in long descent may be,
 They make not truth, but probability.
 E'en Arius and Pelagius durst provoke
 To what the centuries preceding spoke:
 Such diff'rence is there in an oft'-told tale,
 But truth, by its own sinews will prevail.
 Tradition written, therefore more commends 350
 Authority than what from voice descends;
 And this, as perfect as its kind can be,
 Rolls down to us the sacred history,

Which from the universal church receiv'd,
Is try'd, and after for itself believ'd :

The partial Papists would infer from hence
Their church, in last resort, should judge the as
But first they would assume, with wondrous as
Themselves to be the whole, who are but part
Of that vast frame, the church: yet grant they
The hands-down, can they from thence infer
A right t' interpret? or would they alone
Who brought the present claim it for their own
The Book's a common largess to mankind,
Not more for them than ev'ry man design'd;
The welcome news is in the letter found,
The carrier's not commission'd to expound:
It speaks itself, and what it does contain,
In all things needful to be known is plain.

In times o'ergrown with rust and ignorance,
A gainful trade their clergy did advance,
When want of learning kept the layman low,
And none but priests were authoris'd to know;
When what small knowledge was in them did d
And he a god, who could but read, or spell:
The Mother-church did mightily prevail,
She parcell'd out the Bible by retail,
But still expounded what she sold or gave,
To keep it in her pow'r to damn and save:
Scripture was scarce, and, as the market went,
Poor laymen took salvation on content,

As needy men take money, good, or bad ;
 God's word they had not, but the priests' they had.
 Yet, whate'er false conveyances they made,
 The lawyer still was certain to be paid.
 In those dark times they learn'd their knack so well,
 That by long use they grew infallible.
 At last, a knowing age began t'inquire
 If they the Book, or that did them inspire ; 389
 And, making narrower search, they found, tho' late,
 That what they thought the priests' was their estate ;
 Taught by the will produc'd (the written word)
 How long they had been cheated on record ;
 Then ev'ry man, who saw the title fair,
 Claim'd a child's part, and put in for a share ;
 Consulted soberly his private good,
 And sav'd himself as cheap as e'er he could.

'Tis true, my friend, (and far be flatt'ry hence)
 This good had full as bad a consequence ;
 The Book thus put in ev'ry vulgar hand, 400
 Which each presum'd he best could understand,
 The common rule was made the common prey,
 And at the mercy of the rabble lay :
 The tender page with horny fists was gall'd,
 And he was gifted most that loudest bawl'd :
 The Spirit gave the doctoral degree,
 And ev'ry member of a company
 Was of his trade, and of his bible free. }

Dryden.]

M ij

Plain truths enough for needful use they
But men would still be itching to expound
Each was ambitious of th' obscurest place
No measure ta'en from knowledge; all for
Study and pains were now no more their
Texts were explain'd by fasting and by
This was the fruit the private spirit bore
Occasion'd by great zeal and little thought
While crowds unlearn'd, with rude devotion
About the sacred viands buzz and swarm,
The fly-blown text creates a crawling brood
And turns to maggots what was meant for food
A thousand daily sects rise up and die;
A thousand more the perish'd race supply
So all we make of Heav'n's discover'd will
Is not to have it, or to use it ill.
The danger's much the same, on sev'ral
If others wreck us, or we wreck ourselves
What then remains but waving each extreme
The tides of ignorance and pride to stem
Neither so rich a treasure to forego,
Nor proudly seek beyond our pow'r to know
Faith is not built on disquisitions vain :
The things we must believe are few and plain
But since men will believe more than the truth
And ev'ry man will make himself a creed
In doubtful questions 'tis the safest way
To learn what unsuspected Ancients say

For 'tis not likely we should higher soar
 In search of heav'n than all the church before :
 Nor can we be deceiv'd, unless we see
 The Scripture and the Fathers disagree. 440
 If, after'all, they stand suspected still,
 (For no man's faith depends upon his will)
 'Tis some relief, that points not clearly known
 Without much hazard, may be let alone.
 And, after hearing what our church can say,
 If still our reason runs another way,
 That private reason 't is more just to curb,
 Than by disputes the public peace disturb;
 For points obscure are of small use to learn,
 But common quiet is mankind's concern. 450
 Thus have I made my own opinions clear,
 Yet neither praise expect, nor censure fear ;
 And this unpolish'd, rugged verse I chose,
 As fittest for discourse, and nearest prose :
 For while from sacred truth I do not swerve,
 Tom Sternhold's or Tom Shadwell's rhymes will serve

THRENODIA AUGUSTALIS:
A FUNERAL PINDARIC POEM,
SACRED TO THE HAPPY MEMORY OF K. CHARLES II.

*Fortunati umbrae et quid non carmine possunt,
Nulla dies unquam memori vos eximet aevi.*

VIRG.

I.
Thus long my grief has kept me dumb:
Sure there's a lethargy in mighty we,
Tears stand congeal'd, and cannot flow;
And the sad soul retires into her inmost room.
Tears for a stroke foreseen, afford relief;
But unprovided for a sudden blow,
Like Niobe we marble grow,
And petrify with grief.
Our British heav'n was all serene,
No, threat'ning cloud was nigh,
Not the least wrinkle to deform the sky;
We liv'd as unconcern'd and happily
As the first age in Nature's golden scene.
Supine amidst our flowing store,
We slept securely and we dream'd of more;
When suddenly the thunder-clap was heard;
It took us unprepar'd and out of guard,
Already lost before we fear'd.

Th' amazing news of Charles at once were spread ;
At once the general voice declar'd 20
" Our gracious Prince was dead,"
No sickness known before, no slow disease,
To soften grief by just degrees ;
But like an hurricane on Indian seas
The tempest rose ;
An unexpected burst of woes,
With scarce a breathing space betwixt,
This now becalm'd, and perishing the next.
As if great Atlas from his height
Should sink beneath his heav'nly weight, 30
And, with a mighty flaw, the flaming wall,
As once it shall,
Should gape immense, and, rushing down, o'erwhelm
this nether ball,
So swift, and so surprising was our fear :
Our Atlas fell indeed, but Hercules was near.

II.

His pious brother, sure the best
Whoever bore that name,
Was newly risen from his rest,
And with a fervent flame
His usual morning vows had just address 40
For his dear Sov'reign's health,
And hop'd to have 'em heard
In long increase of years,
In honour, fame, and wealth.

Guiltless of greatness, thus he always pray'd,
Nor knew, nor wish'd those vows he made
On his own head should be repaid.
Soon as th' ill-omen'd rumour reach'd his ear,
(Ill news is wing'd with fate, and flies apace)
Who can describe th' amazement of his face !
Horror in all his pomp was there,
Mute and magnificent without a tear,
And then the hero first was seen to fear.
Half unarray'd, he ran to his relief,
So hasty and so artless was his grief -
Approaching greatness met him with her charms
-Of pow'r and future state,
But look'd so ghastly in a brother's fate,
He shook her from his arms.
Arriv'd within the mournful room, he saw
A wild distraction void of awe,
And arbitrary grief unbounded by a law.
God's image, God's anointed, lay
Without motion, pulse, or breath,
A senseless lump of sacred clay,
An image now of Death.
Amidst his sad attendants groans and cries,
The lines of that ador'd forgiving face,
Distorted from their native grace ;
An iron slumber sat on his majestic eyes.
The pious Duke----forbear, audacious Muse
No terms thy feeble art can use

Are able to adorn so vast a woe :
 The grief of all the rest like subject grief did show ;
 His like a sov'reign did transcend ;
 No wife, no brother, such a grief could know,
 Nor any name but friend.

III.

O wond'rous changes of a fatal scene,
 Still varying to the last !
 Heav'n, tho' its hard decree was past, 80
 Seem'd pointing to a gracious turn agen :
 And Death's uplifted arm arrested in its haste,
 Heav'n half repented of the doom,
 And almost griev'd it had foreseen
 What by foresight it will'd eternally to come,
 Mercy above did hourly plead
 For her resemblance here below,
 And mild Forgiveness intercede
 To stop the coming blow,
 New miracles approach'd th' ethereal throne, 90
 Such as his wond'rous life had oft' and lately known,
 And urg'd that still they might be shown.
 On earth his pious brother pray'd and vow'd,
 Renouncing greatness at so dear a rate,
 Himself defending what he could
 From all the glories of his future fate.
 With him th' innumerable crowd
 Of armed prayers

Knock'd at the gates of heav'n, and knock'd aloud ;
 The first well-meaning rude petitioner 100
 All for his life assail'd the throne,
 All would have brib'd the skies by off'ring up their
 So great a throng not Heav'n itself could bear ; [own
 'Twas almost borne by force, as in the Giant's war.
 The pray'rs at least for his reprieve were heard ;
 His death, like Hezekiah's was deferr'd :
 Against the sun the shadow went ;
 Five days those five degrees were lent
 To form our patience, and prepare th' event.
 The second causes took the swift command, 110
 The medicinal head, the ready hand,
 All eager to perform their part ;
 All but eternal Doom was conquer'd by her art :
 Once more the fleeting soul came back
 T' inspire the mortal frame,
 And in the body took a doubtful stand,
 Doubtful and hov'ring, like expiring flame
 That mounts and falls by turns, and trembles o'er the
 IV. [brand.
 The joyful short-liv'd news soon spread around, ,
 Took the same train, the same impetuous bound :
 The drooping town in smiles again was dress'd ; 121
 Gladness in ev'ry face express'd,
 Their eyes before their tongues confess'd.
 Men met each other with erected look,
 The steps were higher that they took ;

Friends to congratulate their friends made haste,
 And long inveterate foes saluted as they past.
 Above the rest heroic James appear'd,
 Exalted more, because he more had fear'd :
 His manly heart, whose noble pride 130
 Was still above
 Dissembled hate or varnish'd love,
 Its more than common transport could not hide ;
 But, like an eagle, rode in triumph o'er the tide.
 Thus, in alternate course,
 The tyrant passions, hope and fear,
 Did in extremes appear,
 And flash'd upon the soul with equal force.
 Thus at half ebb, a rolling sea
 Returns, and wins upon the shore ; 140
 The wat'ry herd, affrighted at the roar,
 Rest on their fins awhile, and stay,
 Then backward take their wond'ring way :
 The prophet wonders more than they
 At prodigies but rarely seen before,
 And cries a king must fall, or kingdoms change their
 Such were our counter-tides at land, and so [sway
 Presaging of the fatal blow
 In their prodigious ebb and flow.
 The royal soul, that, like the lab'ring moon, 150
 By charms of art was hurry'd down,
 Forc'd with regret to leave her native sphere,
 Came but awhile on liking here;

Some weary of the painful strife,
And made but faint essays of life,
An evening light,
Soon shut in night;
A strong distemper, and a weak relief;
Short intervals of joy, and long return

The sons of Art all med'cines try'd
And ev'ry noble remedy apply'd:
With emulation each essay'd
His utmost skill; nay more, they pray'
Never was losing game with better co
Death never won a stake with greater
Nor e'er was Fate so near a foil:
But, like a fortress on a rock,
Th' impregnable disease their vain atte
They min'd it near; they batter'd from
With all the cannon of the med'cinal
No gentle means could be essay'd;
'Twas beyond parley when the siege w
Th' extremest ways they first ordain,
Prescribing such intolerable pain,
As none but Cæsar could sustain:
Undaunted Cæsar underwent
The malice of their art, nor bent
Beneath whate'er their pious rigour co
In five such days he suffer'd more
Than any suffer'd in his reign before:

More, infinitely more, than he
 Against the worst of rebels could decree,
 A traitor, or twice-pardon'd enemy.
 Now Art was tir'd without success;
 No racks could make the stubborn malady confess
 The vain insurers of life,
 And they who most perform'd and promis'd less,
 Ev'n Short and Hobbes forsook th' unequal strife;
 Death and despair was in their looks;
 No longer they consult their memories or books: 190
 Like helpless friends, who view from shore
 The lab'ring ship, and hear the tempest roar,
 So stood they with their arms across,
 Not to assist, but to deplore
 Th' inevitable loss.

VI.

Death was denounc'd, that frightful sound,
 Which e'en the best can hardly bear:
 He took the summons void of fear,
 And unconcern'dly cast his eyes around,
 As if to find and dare the grisly challenger. 200
 What Death could do he lately try'd,
 When in four days he more than dy'd.
 The same assurance all his words did grace;
 The same majestic mildness held its place,
 Nor lost the Monarch in his dying face:
 Intrepid, pious, merciful, and brave,
 He look'd as when he conquer'd and forgave.

VII.

As if some angel had been sent
To lengthen out his government,
And to foretel as many years again
As he had number'd in his happy reign;
So cheerfully he took the doom
Of his departing breath,
Nor shrunk, nor stepp'd aside for death;
But with unalter'd pace kept on,
Providing for events to come
When he resign'd the throne.
Still he maintain'd his kingly state,
And grew familiar with his fate;
Kind, good, and gracious to the last,
On all he lov'd before his dying beams he cast.
Oh truly good, and truly great,
For glorious as he rose, benignly so he set!
All that on earth he held most dear
He recommended to his care,
To whom both Heav'n
The right had giv'n,
And his own love bequeath'd supreme comma
He took and press'd that ever-loyal hand,
Which could in peace secure his reign,
Which could in wars his pow'r maintain;
That hand on which no plighted vows were e
Well, for so great a trust, he chose
A prince who never disobey'd,

Not when the most severe commands were laid ;
Nor want nor exile with his duty weigh'd ;
A prince on whom, if Heav'n its eyes could close,
The welfare of the world it safely might repose.

VIII.

That king who liv'd to Gods own heart,
Yet less serenely dy'd than he ; 240
Charles left behind no harsh decree,
For schoolmen with laborious art

To salve from cruelty :
Those for whom love could no excuses frame
He graciously forgot to name.

Thus far my Muse, tho' rudely, has design'd
Some faint resemblance of a godlike mind ;
But neither pen, nor pencil can express
The parting brother's tenderness ;

Tho' that's a term too mean and low ; 250
(The bless'd above a kinder word may know ;)

But what they did and what they said,
The Monarch who triumphant went,

The militant who staid,

Like painters,, when their height'ning arts are spent,
I cast into a shade.

That all-forgiving King,

The type of Him above,

That inexhausted spring

Of clemency and love,

260

Dryden.]

N j

Himself to his next self accus'd,
 And ask'd that pardon which he ne'er refus'd,
 For faults not his, for guilt and crimes
 Of godless men, and of rebellious times;
 For an hard exile, kindly meant,
 When his ungrateful country sent
 Their best Camillus into banishment;
 And forc'd their Sov'reign's act, they could not his
 Oh how much rather had that injur'd chief [consent.
 Repeated all his suff'rings past, 270
 Than hear a pardon begg'd at last,
 Which giv'n, could give the dying no relief!
 He bent, he sunk beneath his grief!
 His dauntless heart would fain have held
 From weeping, but his eyes rebell'd:
 Perhaps the godlike hero in his breast
 Disdain'd, or was asham'd to shew
 So weak, so womanish a woe,
 Which yet the brother and the friend so plenteously

IX.

[confest.

Amidst that silent shower the royal mind 280
 An easy passage found,
 And left its sacred earth behind;
 Nor murm'ring groan express'd, nor lab'ring sound,
 Nor any least tumultuous breath;
 Calm was his life, and quiet was his death:
 Soft as those gentle whispers were
 In which th' Almighty did appear;
 By the still voice the prophet knew him there.

That peace which made thy prosp'rous reign to shine,
 That peace thou leav'st to thy imperial line, 290
 That peace, oh happy Shade, be ever thine!

K.

For all these joys thy restoration brought,
 For all the miracles it wrought,
 For all the healing balm thy mercy pour'd
 Into the nation's bleeding wound,
 And care that after kept it sound :
 For num'rous blessings yearly show'r'd,
 And property with plenty crown'd;
 For freedom still maintain'd alive,
 Freedom, which in no other land will thrive, 300
 Freedom, an English subject's sole prerogative,
 Without those charms e'en peace would be
 But a dull quiet slavery;
 For these, and more, accept our pious praise;
 'Tis all the subsidy
 The present age can raise;
 The rest is charg'd on late posterity :
 Posterity is charg'd the more,
 Because the large abounding store, 309
 To them, and to their heirs, is still entail'd by thee.
 Succession, of a long descent,
 Which chastely in the channels ran,
 And from our demi-gods began,
 Equal almost to time in its extent;
 Thro' hazards numberless and great

Thou hast deriv'd this mighty blessing down,
And fix'd the fairest gem that decks th' imperial crown,
Not faction, when it shook thy regal seat,
Not senates insolently loud,
(Those echoes of a thoughtless crowd)
Not foreign, or domestic treachery,
Could warp thy soul to their unjust decree.
So much thy foes thy manly mind mistook,
Who judg'd it by the mildness of thy look ;
Like a well-temper'd sword it bent at will,
But kept the native roughness of the steel.

XI.

Be true, O Clio, to thy hero's name,
But draw him strictly so,
That all who view the piece may know
He needs no trappings of fictitious fame :
The load's too weighty ; thou may'st chuse
Some parts of praise, and some refuse :
Write, that his annals may be thought more lavish
In scanty truth thou hast confin'd [the]
The virtues of a royal mind,
Forgiving, bounteous, humble, just, and kind :
His conversation, wit, and parts,
His knowledge in the noblest, useful arts,
Were such dead authors could not give ;
But habitudes of those who live,
Who lighting him did greater lights receive :
He drain'd from all, and all they knew ;
His apprehension quick, his judgment true ;

That the most learn'd with shame confess
His knowledge more, his reading only less.

XII.

Amidst the peaceful triumphs of his reign,
What wonder if the kindly beams he shed
Reviv'd the drooping arts again,
If Science rais'd her head;
And soft Humanity, that from Rebellion fled? 350
Our isle indeed too fruitful was before,
But all uncultivated lay
Out of the solar walk and Heav'n's highway;
With rank Geneva weeds run o'er,
And cockle at the best amidst the corn it bore.
The royal husbandman appear'd,
And plough'd, and sow'd, and till'd;
The thorns he rooted out, the rubbish clear'd,
And bless'd th' obedient field;
When straight a double harvest rose, 360
Such as the swarthy Indian mows,
Or happier climates near the line,
Or Paradise, manur'd and dress'd by hands divine.

XIII.

As when the new-born phoenix takes his way,
His rich paternal regions to survey,
Of airy choristers a numerous train
Attends his wond'rous progress o'er the plain;
So rising from his father's urn,
So glorious did our Charles return.

Th' officious Muses came along,
 A gay harmonious quire, like angels, ever young
 The Muse that mourns him now his happy time
 Ev'n they could thrive in his auspicious reign,
 And such a plenteous crop they bore
 Of purest and well-winnow'd grain,
 As Britain never knew before.
 Tho' little was their hire, and light their gain,
 Yet somewhat to their share he threw;
 Fed from his hand, they sung and flew,
 Like birds of Paradise, that liv'd on morning-dew
 Oh never let their lays his name forget!
 The pension of a prince's praise is great.
 Live then thou great encourager of art,
 Live ever in our thankful hearts;
 Live bless'd above, almost invoke'd below,
 Live, and receive this pious vow,
 Our patron once, our guardian angel now.
 Thou Fabius of a sinking state,
 Who didst by wise delays divert our fate,
 When faction, like a tempest, rose
 In Death's most hideous form,
 Then Art to rage thou didst oppose
 To weather out the storm;
 Not quitting thy supreme command,
 Thou held'st the rudder with a steady hand,
 Till safely on the shore the bark did land:
 The bark that all our blessings brought,
 Charg'd with thyself and James, a doubly royal fra

XIV.

frail estate of human things,
 slippery hopes below ! 400
 to our cost your emptiness we know ;
 'tis a lesson dearly bought)
 rance here is never to be sought.
 best and best-belov'd of kings,
 best deserving to be so,
 n scarce he had escap'd the fatal blow
 ction and conspiracy,
 h did his promis'd hopes destroy :
 nil'd, he gain'd, but liv'd not to enjoy.
 t mists of Providence are these 410
 ' which we cannot see !
 into, by supernat'ral pow'r set free,
 eft at last in martyrdom to die :
 is the end of oft-repeated miracles.
 ive me, Heav'n, that impious thought ;
 as grief for Charles, to madness wrought,
 question'd thy supreme decree !
 didst his gracious reign prolong,
 in thy saints' and angels' wrong,
 fellow-citizens of immortality ; 420
 twelve long years of exile borne,
 e twelve we number'd since his bless'd return :
 ictly wert thou just to pay,
 to the dribble of a day,

Yet still we murmur, and complain
The quails and manna should no longer rain :
Those miracles 'twas needless to renew ;
The chosen flock has now the promis'd Land

XV.

A warlike prince ascends the regal state,
A prince long exercis'd by Fate :
Long may he keep, tho' he obtains it late !
Heroes in Heav'n's peculiar mould are cast ;
They and their poets are not form'd in haste :
Man was the first in God's design, and man was
False heroes, made by flatt'ry so, [t
Heav'n can strike out, like sparkles, at a blow ;
But, ere a prince is to perfection brought,
He costs Omnipotence a second thought.
With toil and sweat,
With hard'ning cold, and forming heat,
The Cyclops did their strokes repeat,
Before th' impenetrable shield was wrought.
It looks as if the Maker would not own
The noble work for his,
Before 'twas try'd and found a masterpiece.

XVI.

View then a monarch ripen'd for a throne.
Alcides thus his race began,
O'er infancy he swiftly ran ;
The future god at first was more than man :

gers and toils, and Juno's hate, 450
 n o'er his cradle lay in wait,
 d there he grappled first with Fate:
 his young hands the hissing snakes he press'd;
 , early was the deity confess'd:
 hus by degrees he rose to Jove's imperial seat;
 'hus difficulties prove a soul legitimately great.
 Like his our hero's infancy was try'd;
 Betimes the Furies did their snakes provide,
 And to his infant arms oppose
 His father's rebels, and his brother's foes; 460
 The more oppress'd, the higher still he rose:
 Those were the preludes of his fate,
 That form'd his manhood, to subdue
 The hydra of the many-headed hissing crew.

XVII.

As after Numa's peaceful reign
 The martial Ancus did the sceptre wield,
 Furbish'd the rusty sword again,
 Resum'd the long-forgotten shield,
 And led the Latins to the dusty field:
 So James the drowsy Genius wakes
 Of Britain, long entranc'd in charms,
 Restiff, and slumb'ring on its arms;
 'Twas rous'd, and with a new-strung nerve the s
 No neighing of the warrior steeds, [already sh
 No drum or louder trumpet needs.

T' inspire the coward, waken the cold;
 His voice, his sole appearance, makes them bold.
 Gaul and Batavia dread th' impending blow:
 Too well the vigour of that arm they know;
 They lick the dust, and crouch beneath their fatal foe.
 Long may they fear this awful prince, 481
 And not provoke his ling'ring sword;
 Peace is their only sure defence,
 Their best security his word.
 In all the changes of his doubtful state,
 His truth, like Heav'n's, was kept inviolate:
 For him to promise is to make it fate.
 His valour can triumph over land and main:
 With broken oaths his fame he will not stain, 489
 With conquest basely bought, and with inglorious gain.

XVII.

For once, O Heav'n, unfold thy adamantinè book;
 And let his wond'ring senate see,
 If not thy firm immutable decree,
 At least the second page of great contingency,
 Such as consists with wills originally free:
 Let them with glad amazement look
 On what their happiness may be;
 Let them not still be obstinately blind,
 Still to divert the good thou hast design'd,
 Or with malignant penury
 To starve the royal virtues of his mind. 501

Faith is a Christian's and a subject's test;
Oh, give them to believe, and they are surely blest !
They do ; and with a distant view I see
Th' amended vows of English loyalty :
And all beyond that object there appears
The long retinue of a prosp'rous reign.
A series of successful years,
In orderly array a martial manly train.
Behold even the remoter shores
A conqu'ring navy proudly spread ;
The British cannon formidably roars,
While starting from his oozy bed,
Th' asserted Ocean rears his rev'rend head,
To view and recognize his ancient Lord again,
And with a willing hand restores
The fasces of the main.

510

[190]

HEROIC STANZAS,
ON THE DEATH OF OLIVER CROMWELL.
WRITTEN AFTER HIS FUNERAL.

AND now 'tis time ; for their officious haste
Who would before have borne him to the sky,
Like eager Romans, ere all rites were past,
Did let too soon the sacred Eagle fly.

II.

Tho' our best notes are treason to his fame,
Join'd with the loud applause of public voice ;
Since Heav'n, what praise we offer to his name,
Hath render'd too authentic by its choice.

III.

Tho' in his praise no arts can lib'ral be,
Since they, whose Muses have the highest flown, 10
Add not to his immortal memory,
But do an act of friendship to their own :

IV.

Yet 'tis our duty and our int'rest too,
Such monuments as we can build to raise,
Lest all the world prevent what we should do,
And claim a title in him by their praise.

V.

How shall I then begin, or where conclude,
To draw a fame so truly circular ?

For in a round what order can be shew'd
Where all the parts so equal perfect are! 20

VI.

His grandeur he deriv'd from Heav'n alone;
For he was great ere Fortune made him so:
And wars, like mists that rise against the sun,
Made him but greater seem, not greater grow.

VII.

No borrow'd bays his temples did adorn,
But to our crown he did fresh jewels bring;
Nor was his virtue poison'd soon as born
With the too early thoughts of being king.

VIII.

Fortune, that easy mistress of the young,
But to her ancient servants coy and hard, 30
Him at that age her fav'rites rank'd among,
When she her best-lov'd Pompey did discard.

IX.

He private mark'd the fault of others' sway,
And set as sea-marks for himself to shun;
Not like rash monarchs, who their youth betray
By acts their age too late would wish undone.

X.

And yet dominion was not his design;
We owe that blessing not to him but Heav'n,
Which to fair acts unsought rewards did join,
Rewards that less to him than us were giv'n. 40

Dryden.]

O ij

XI.

Our former chiefs, like sticklers of the war,
First fought t' inflame the parties, then to poison
The quarrel lov'd, but did the cause abhor,
And did not strike to hurt but make a noise.

XII.

War, our consumption, was their gainful trade
He inward bled whilst they prolong'd our pain;
He fought to end our fighting, and essay'd
To staunch the blood by breathing of the vein.

XIII.

Swift and resistless thro' the land he past,
Like that bold Greek who did the East subdue,
And made to battles such heroic haste,
As if on wings of victory he flew.

XIV.

He fought secure of Fortune as of Fame:
Still by new maps the island might be shown
Of conquests, which he strew'd where'er he came
Thick as the Galaxy with stars is sown

XV.

His palms, tho' under weights they did not stand
Still thriv'd: no winter could his laurels fade;
Heav'n in his portrait shew'd a workman's hand
And drew it perfect, yet without a shade.

XVI.

Peace was the prize of all his toil and care,
Which War had banish'd, and did now restore:

Bologna's walls thus mounted in the air,
To seat themselves more surely than before.

XVII.

Her safety rescu'd Ireland to him owes;
And treach'rous Scotland, to no int'rest true,
Yet bless'd that fate which did his arms dispose
Her land to civilize as to subdue.

XVIII.

Nor was he like those stars which only shine
When to pale mariners they storms portend; 70
He had his calmer influence, and his mien
Did love and majesty together blend.

XIX.

'Tis true his count'nance did imprint an awe,
And nat'rally all souls to his did bow,
As wands of divination downward draw,
And point to beds where sov'reign gold doth grow.

XX.

When past all off'rings to Feretrian Jove,
He Mars depos'd, and arms to gowns made yield,
Successful councils did him soon approve
As fit for close intrigues as open field. 80

XXI.

To suppliant Holland he vouchsaf'd a peace,
Our once bold rival of the British main,
Now tamely glad her unjust claim to cease,
And buy our friendship with her idol, Gain,

O ij

XXII.

Fame of th' asserted sea thro' Europe blown,
 Made France and Spain ambitious of his love;
 Each knew that side must conquer he would own,
 And for him fiercely as for empire strove.

XXIII.

No sooner was the Frenchman's cause embrac'd,
 Than the light Monsieur the grave Don outweigh'd;
 His fortune turn'd the scale where'er 'twas cast, 91
 Tho' Indian mines were in the other laid.

XXIV.

When absent, yet we conquer'd in his right;
 For tho' some meaner artist's skill were shown
 In mingling colours, or in placing light,
 Yet still the fair designment was his own.

XXV.

For from all tempers he could service draw;
 The worth of each with its alloy he knew,
 And, as the confidant of Nature, saw
 How she complexions did divide and brew. 100

XXVI.

Or he their single virtues did survey,
 By intuition in his own large breast,
 Where all the rich ideas of them lay,
 That were the rule and measure to the rest.

XXVII.

When such heroic virtue Heav'n sets out,
 The stars, like commons, sullenly obey;

Because it drains them when it comes about,
And therefore is a tax they seldom pay.

XXVIII.

From this high spring our foreign conquests flow,
Which yet more glorious triumphs do portend ; 110
Since their commencement to his arms they owe,
If springs as high as fountains may ascend.

XXIX.

He made us freemen of the Continent,
Whom Nature did like captives treat before ;
To nobler preys the English Lion sent,
And taught him first in Belgian walks to roar.

XXX.

That old unquestion'd pirate of the land,
Proud Rome, with dread the fate of Dunkirk heard,
And, trembling, wish'd behind more Alps to stand,
Altho' an Alexander were her guard. 120

XXXI.

By his command we boldly cross'd the line,
And bravely fought where southern stars arise ;
We trac'd the far-fetch'd gold unto the mine,
And that which brib'd our fathers made our prize.

XXXII.

Such was our Prince ; yet own'd a soul above
The highest acts it could produce to show ;
Thus poor mechanic arts in public move,
Whilst the deep secrets beyond practice go.

XXXIII.

Nor dy'd he when his ebbing fame went less,
 But when fresh laurels courted him to live;
 He seem'd but to prevent some new success,
 As if above what triumphs earth can give.

XXXIV.

His latest victories still thickest came,
 As near the centre motion doth increase;
 Till he, press'd down by his own weighty name,
 Did like the Vestal under spoils decrease.

XXXV.

But first the Ocean as a tribute sent
 That giant prince of all her wat'ry herd;
 And th' isle, when her protecting genius went
 Upon his obsequies loud sighs conferr'd

XXXVI.

No civil broils have since his death arose,
 But Faction now by habit does obey,
 And Wars have that respect for his repose
 As winds for halcyons when they breed at sea.

XXXVII.

His ashes in a peaceful urn shall rest;
 His name a great example stands, to show
 How strangely high endeavours may be blest,
 Where piety and valour jointly go.

SATIRE ON THE DUTCH.

WRITTEN IN THE YEAR M.DC.LXII.

As needy gallants, in the scriv'ner's hands,
 Court the rich knaves that gripe the mortgag'd lands,
 The first fat buck of all the season's sent,
 And keeper takes no fee in compliment;
 The dotage of some Englishmen is such
 To fawn on those who ruin them, the Dutch.
 They shall have all, rather than make a war
 With those who of the same religion are.
 The Streights, the Guinea trade, the herrings too;
 Nay, to keep friendship, they shall pickle you. 10
 Some are resolv'd not to find out the cheat,
 But, cuckold-like, love them that do the feat.
 What injuries soe'er upon us fall,
 Yet still the same religion answers all.
 Religion wheedled us to Civil war,
 Drew English blood, and Dutchmen's now would spare.
 Be gull'd no longer; for you'll find it true,
 They have no more religion, faith! than you.
 Int'rest's the god they worship in their State,
 And we I take it have not much of that. 20
 Well monarchies may own religion's name,
 But states are atheists in their very frame.
 They share a sin; and such proportions fall,
 That, like a stink, 'tis nothing to them all,

Think on their rapine, falsehood, cruelty,
And that what once they were ~~they still would be.~~
To one well-born th' affront ~~is worse and more,~~
When he's abus'd and baffled ~~by a boor.~~
With an ill grace the Dutch ~~their mischief do;~~
They've both ill nature and ill manners too;
Well may they boast themselves ~~as ancient nations~~
For they were bred ere manners were in fashion
And their new Commonwealth ~~has out them so~~
Only from honour and civility.
Venetians do not more ~~unworthily side~~
Than did their lubber State ~~unkind bestride~~
As their own paunches ~~swell above their eyes~~
Yet is their empire no ~~true growth but hum~~
And only two kings' touch can cure the cure
As Cato did in Afric ~~fruits display,~~
Let us before our eyes ~~their Indies lay;~~
All loyal English will like him conclude,
Let Cæsar live, and Carthage be subdu'd.

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100



BELL'S EDITION
The POETS of GREAT BRITAIN
COMPLETE, FROM
CHAUCER to CHURCHILL.



DRYDEN VOLUME II.
"She drew an Angel down."

Page 119.

John Bell near Exeter Exchange Strand Ld

THE
POETICAL WORKS
OF
J. DRYDEN, Esq.

IN THREE VOLUMES.

WITH THE LIFE OF THE AUTHOR.

Hear, how Timotheus' vary'd lays surprise,
And bid alternate passions fall and rise----
The power of music all our hearts allow,
And what Timotheus was, is Dryden now. POPE.
Hark, his hands the lyre explore!
Bright ey'd Fancy hov'ring o'er,
Scatters from her pictur'd urn,
Thoughts that breathe, and words that burn,
But ah! 'tis heard no more----- GRAY.

VOL. II.

LONDON:

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THE PRINCESS OF WALES.

1802.



THE
POETICAL WORKS
OF
HENRY DRYDEN, Esq.
VOL. II.

CONTAINING HIS

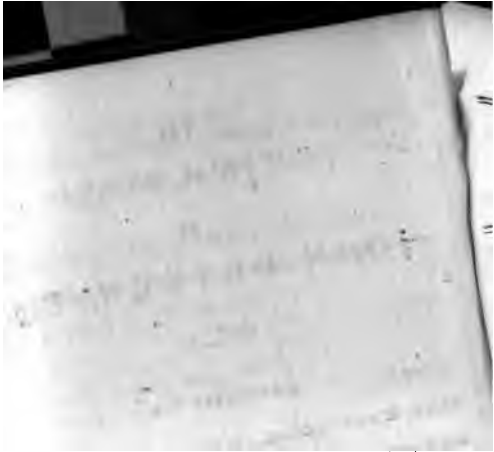
| | |
|----------------|--------------------|
| MACCHITHOPHEL, | MEDAL, A SATIRE, |
| THE PANTHER, | ALEXANDER'S FEAST, |
| THE KNOE. | SECULAR MASK, |

&c. &c. &c.

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THE PRINCESS OF WALES.

1802.



A KEY
TO
ABSAIOM AND ACHITHOPHEL.

| | |
|--------------|--|
| Abdaal, | { General Monk, Duke of Albe-
marle. |
| Abethdin, | { The name given, through this
Poem, to a Lord Chancellor in
general. |
| Absalom, | { Duke of Monmouth, natural son
of King Charles II. |
| Achithophel, | { Anthony-Ashley Cooper, Earl of
Shaftesbury. |
| Adriel, | John Sheffield, Earl of Mulgrave. |
| Agag, | Sir Edmundbury Godfrey. |
| Amiel, | { Mr. Seymour, Speaker of the
House of Commons. |
| Amri, | { Sir Heneage Finch, Earl of Win-
chelsea, and Lord Chancellor. |
| Annabel, | Duchess of Monmouth. |
| Arod, | Sir William Waller. |
| Asaph, | { A character drawn by Tate for
Dryden, in the Second Part of
this Poem. |

France.

{ Sir Henry Bennet, Earl of
 lington.

The Popish Plot.

{ The land of Exile, more
 cularly Brussels, where
 Charles II, long resided.

Scotland.

s, The Church of England Cler

{ Earl of Feversham, a French
 by birth, and nephew to
 shall Turenne.

Hyde, Earl of Rochester.

Papists.

London.

A KEY, &c,

| | |
|-------------------------|--|
| Jews, | English. |
| Jonas, | Sir Wm. Jones, a great |
| Jordan, | Dover. |
| Jotham, | Saville, Marquis of Ha |
| Jothiran, | Lord Dartmouth. |
| Ishbosheth, | Richard Cromwell. |
| Israel, | England. |
| Issachar, | { Thomas Thynne, Esq.
shot in his Coach. |
| Judas, | Mr. Ferguson, a canting |
| Ishban, | { Sir Robert Clayton, A
and one of the City M |
| Mephibosheth, | Pordage. |
| Michal, | Catharine, Queen of Chi |
| Nadab, | Lord Howard, of Escricl |
| Og, | Shadwell. |
| Othniel, | { Henry Duke of Grafton
Son of King Charles
Duchess of Cleveland. |
| Phaleg, | Forbes. |
| Pharaoh, | King of France. |
| Rabsheka, | { Sir Thomas Player, c
City Members. |
| Sagan of Jerusa- | { Dr. Compton, Bishop |
| salem, | don, youngest Son t
of Northampton. |
| Sanhedrim, | Parliament. |

Saul,

Shimei,

Sheva,

Sion,

Solymean Rout,

Tyre,

Uzza,

Zadoc,

Zakeni,

Zimri,

Ziloah.

A KEY, &c.

Oliver Cromwell.

{ Shingsby Bethel, Sheriff of London, in 1680.

Sir Roger L'Estrange.

England.

London Rebels.

Holland.

Jack Hall.

Sancroft, Archbishop of Canterbury.

} A Member of the House of Commons.

Villiers, Duke of Buckingham.

{ Sir John Moore, Lord Mayor in 1682.

ABSALOM AND ACHITHOPHEL.

P A R T I.

-----si proprius stea,
Te capiet magis-----

Hor.

In pious times, ere priestcraft did begin,
Before polygamy was made a sin,
When man on many multiply'd his kind,
Ere one to one was cursedly confin'd,
When Nature prompted and no law deny'd,
Promiscuous use of concubine and bride;
Then Israel's monarch, after Heav'n's own heart,
His vig'rous warmth did variously impart
To wives and slaves; and, wide as his command,
Scatter'd his Maker's image thro' the land. 10
Michal of royal blood, the crown did wear,
A soil ungrateful to the tiller's care:
Not so the rest! for several mothers bore
To god-like David sev'ral sons before:
But since like slaves his bed they did ascend,
No true succession could their seed attend,
Of all the num'rous progeny was none
So beautiful, so brave, as Absalom:
Whether inspir'd by some diviner lust,
His father got him with a greater gust, 20

Or that his conscious destiny made way,
By manly beauty, to imperial sway;
Early in foreign fields he won renown,
With kings and states ally'd to Is'rael's crown :
In peace the thoughts of war he could remove,
And seem'd as he were only born for love,
Whate'er he did was done with so much ease,
In him alone 'twas natural to please :
His motions all accompany'd with grace,
And paradise was open'd in his face. 30
With secret joy indulgent David view'd
His youthful image in his son renew'd;
To all his wishes nothing he deny'd,
And made the charming Annabel his bride.
What faults he had (for who from faults is free ?)
His father could not, or he would not see.
Some warm excesses, which the law forbore,
Were constru'd youth that purg'd by boiling o'er ;
And Amnon's murder, by a specious name,
Was call'd a just revenge for injur'd fame. 40
Thus prais'd, and lov'd, the noble youth remain'd,
While David undisturb'd in Sion reign'd.
But life can never be sincerely blest,
Heav'n punishes the bad, and proves the best.
The Jews, a headstrong, moody, murm'ring race,
As ever try'd th' extent and stretch of grace ;
God's pamper'd people, whom debauch'd with ease,
No king could govern, nor no god could please;

they had try'd of ev'ry shape and size 49
 god-smiths could produce, or priests devise :)
 Adam-wits, too fortunately free,
 to dream they wanted liberty ;
 hen no rule, no precedent, was found,
 n by laws less circumscrib'd and bound,
 led their wild desires to woods and caves,
 hought that all but savages were slaves.
 who, when Saul was dead, without a blow
 foolish Ishbosheth the crown forego ;
 banish'd David did from Hebron bring,
 with a gen'ral shout, proclaim'd him king : 60
 very Jews, who, at their very best,
 humour more than loyalty express'd,
 wonder'd why so long they had obey'd
 le monarch which their hands had made ;
 ght they might ruin him they could create,
 elt him to that golden calf, a state.
 hese were random bolts ; no form'd design,
 nt'rest, made the factious crowd to join :
 ober part of Is'rael free from stain,
 knew the value of a peaceful reign : 70
 looking backward, with a wise affright,
 seams of wounds, dishonest to the sight ;
 ntemplation of whose ugly scars,
 curs'd the memory of Civil wars.
 mod'rate sort of men thus qualify'd,
 n'd the balance to the better side :

And David's mildness manag'd it so well,
The bad found no occasion to rebel.
But when to sin our biass'd nature leans,
The careful devil is still at hand with means, 30
And providently pimps for ill desires;
The good old cause reviv'd a plot requires.
Plots, true or false, are necessary things
To raise up commonwealths, and ruin kings.

Th' inhabitants of old Jerusalem
Were Jebusites; the town so call'd from them;
And theirs the native right-----
But when the chosen people grew more strong,
The rightful cause at length became the wrong,
And ev'ry loss the men of Jebus bore 90
They still were thought God's enemies the more.
Thus worn or weaken'd, well or ill, content,

Submit they must to David's government :
Impoverish'd and depriv'd of all command,
Their taxes doubled as they lost their land;
And what was harder yet to flesh and blood,
Their gods disgrac'd and burnt like common wood.
This set the heathen priesthood in a flame ;
For priests of all religion are the same.
Of whatsoe'er descent their godhead be, 100
Stock, stone, or other homely pedigree,
In his defence his servants are as bold
As if he had been born of beaten gold.

The Jewish Rabbins, though their enemies,
 In this conclude them honest men and wise :
 For 'twas their duty all the learned think,
 I' espouse his cause by whom they eat and drink,
 From whence began that plot, the nation's curse,
 Had in itself but represented worse :
 Rais'd in extremes, and in extremes decry'd, 110
 With oaths affirm'd, with dying vows deny'd,
 Not weigh'd nor winnow'd by the multitude.
 But swallow'd in the mass unchew'd and crude.
 Some truth there was, but dash'd and brew'd with
 To please the fools, and puzzle all the wise, [lies,
 Succeeding times did equal folly call,
 Believing nothing, or believing all.
 Th' Egyptian rites the Jebusites embrac'd,
 Where gods were recommended by their taste,
 Such sav'ry deities must needs be good, 120
 As serv'd at once for worship and for food.
 By force they could not introduce these gods;
 For ten to one, in former days, was odds.
 So fraud was us'd (the sacrificer's trade)
 Fools are more hard to conquer than persuade.
 Their busy teachers mingled with the Jews,
 And rak'd for converts e'en the court and stews;
 Which Hebrew priests the more unkindly took,
 Because the fleece accompanies the flock.
 Some thought they God's anointed meant to slay 130
 By guns, invented since iull many a day :

Our author swears it not ; but who can know
 How far the devil and Jebusites may go ?
 This plot, which fail'd for want of common sense,
 Had yet a deep and dang'rous consequence :
 For as when raging fevers boil the blood,
 The standing lake soon floats into a flood,
 And ev'ry hostile humour, which before
 Slept quiet in its channels, bubbles o'er ;
 So several factions, from this first ferment, 140
 Work up to foam, and threat the government. [wise,
 Some by their friends, more by themselves thought
 Oppos'd the pow'r to which they could not rise :
 Some had in courts been great, and thrown from
 Like fiends were harden'd in impenitence : [thence,
 Some, by their monarch's fatal mercy, grown
 From pardon'd rebels kinsmen to the throne,
 Were rais'd in pow'r and public-office high,
 Strong bands, if bands ungrateful men could tie.

Of these the false Achithophel was first, 150
 A name to all succeeding ages curs'd ;
 For close designs and crooked councils fit,
 Sagacious, bold, and turbulent of wit ;
 Restless, unfix'd in principles and place,
 In pow'r unpleas'd, impatient of disgrace :
 A fiery soul, which, working out its way,
 Fretted the pigmy body to decay,
 And o'er-inform'd the tenement of clay. }

ABSALOM AND ACHITHOPHEL.

A daring pilot in extremity;
Pleas'd with the danger, when the waves went hi
He sought the storm; but, for a calm unfit,
Would steer too high the sands to boast his wit.
Great wits are sure to madness near ally'd,
And thin partitions do their bounds divide;
Else why should he, with wealth and honour bless
Refuse his age the needful hours of rest?
Punish a body which he could not please;
Bankrupt of life, yet prodigal of ease?
And all to leave what with his toil he won,
To that unfeather'd, two-legg'd thing, a son;
Got while his soul did huddled notions try,
And born a shapeless lump, like Anarchy.
In friendship false, implacable in hate,
Resolv'd to ruin or to rule the state.
To compass this the triple bond he broke,
The pillars of the public safety shook,
And fitted Isr'el for a foreign yoke;
Then seiz'd with fear, yet still affecting fame,
Usurp'd a patriot's all-atoning name:
So easy still it proves, in factious times,
With public zeal to cancel private crimes.
How safe is treason, and how sacred ill,
Where none can sin against the people's will?
Where crowds can wink, and no offence be known
Since in another's guilt they find their own?

Dryden.]

B 1j

Yet fame deserv'd no enemy can grudge ;
The statesman we abhor, but praise the judge.
In Isr'el's courts ne'er sat an Abethdin
With more discerning eyes, or hands more clean ;
Unbrib'd, unsought, the wretched to redress, 190
Swift of dispatch, and easy of access.
Oh ! had he been content to serve the Crown
With virtues only proper to the gown,
Or had the rankness of the soil been freed
From cockle, that oppress'd the noble seed,
David for him his tuneful harp had strung,
And Heav'n had wanted one immortal song.
But wild Ambition loves to slide, not stand,
And Fortune's ice prefers to Virtue's land.
Achithophel, grown weary to possess 200
A lawful fame, and lazy happiness,
Disdain'd the golden fruit to gather free,
And lent the crowd his arm to shake the tree.
Now manifest of crimes contriv'd long since,
He stood at bold defiance with his prince :
Held up the buckler of the people's cause
Against the Crown, and skulk'd behind the laws.
The wish'd occasion of the plot he takes,
Some circumstances finds, but more he makes ;
By huzzing emissaries fills the ears 310
Of list'ning crowds with jealousies and fears
Of arbitrary counsels brought to light,
And proves the King himself a Jebusite.

ABSALOM AND ACHITHOPHEL.

Weak arguments ! which yet he knew full well
Were strong with people easy to rebel :
For govern'd by the moon, the giddy Jews
Tread the same track when she the prime renews
And once in twenty years, their Scribes record,
By natural instinct they change their lord.
Achithophel still wants a chief, and none
Was found so fit as warlike Absalom :
Not that he wish'd his greatness to create,
(For Politicians neither love nor hate)
But, for he knew his title not allow'd,
Would keep him still depending on the crowd :
That kingly pow'r, thus ebbing out, might be
Drawn to the dregs of a democracy:
Him he attempts, with studied arts, to please,
And sheds his venom in such words as these :

Auspicious Prince, at whose nativity
Some royal planet rul'd the southern sky,
Thy longing country's darling and desire,
Their cloudy pillar, and their guardian fire ;
Their second Moses, whose extended wand
Divides the seas, and shews the Promis'd land ;
Whose dawning day, in ev'ry distant age,
Has exercis'd the sacred prophet's rage :
The people's pray'r, the glad diviner's theme,
The young men's vision, and the old men's dream
Thee, Saviour, thee the nation's vows confess,
And never satisfy'd with seeing, bless :

Swift unbespoken pomps thy steps proclaim,
And stamm'ring babes are taught to lisp thy name;
How long wilt thou the gen'ral joy detain,
Starve, and defraud the people of thy reign:
Content ingloriously to pass thy days
Like one of Virtue's fools, that feed on praise;
Till thy fresh glories, which now shine so bright,
Grow stale, and tarnish with our daily sight?
Believe me, royal Youth, thy fruit must be, 250
Or gather'd ripe, or rot upon the tree:
Heav'n has to all allotted, soon or late,
Some lucky revolution of their fate,
Whose motions, if we watch and guide with skill,
(For human good depends on human will)
Our fortune rolls as from a smooth descent,
And from the first impression takes the bent;]
But if unseiz'd, she glides away like wind,
And leaves repenting folly far behind.
Now, now she meets you with a glorious prize, 260
And spreads her locks before you as she flies.
Had thus old Davīd, from whose loins you spring,
Not dar'd, when Fortune call'd him to be king,
At Gath an exile he might still remain,
And Heav'n's anointing oil had been in vain.
Let his successful youth your hopes engage,
But shun th' example of declining age;
Behold him setting in his western skies,
The shadows length'ning as the vapours rise.

He is now as when, on Jordan's sand, 270 }
 The joyful people throng'd to see him land,
 Cov'ring the beach, and black'ning all the strand; }
 But, like the prince of angels, from his height,
 Comes tumbling downward with diminish'd light.
 Betray'd by one poor plot to public scorn.
 (Our only blessing since his curs'd return)
 Those heaps of people, which one sheaf did bind,
 Blown off, and scatter'd by a puff of wind.
 What strength can he to your designs oppose, 280
 Naked of friends, and round beset with foes?
 If Pharaoh's doubtful succour he should use,
 A foreign aid would more incense the Jews:
 Proud Egypt would dissembled friendship bring,
 Foment the war, but not support the King:
 Nor would the royal party e'er unite
 With Pharaoh's arms t' assist the Jebusite;
 Or if they should, their int'rest soon would break,
 And, with such odious aid, make David weak.
 All sorts of men, by my successful arts,
 Abhorring Kings, estrange their alter'd hearts 290
 From David's rule: and 'tis their general cry,
 Religion, Commonwealth, and Liberty;
 If you, as champion of the public good,
 Add to their arms a chief of royal blood,
 What may not Isr'el hope, and what applause
 Might such a general gain by such a cause?

Not barren praise alone, that gaudy flow'r,
Fair only to the sight, but solid pow'r;
And nobler is a limited command,
Giv'n by the love of all your native land,
Than a successive title, long, and dark,
Drawn from the mouldy rolls of Noah's ark.

What cannot praise effect in mighty minds,
When Flatt'ry soothes, and when Ambition bl
Desire of pow'r, on earth a vicious weed,
Yet, sprung, from high, is of celestial seed:
In God 'tis glory; and when men aspire
'Tis but a spark too much of heav'nly fire.
Th' ambitious youth, too covetous of fame,
Too full of angels' metal in his frame,
Unwarily was led from Virtue's ways,
Made drunk with honour, and debauch'd with
Half loath and half consenting to the ill,
(For royal blood within him struggled still)
He thus reply'd;---And what pretence have I
To take up arms for public liberty?
My father governs with unquestion'd right,
The faith's Defender, and mankind's delight?
Good, gracious, just, observant of the laws,
And Heav'n by wonders has espous'd his cause
Whom has he wrong'd in all his peaceful reig
Who sues for justice to his throne in vain?
What millions has he pardon'd of his foes,
Whom just revenge did to his wrath expose?

Mild, easy, humble, studious of our good,
Inclin'd to mercy, and averse from blood,
If mildness ill with stubborn Isr'el suit,
His crime is God's beloved attribute.

What could he gain his people to betray,
Or change his right for arbitrary sway ?

330

Let haughty Pharaoh curse with such a reign
His fruitful Nile, and yoke a servile train.

If David's rule Jerusalem displease,
The dog-star heats their brain to this disease.

Why then should I, encouraging the bad,
Turn rebel, and run popularly mad ?

Were he a tyrant who, by lawless might,
Oppress'd the Jews, and rais'd the Jebusite,
Well might I mourn; but Nature's holy bands

Would curb my spirits, and restrain my hands : 340

The people might assert their liberty ;

But what was right in them were crime in me.

His favour leaves me nothing to require,

Prevents my wishes, and outruns desire :

What more can I expect while David lives ?

All but his kingly diadem he gives :

And that---but here he paus'd ; then sighing, said---
Is justly destin'd for a worthier head.

For when my father from his toils shall rest,

And late augment the number of the blest, 350

His lawful issue shall the throne ascend,

Or the collat'ral line, where that shall end,

ABSALOM AND ACHITHOPHEL

brother, though oppress'd with vulgar spite,
t dauntless, and secure of native right,
every royal virtue stands possest,
all dear to all the bravest and the best:
his courage foes, his friends the truth proclaim,
his loyalty the King, the world his fame:
his mercy e'en th' offending crowd will find,
For sure he comes of a forgiving kind.
Why then should I repine at Heav'n's decree,
Which gives me no pretence to royalty?
Yet, oh that Fate, propitiously inclin'd,
Had rais'd my birth, or had debas'd my mind;
To my large soul not all her treasure lent,
And then betray'd it to a mean descent!
I find, I find my mounting spirits bold,
And David's part disdains my mother's mold.
Why am I scant'd by a niggard birth?
My soul disclaims the kindred of her earth,
And, made for empire, whispers me within,
Desire of greatness is a godlike sin.
Him stagg'ring so when Hell's dire agent for
While fainting Virtue scarce maintain'd her
He pours fresh forces in, and thus replies:
Th' eternal God, supremely good and wise
Imparts not these prodigious gifts in vain;
What wonders are reserv'd to bless your rei
Against your will your arguments have sho
Such virtue's only given to guide a throne

at your father's mildness I contemn,
only force becomes the diadem.
He grants the people all they crave;
More, perhaps, than subjects ought to have;
He grants suppose a monarch tame,
More his goodness than his wit proclaim;
When should people strive their bonds to break,
When kings are negligent or weak?
I give on till he can give no more,
Till fifty sanhedrim shall keep him poor; 390
Till 'ry shackle which he can receive,
Lest a limb of his prerogative.
His him with new plots shall be my care,
I'll plunge him deep in some expensive war;
When his treasure can no more supply,
I'll, with the remains of kingship, buy
His faithful friends, our jealousies and fears,
His courtiers and Pharaoh's pensioners,
When our fury from his aid has torn,
I'll be naked left to public scorn, 400
I'll seek a successor whom I fear and hate,
I'll have made obnoxious to the state,
I'll sell all his virtues to his overthrow,
I'll bid our elders to pronounce a foe.
I'll sell it, for sums of necessary gold,
I'll let him be pawn'd, and afterwards be sold,
I'll let him be ever-wanting David draw,
I'll turn your doubtful title into law;

If not the people have a right supreme,
To make their kings; for kings are made for them.
All empire is no more than pow'r in trust,
Which, when resum'd, can be no longer just. 417

Succession, for the gen'ral good design'd,
In its own wrong a nation cannot bind:
If alt'ring that the people can relieve,
Better one suffer than a nation grieve.

The Jews well know their pow'r; ere Saul they chose,
God was their king, and God they durst depose. 420

Urge now your piety, your filial name,
A father's right, and fear of future fame;
The public good, that universal call,
To which e'en Heav'n submitted, answers all.

Nor let his love enchant your gen'rous mind;
'Tis Nature's trick to propagate her kind.
Our fond begetters, who would never die,
Love but themselves in their posterity.

Or let his kindness by th' effects be try'd,
Or let him lay his vain pretence aside,

God said he lov'd your father; could he bring
A better proof than to anoint him King?

It surely shew'd that he lov'd the shepherd well,
Who gave so fair a flock as Israel.

Would David have you thought his darling son
What means he then to alienate the crown?

The name of godly he may blush to bear;
Is't after God's own heart to cheat his heir?

He to his brother gives supreme command,
 To you a legacy of barren land;
 Perhaps the old harp on which he thrums his lays,
 Or some dull Hebrew ballad in your praise. 440
 Then the next heir a prince severe and wise,
 Already looks on you with jealous eyes;
 Sees through the thin disguises of your arts,
 And marks your progress in the people's hearts;
 Though now his mighty soul its grief contains,
 He meditates revenge who least complains;
 And like a lion slumb'ring in the way,
 Or sleep dissembling while he waits his prey,
 His fearless foes within his distance draws,
 Constrains his roaring, and contracts his paws; 450
 Till, at the last, his time for fury found,
 He shoots with sudden vengeance from the ground,
 The prostrate vulgar passes o'er, and spares,
 But with a lordly rage his hunters tears.
 Your case no tame expedients will afford;
 Resolve on death, or conquest by the sword,
 Which for no less a stake than life you draw,
 And self defence is nature's eldest law.
 Leave the warm people no consid'ring time,
 For then rebellion may be thought a crime. 460
 Avail yourself of what occasion gives,
 But try your title while your father lives;
 And that your arms may have a fair pretence,
 Proclaim you take them in the King's defence,

Whose sacred life each minute would expose
To plots, from seeming friends and secret foes
And who can sound the depth of David's soul
Perhaps his fear his kindness may control.
He fears his brother though he loves his son,
For plighted vows too late to be undone.
If so, by force he wishes to be gain'd,
Like woman's leachery to seem constrain'd.
Doubt not; but, when he most effects the feat
Commit a pleasing rape upon the Crown.
Secure his person to secure your cause;
They who possess the prince possess the law
He said, and this advice, above the rest,
With Absalom's mild nature suited best;
Unblam'd of life, ambition set aside,
Not stain'd with cruelty, nor puff'd with pride
How happy had he been if Destiny
Had higher plac'd his birth, or not so high?
His kingly virtues might have claim'd a throne
And blest all other countries but his own.
But charming greatness since so few refuse,
'Tis juster to lament him than accuse,
Strong were his hopes a rival to remove,
With blandishments to gain the public love;
To head the faction while their zeal was hot,
And popularly prosecute the plot.
To further this Achithophel unites
The malecontents of all the Israelites,

ABSALOM AND ACHITHOPHEL.

Whose diff'ring parties he could wisely join,
For sev'ral ends to serve the same design.
The best, and of the princes some were such,
Who thought the pow'r of monarchy too much;
Mistaken men, and patriots in their hearts,
Not wicked, but seduc'd by impious arts.
By these the springs of property were bent,
And wound so high they crack'd the government.
The next for int'rest sought t' embroil the state,
• To sell their duty at a dearer rate,
And make their Jewish markets of the throne,
Pretending public good to serve their own.
Others thought kings an useless heavy load,
Who cost too much and did too little good:
These were for laying honest David by,
On principles of pure good husbandry.
With them join'd all th' haranguers of the throng
That thought to get preferment by the tongue.
Who follow next a double danger bring,
Not only hating David but the King;
The Solymean rout, well vers'd, of old,
In godly faction and in treason bold;
Cowering and quaking at a conqu'ror's sword,
But lofty to a lawful prince restor'd:
Saw with disdain an Ethnic plot begun,
And scorn'd by Jebusites to be outdone.
Hot Levites headed these, who pull'd before
From th' ark, which in the Judges' days they bore,
Dryden.]

Resum'd their cant, and with a zealous cry,
Pursu'd their old belov'd Theocracy;
Where sanhedrin and priest enslav'd the nation,
And justify'd their spoils by inspiration :
For who so fit to reign as Aaron's race.
If once dominion they could found in grace ?
These led the pack ; though not of surest scent,
Yet deepest mouth'd against the government.
A num'rous host of dreaming saints succeed,
Of the true old enthusiastic breed : 53
'Gainst form and order they their pow'r employ,
Nothing to build, and all things to destroy.
But far more num'rous was the herd of such
Who think too little, and who talk too much :
These out of mere instinct, they knew not why,
Ador'd their fathers' God and property :
And, by the same blind benefit of fate,
The devil and the Jebusite did hate :
Born to be sav'd, e'en in their own despight,
Because they could not help believing right. 5
Such were the tools ; but a whole hydra more
Remains, of sprouting heads too long to score.
Some of their chiefs were princes of the land :
In the first rank of these did Zimri stand ;
A man so various, that he seem'd to be
Not one, but all mankind's epitome ;
Stiff in opinion, always in the wrong ;
Was ev'ry thing by starts, and nothing long ;

But, in the course of one revolving moon,
 Was chymist, fiddler, statesman, and buffoon: 550
 Then all for women, painting, rhyming, drinking,
 Besides ten thousand freaks that dy'd in thinking.
 Blest madman! who could every hour employ
 With something new to wish or to enjoy!
 Railing and praising were his usual themes,
 And both (to shew his judgment) in extremes;
 So over violent, or over civil,
 That every man, with him, was god or devil.
 In squand'ring wealth was his peculiar art:
 Nothing went unrewarded but desert. 560
 Beggar'd by fools, whom still he found too late;
 He had his jest, and they had his estate.
 He laugh'd himself from Court; then sought relief
 By forming parties, but could ne'er be chief:
 For, spite of him, the weight of bus'ness fell
 On Absalom and wise Achithophel:
 Thus, wicked but in will, of means bereft,
 He left not faction, but of that was left.

Titles and names 'twere tedious to rehearse
 Of lords below the dignity of verse: 570
 Wits, warrior's, Commonwealth's-men, were the best;
 Kind husbands, and mere nobles, all the rest.
 And, therefore, in the name of Dulness, be
 The well-hung Balaam and cold Caleb free;
 And canting Nadab let oblivion damn,
 Who made new porridge for the paschal lamb.

Let friendship's holy bands some names assure,
Some their own worth, and some let scorn secu
Nor shall the rascal rabble here have place,
Whom kings no titles gave, and God no grace:
Not bull-fac'd Jonas, who could statutes draw
To mean rebellion, and make treason law.
But he, though bad, is follow'd by a worse,
The wretch who Heav'n's anointed dar'd to cur
Shimei, whose youth did early promise bring
Of zeal to God, and hatred to his king,
Did wisely from expensive sins refrain,
And never broke the Sabbath but for gain;
Nor ever was he known an oath to vent,
Or curse, unless against the government.
Thus, heaping wealth by the most ready way
Among the Jews, which was to cheat and pray,
The City, to reward his pious hate,
Against his master chose him magistrate.
His hand a vase of justice did uphold;
His neck was loaded with a chain of gold.
During his office treason was no crime;
The sons of Belial had a glorious time:
For Shimei, though not prodigal of self,
Yet lov'd his wicked neighbour as himself.
When two or three were gather'd to declaim,
Against the Monarch of Jerusalem,
Shimei was always in the midst of them ;†

And if they curs'd the king when he was by,
 Would rather curse than break good company.
 If any durst his factious friends accuse,
 He pack'd a jury of dissenting Jews,
 Whose fellow-feeling in the godly cause
 Would free the suff'ring saint from human laws:
 For laws are only made to punish those 610
 Who serve the king, and to protect his foes.
 If any leisure time he had from pow'r,
 (Because 'tis sin to misemploy an hour)
 His bus'ness was, by writing, to persuade
 That kings were useless, and a clog to trade:
 And, that his noble style he might refine,
 No Rechabite more shunn'd the fumes of wine.
 Chaste were his cellars, and his shrieval board,
 The grossness of a City-feast abhorr'd:
 His cooks, with long disuse, their trade forgot, 620
 Cool was his kitchen, though his brains were hot.
 Such frugal virtue malice may accuse,
 But sure 'twas necessary to the Jews:
 For towns, once burnt, such magistrates require,
 As dare not tempt God's providence by fire.
 With sp'ritual food he fed his servants well,
 But free from flesh, that made the Jews rebel;
 And Moses' laws he held in more account,
 For forty days of fasting in the Mount.
 To speak the rest, who better are forgot, 630
 Would tire a well-breath'd witness of the plot:

Yet Corah, thou shalt from oblivion pass;
Erect thyself, thou monumental brass,
High as the serpent of thy metal made,
While nations stand secure beneath thy shade.
What though his birth were base, yet comets rise
From earthly vapours ere they shine in skies.
Prodigious actions may as well be done
By weaver's issue as by prince's son.
This arch attestor for the public good, 640
By that one deed ennobles all his blood.
Who ever asks the witnesses' high race,
Whose oath with martyrdom did Stephen grace?
Our's was a Levite, and, as times went then,
His tribe were God Almighty's gentlemen.
Sunk were his eyes, his voice was harsh and loud,
Sure signs he neither chol'ric was nor proud;
His long chin prov'd his wit; his saint-like grace
A church vermilion, and a Moses' face.
His mem'ry, miraculously great, 650
Could plots exceeding man's belief repeat,
Which therefore cannot be accounted lies,
For human wit could never such devise.
Some future truths are mingled in his book,
But where the witness fail'd, the prophet spoke:
Some things like visionary flight appear,
The Spirit caught him up the Lord knows where,
And gave him his Rabbinical degree,
Unknown to foreign university:

ABSALOM AND ACHITHOPHEL.

His judgment yet his mem'ry did excel, 660
 Which piec'd his wondrous evidence so well,
 And suited to the temper of the times,
 Then groaning under Jebusitic crimes.
 Let Is'rel's foes suspect his heav'nly call,
 And rashly judge his writ apocryphal ;
 Our laws for such affronts have forfeits made ;
 He takes his life who takes away his trade.
 Were I myself in Witness Corah's place,
 The wretch who did me such a dire disgrace
 Should whet my memory, though once forgot, 670
 To make him an appendix of my plot.
 His zeal to heav'n made him his prince despise,
 And load his person with indignities ;
 But zeal peculiar privilege affords,
 Indulging latitude to deeds and words ;
 And Corah might for Agag's murder call,
 In terms as coarse as Samuel us'd to Saul.
 What others in his evidence did join,
 (The best that could be had for love or coin)
 In Corah's own predicament will fall, 680
 For Witness is a common name to all.

Surrounded thus with friends of ev'ry sort,
 Deluded Absalom forsakes the Court,
 Impatient of high hopes, urg'd with renown,
 And fir'd with near possession of a crown.
 Th' admiring crowd are dazzled with surprise,
 And on his goodly person feed their eyes,

His joy conceal'd, he sets himself to show
 On each side bowing popularly low :
 His locks, his gestures, and his words he frames,
 And with familiar ease repeats their names. 691
 Thus form'd by Nature, furnish'd out with arts,
 He glides unfelt into their secret hearts ;
 Then with a kind compassionating look,
 And sighs, bespeaking pity ere he spoke,
 Few words he said : but easy those and fit,
 More slow than Hybla drops, and far more sweet.

I mourn, my Countrymen, your lost estate,
 Though far unable to prevent your fate :
 Behold a banish'd man, for your dear cause 700
 Expos'd a prey to arbitrary laws !
 Yet, oh ! that I alone could be undone,
 Cut off from empire, and no more a son !
 Now all your liberties a spoil are made,
 Egypt and Tyrus intercept your trade,
 And Jebusites your sacred rites invade. }
 My father, whom with rev'rence yet I name,
 Charm'd into ease, is careless of his fame,
 And, brib'd with petty sums of foreign gold,
 Is grown in Bathsheba's embraces old, 710
 Exalts his enemies, his friends destroys,
 And all his pow'r against himself employs.
 He gives, and let him give, my right away ;
 But why should he his own and yours betray ?

He, only he, can make the nation bleed,
And he alone from my revenge is freed.
Take then my tears, (with that he wip'd his eyes)
'Tis all the aid my present pow'r supplies :
No court-informer can these arms accuse ;
These arms may sons against their fathers use :
And 'tis my wish the next successor's reign
May make no other Israelite complain.

720

Youth, beauty, graceful action, seldom fail ;
But common int'rest always will prevail :
And pity never ceases to be shown
To him who makes the people's wrongs his own.
The crowd that still believe their kings oppress,
With lifted hands their young Messiah bless ;
Who now begins his progress to ordain
With chariots, horsemen, and a num'rous train ;
From east to west his glories he displays,
And, like the sun, the Promis'd land surveys.
Fame runs before him as the morning-star,
And shouts of joy salute him from afar :
Each house receives him as a guardian god,
And consecrates the place of his abode.
But hospitable treats did most commend
Wise Issachar, his wealthy western friend.
This moving court, that caught the people's eyes,
And seem'd but pomp, did other ends disguise :
Achithophel had form'd it with intent
To sound the depths, and fathom where it went

730

741

Thy people's hearts distinguish friends from foe
And try their strength before they came to blow
Yet all was colour'd with a smooth pretence
Of specious love, and duty to their prince.
Religion, and redress of grievances,
Two names that always cheat and always please
Are often urg'd; and good King David's life
Endanger'd by a brother and a wife.
Thus in a pageant shew a plot is made,
And peace itself is war in masquerade.
Oh foolish Isr'el never warn'd by ill!
Still the same bait, and circumvented still!
Did ever men forsake their present ease,
In midst of health imagine a disease;
Take pains contingent mischiefs to foresee,
Make heirs for monarchs, and for God decree?
What shall we think? can people give away,
Both for themselves and sons, their native sway
Then they are left defenceless to the sword
Of each unbounded arbitrary lord;
And laws are vain, by which we right enjoy,
If kings unquestion'd can those laws destroy.
Yet if the crowd be judge of fit and just,
And kings are only officers in trust,
Then this resuming cov'nant was declar'd
When kings were made, or is for ever barr'd,
If those who gave the sceptre could not tie,
By their own deed, their own posterity,

How then could Adam bind his future race ?
 How could his forfeit on mankind take place ?
 Or how could heavenly justice damn us all,
 Who ne'er consented to our father's fall ?
 Then kings are slaves to those whom they command,
 And tenants to their people's pleasure stand :
 Add, that the pow'r for property allow'd,
 Is mischievously seated in the crowd ;
 For who can be secure of private right,
 If sov'reign sway may be dissolv'd by might ? 780
 Nor is the people's judgment always true ;
 The most may err as grossly as the few :
 And faultless kings run down by common cry,
 For vice, oppression, and for tyranny.
 What standard is there in a fickle rout,
 Which, flowing to the mark, runs faster out ?
 Not only crowds, but sanhedrims may be
 Infected with this public lunacy,
 And share the madness of rebellious times,
 To murder monarchs for imagin'd crimes. 790
 If they may give and take whene'er they please,
 Not kings alone, the Godhead's images,
 But government itself at length must fall
 To Nature's state, where all have right to all.
 Yet, grant our lords the People kings can make,
 What prudent men a settled throne would shake
 For whatsoe'er their suff'rings were before,
 That changethey covet makes them suffer more.

ABSALOM AND ACHITOPHEL.

errors but disturb a state,
 ation is the blow of Fate. 800
 fabrics nod, and threat to fall,
 their flaws and buttress up the wall,
 tis duty : but here fix the mark ;
 yond it is to touch the ark.
 e foundations, cast the frame anew
 r rebels, who base ends pursue ;
 tvine and human laws control,
 { the parts by ruin of the whole.
 'ring world is subject to this curse,
 their disease into a worse. 810
 hat relief can righteous David bring ?
 'tis to be too good a king !
 has few, so high the madness grows ;
 be such must be the people's foes.
 there were, e'en in the worst of days ;
 ne name, and naming is to praise.
 hort file Barzillai first appears,
 crown'd with honour and with years.
 the rising rebels he withstood
 waste beyond the Jordan's flood ; 820
 tely brave, to buoy the state,
 g underneath his master's fate :
 th his godlike prince he mourn'd,
 : suffer'd, and with him return'd.
 he practis'd, not the courtier's art,
 his wealth, but larger was his heart,

Which well the noblest objects knew to chuse,
 The fighting warrior, and recording muse.
 His bed could once a fruitful issue boast,
 Now more than half a father's name is lost. 830
 His eldest hope, with ev'ry grace adorn'd,
 By me (so Heav'n will have it) always mourn'd,
 And always honour'd, snatch'd in manhood's prime
 B' unequal fates, and providence's crime;
 Yet not before the goal of honour won,
 All parts fulfill'd of subject and of son;
 Swift was the race, but short the time to run.
 Oh narrow circle, but of pow'r divine,
 Scanted in space, but perfect in thy line!
 By sea, by land, thy matchless worth was known,
 Arms thy delight, and war was all thy own: 841
 Thy force infus'd, the fainting Tyrians prop'd,
 And haughty Pharaoh found his fortune stop'd.
 Oh ancient honour! oh unconquer'd hand!
 Whom foes unpunish'd never could withstand!
 But Israel was unworthy of his name;
 Short is the date of all immod'rate fame.
 It looks as Heav'n our ruin had design'd,
 And durst not trust thy fortune and thy mind. 849
 Now, free from earth, thy disencumber'd soul [pole
 Mounts up and leaves behind the clouds and starry
 From thence thy kindred legions may'st thou bring,
 To aid the guardian angel of thy king.

Dryden.]

Dij

Here stop, my Muse, here cease thy painful flight
No pinions can pursue immortal height :
Tell good Barzillai thou canst sing no more,
And tell thy Soul she should have fled before :
Or fled she with his life, and left this verse
To hang on her departed patron's hearse?
Now take thy steepy flight from heav'n, and see
If thou canst find on earth another he :
Another he would be too hard to find :
See then whom thou canst see not far behind.
Zadoc the priest, whom shunning pow'r and
His lowly mind advanc'd to David's grace ;
With him the Sagan of Jerusalem,
Of hospitable soul and noble stem :
Him of the Western dome, whose weighty sense
Flows in fit words and heav'nly eloquence,
The Prophets' sons, by such example led,
To learning and to loyalty were bred :
For colleges on bounteous kings depend,
And never rebel was to arts a friend.
To these succeed the pillars of the laws,
Who best can plead, and best can judge a cause
Next them a train of loyal peers ascend :
Sharp-judging Adriel, the Muses' friend,
Himself a muse ; in sanhedrim's debate,
True to his prince, but not a slave of state ;
Whom David's love with honours did adorn,
That from his disobedient son were torn :

nam, of piercing wit and pregnant thought,
 lu'd by Nature and by Learning taught,
 move assemblies, who but only try'd
 : worse a while, then chose the better side :
 chose alone, but turn'd the balance too ;
 much the weight of one brave man can do.
 hai, the friend of David in distress,
 ublic storms of manly stedfastness :
 oreign treaties he inform'd his youth,
 join'd experience to his native truth :
 frugal care supply'd the wanting throne,
 gal for that, but bounteous of his own :
 easy conduct when exchequers flow,
 hard the task to manage well the low ;
 sov'reign pow'r is too depress'd or high,
 en kings are forc'd to sell, or crowds to buy.
 lge one labour more, my weary Muse,
 Amiel ; who can Amiel's praise refuse ?
 ncient race by birth, but nobler yet
 s own worth, and without title great.
 sanhedrim long time as chief he rul'd,
 r reason guided, and their passion cool'd :
 x'trous was he in the Crown's defence,
 rm'd to speak a loyal nation's sense,
 , as their band was Isr'el's tribes in small,
 was he to represent them all.
 rather charioteers the seat ascend,
 se loose careers his steady skill commend :

890

They, like the unequal ruler of the day, 910
 Misguide the seasons, and mistake the way:
 While he, withdrawn, at their mad labour smiles,
 And safe enjoys the Sabbath of his toils.

These were the chief; a small but faithful band
 Of worthies, in the breach who dar'd to stand,
 And tempt th' united fury of the land. }

With grief they view'd such pow'rful engines bent,
 To batter down the lawful government.

A num'rous faction, with pretended frights,
 In sanhedrims to plume the regal rights; 920

The true successor from the Court remov'd,
 The plot, by hireling witnesses, improv'd.

**These ills they saw, and, as their duty bound,
 They shew'd the King the danger of the wound;
 That no concessions from the throne would please,
 But lenitives fomented the disease:**

**That Absalom, ambitious of the Crown,
 Was made the lure to draw the people down:**

**That false Achithophel's pernicious hate
 Had turn'd the plot to ruin church and state: 930**

The council violent, the rabble worse;

That Shimei taught Jerusalem to curse.

With all these loads of injuries oppress,

And long revolving in his careful breast

Th' event of things; at last, his patience tir'd,

Thus, from his royal throne, by Heav'n inspir'd,

The Godlike David spoke; with awful fear
His train their Maker in their master hear.

Thus long have I, by native mercy sway'd,
My wrongs dissembled, my revenge delay'd : 940
So willing to forgive th' offending age, .
So much the father did the king assuage,
But now so far my clemency they slight,
Th' offenders question my forgiving right.
That once was made for many they contend;
But 'tis to rule; for that's a monarch's end.
They call my tenderness of blood my fear:
Though manly tempers can the longest bear.
Yet, since they will divert my native course,
'Tis time to shew I am not good by force. 950

Those heap'd affronts that haughty subjects bring,
Are burdens for a Camel, not a king.

Kings are the public pillars of the state,
Born to sustain and prop the nation's weight;
If my young Samson will pretend a call
To shake the Column, let him share the fall:
But, oh, that yet he would repent and live!
How easy 'tis for parents to forgive!
With how few tears a pardon might be won
From Nature, pleading for a darling son!
Poor, pitied youth, by my paternal care,
Rais'd up to all the height his frame could bear!
Had God ordain'd his fate for empire born,
He would have giv'n his soul another turn:

Gull'd with a patriot's name, whose modern sense
Is one that would by law supplant his prince;
The people's brave, the politician's tool;
Never was patriot yet but was a fool.
Whence comes it that religion and the laws
Should more be Absalom's than David's cause? 974
His old instructor, ere he lost his place,
Was never thought endu'd with so much grace.
Good heav'ns, how faction can a patriot paint?
My rebel ever proves my people's saint,
Would they impose an heir upon the throne,
Let sanhedrims be taught to give their own.

A king's at least a part of government,
And mine as requisite as their consent:
Without my leave a future king to chuse,
Infers a right the present to depose. 980
True, they petition me t' approve their choice;
But Esau's hands suit ill with Jacob's voice.
My pious subjects for my safety pray,
Which to secure they take my pow'r away.
From plots and treasons Heav'n preserve my years,
But save me most from my petitioners.
Unsatiated as the barren womb or grave,
God cannot grant so much as they can crave.
What then is left, but with a jealous eye
To guard the small remains of royalty? 990
The law shall still direct my peaceful sway,
And the same law teach rebels to obey;

Votes shall no more establish'd pow'r control,
 Such votes as make a part exceed the whole.
 No groundless clamours shall my friends remove,
 Nor crowds have pow'r to punish ere they prove :
 No gods and godlike kings their care express,
 Still to defend their servants in distress.

Oh, that my power to saving were confin'd!
 Why am I forc'd, like Heav'n, against my mind,
 To make examples of another kind? 1000 }

Must I at length the sword of justice draw ?

Oh curs'd effects of necessary law !

How ill my fear they by my mercy scan !

Beware the fury of a patient man.

Law they require, let Law then shew her face ;

They could not be content to look on Grace

Her hinder parts, but with a daring eye

To tempt the terror of her front, and die.

By their own hearts, 'tis righteously decreed, 1010

Those dire artificers of death shall bleed.

Against themselves their witnesses will swear,

Till, viper-like, their mother-plot they tear,

And suck for nutriment that bloody gore,

Which was their principle of life before :

Their Belial with their Beelzebub will fight ;

Thus on my foes my foes shall do me right.

Nor doubt th' event ; for factious crowds engage

In their first onset all their brutal rage.

Then let 'em take an unresisted course; 1020

Retire, and traverse, and delude their force:

But when they stand all breathless, urge the fight,

And rise upon them with redoubled might:

For lawful pow'r is still superior found;

When long driv'n back, at length it stands the ground.

He said: th' Almighty nodding gave consent

And peals of thunder shook the firmament.

Henceforth a series of new time began,

The mighty years in long procession ran;

Once more the godlike David was restor'd, 1030

And willing nations knew their lawful lord.

ABSALOM AND ACHITHOPHEL.

PART II.*

---Si quis tamen hæc quoque, si quis captus amore leget.

SINCE men like beasts each other's prey were made,
Since trade began, and priesthood grew a trade,
Since realms were form'd, none sure so curst as those
That madly their own happiness oppose;
There Heav'n itself, and god-like kings, in vain
Show'r down the manna of a gentle reign,
While pamper'd crowds to mad sedition run,
And monarchs by indulgence are undone:
Thus David's clemency was fatal grown,
While wealthy Faction aw'd the wanting Throne. 10
For now their sov'reign's orders to condemn
Was held the charter of Jerusalem;

* In the year 1680 Mr. Dryden undertook the Poem of Absalom and Achithophel, upon the desire of King Charles II. The performance was applauded by every one; and several persons pressing him to write a second Part, he, upon declining it himself, spoke to Mr. Tate to write one, and gave his advice in the direction of it; and that part, beginning p. 62, l. 21.

“ Next these a troop of busy spirits press,”
and ending p. 69, l. 26.

“ To talk like Doeg, and to write like thee.”
containing near two hundred verses, were entirely Mr. Dryden's composition, besides some touches in other places. The preceding lines, upwards of 300 in number, were wrote by Mr. Tate. The Poem is here *printed entire*.

His rights t' invade, his tributes to refuse,
A privilege peculiar to the Jews;
As if from Heav'nly call this licence fell,
And Jacob's seed were chosen to rebel!

Achithophel with triumph sees his crimes
Thus suited to the madness of the times;
And Absalom, to make his hopes succeed,
Of flattering charms no longer stands in need; 20
While fond of change, tho' ne'er so dearly bought,
Our tribes outstrip the youth's ambitious thought:
His swiftest hopes with swifter homage meet,
And crowd their servile necks beneath his feet.
Thus to his aid, while pressing tides repair,
He mounts and spreads his streamers in the air.

The charms of empire might his youth mislead,
But what can our besotted Is'el plead?
Sway'd by a monarch whose serene command
Seems half the blessing of our Promis'd land; 30
Whose only grievance is excess of ease,
Freedom our pain, and plenty our disease!
Yet as all folly would lay claim to sense,
And wickedness ne'er wanted a pretence,
With arguments they'd make their treason good,
And righteous David's self with slanders load:
That arts of foreign sway he did affect,
And guilty Jebusites from law protect,
Whose very chiefs, convict, were never freed,
Nay we have seen their sacrifices bleed! 40

Accusers' infamy is urg'd in vain,

While in the bounds of sense they did contain,
But soon they launch'd into th' unfathom'd tide,
And in the depths they knew disdain'd to ride:

For probable discov'ries to dispense,
Was thought below a pension'd evidence;
Mere truth was dull, nor suited with the port
Of pamper'd Corah when advanc'd to court.

No less than wonders now they will impose,
And projects void of grace or sense disclose. 50
Such was the change on pious Michal brought
Michal, that ne'er was cruel e'en in thought,
The best of queens, and most obedient wife,
Impeach'd of curs'd designs on David's life!
His life, the theme of her eternal pray'r.

'Tis scarce so much his guardian angel's care.
Not summer morns such mildness can disclose,
The Hermon lily, nor the Sharon rose.

Neglecting each vain pomp of majesty,
Transported Michal feeds her thoughts on high; 60
She lives with angels, and, as angels do,
Quits heav'n sometimes to bless the world below;
Where, cherish'd by her bounty's plenteous spring,
Reviving widows smile, and orphans sing.

Oh! when rebellious Is'el's crimes at height,
Are threaten'd with her Lord's approaching fate,
The pieties of Michal then remain
In Heav'n's remembrance, and prolong his reign.

Less desolation did the pest pursue,
That from Dan's limits to Beersheba slew;
Less fatal the repeated wars of Tyre,
And less Jerusalem's avenging fire:
With gentler terror these our state o'er-ran,
Than since our Evidencing days began!
On ev'ry cheek a pale confusion sate,
Continu'd fear beyond the worst of fate!
Trust was no more, art, science, useless made,
All occupations lost but Corah's trade.
Mean while a guard on modest Corah wait,
If not for safety, needful yet for state.
Well might he deem each peer and prince his sl
**And lord it o'er the tribes which he could save:
E'en vice in him was virtue---what sad fate,
But for his honesty, had seiz'd our state?
And with what tyranny had we been curst,
Had Corah never prov'd a villain first?
T' have told his knowledge of th' intrigue in gro
Had been, alas! to our deponent's loss:
The travell'd Levite had th' experience got
To husband well, and make the best of's plot;
And therefore, like an evidence of skill,
With wise reserves secur'd his passion still:
Nor quite of future pow'r himself bereft,
But limboes large for unbelievers left.
And now his writ such reverence had got,
'Twas worse than plotting to suspect his plot.**

Some were so well convinc'd, they made no doubt
Themselves to help the founder'd swearers out ;
Some had their sense impos'd on by their fear,
But more for int'rest's sake believe and swear : 100
E'en to that height with some the frenzy grew,
They rag'd to find their danger not prove true.

Yet than all these a viler crew remain,
Who with Achithophel the cry maintain ;
Not urg'd by fear, nor thro' misguided sense ;
Blind zeal and starving need had some pretence ;
But for the good old cause that did excite
Th' orig'nal rebels' wiles, revenge and spite.
These raise the plot to have the scandal thrown
Upon the bright successor of the crown, 110
Whose virtue with such wrongs they had pursu'd,
As seem'd all hope of pardon to exclude.
Thus, while on private ends their zeal is built,
The cheated crowd applaud and share their guilt.

Such practices as these, too gross to lie
Long unobserv'd by each discerning eye,
The more judicious Isr'elites unspell'd,
Tho' still the charm the giddy rabble held :
E'en Absalom, amidst the dazzling beams
Of empire, and ambition's flatt'ring dreams, 120
Perceives the plot too foul to be excus'd,
To aid desigus no less pernicious us'd ;
And, filial sense, yet striving in his breast,
Thus to Achithophel his doubts exprest.

Dryden.]

E ij

And when
That blind and undisturbed
Who knows what impious

King?

Oh! rather let me perish in the strife,
Than have my crown the price of David's life!
Or if the tempest of the war he stand,
In peace some vile officious villain's hand,
His soul's anointed temple may invade,
Or press'd by clam'rous crowds, myself me made
His murderer; rebellious crowds, whose guilt
Shall dread his vengeance till his blood be spilt;
Which, if my filial tenderness oppose,
Since to the empire by their arms I rose,

Those very arms on me shall be employ'd,
A new usurper crown'd, and I destroy'd :
The same pretence of public good will hold,
And new Achithophels be found as bold
To urge the needful change, perhaps the old.

}

He said. The statesman, with a smile, replies,
A smile that did his rising spleen disguise :
My thoughts presum'd our labours at an end,
And are we still with conscience to contend ?
Whose want in kings as needful is allow'd,
As 'tis for them to find it in the crowd.

160

Far in the doubtful passage you are gone,
And only can be safe by pressing on.
The crown's true heir, a prince severe and wise,
Has view'd your motions long with jealous eyes,
Your person's charms, your more prevailing arts,
And mark'd your progress in the people's hearts,
Whose patience is th' effect of stinted pow'r,
But treasures vengeance for the fatal hour,
And if remote the peril he can bring,
Your present danger's greater from the King.
Let not a parent's name deceive your sense,
Nor trust the father in a jealous prince !
Your trivial faults if he could so resent,
To doom you little less than banishment,
What rage must your presumption since inspire,
Against his orders your return from Tyre ?

170

Nor only so, but with a pomp more high, 180
And open court of popularity,
The factious tribes---And this reproof from thee?
The prince replies, O statesman's winding skill,
They first condemn that first advis'd the ill!
Illustrious youth, return'd Achithophel,
Misconstrue not the words that mean you well.
The course you steer I worthy blame conclude,
But 'tis because you leave it unpursu'd.
A monarch's crown with fate surrounded lies,
Who reach, lay hold on death that miss the prize.
Did you for this expose yourself to show,
And to the crowd bow popularly low?
For this your glorious progress next ordain,
With chariots, horsemen, and a num'rous train,
With Fame before you, like the morning star,
And shouts of joy saluting from afar?
Oh from the heights you've reach'd but take a view
Scarce leading Lucifer could fall like you!
And must I here my shipwreck'd arts bemoan?
Have I for this so oft made Isr'el groan?
Your single int'rest with the nation weigh'd,
And turn'd the scale where your desires were laid!
E'en when at helm a course so dang'rous mov'd,
To land your hopes has my removal prov'd.
I not dispute, the royal youth replies,
The known perfection of your policies;

Nor in Achithophel yet grudge or blame

The privilege that statesmen ever claim,
 Who private int'rest never yet pursu'd,
 But still pretended 'twas for other's good:
 What politician, yet e'er 'scap'd his fate,
 Who saving his own neck not sav'd the state?
 From hence on ev'ry hum'rous wind that veer'd,
 With shifted sails a sev'ral course you steer'd.
 What from a sway did David e'er pursue,
 That seem'd like absolute, but sprung from you?
 Who at your instance quash'd each penal law,
 That kept dissenting factious Jews in awe;
 And who suspends fix'd laws may abrogate,
 That done, form new, and so enslave the state.
 E'en property, whose champion now you stand,
 And seem for this the idol of the land,
 Did ne'er sustain such violence before,
 As when your counsel shut the royal store;
 Advice, that ruin to whole tribes procur'd,
 But secret kept till your own banks secur'd,
 Recount with this the triple cov'nant broke,
 And Is'el fitted for a foreign yoke;
 Nor here your counsels' fatal progress staid,
 But sent our levied pow'rs to Pharaoh's aid.
 Hence Tyre and Is'el low in ruins laid,
 And Egypt, once their scorn, their common terror
 E'en yet of such a season can we dream, [made.
 When royal rights you made your darling theme;

210

220

230

For pow'r unlimited could reasons draw,
And place prerogative above the law;
Which on your fall from office grew unjust
The laws made king, the king a slave in trust
Whom with state-craft, to int'rest only trust
You now accuse of ills contriv'd by you.

To this Hell's agent——Royal Youth, first
Let int'rest be the star by which you steer.
Hence to repose your trust in me was wise,
Whose int'rest most in your advancement lies
A tie so firm as always will avail,
When Friendship, Nature, and Religion fail
On ours, the safety of the crowd depends,
Secure the crowd, and we obtain our ends,
Whom I will cause so far our guilt to share
Till they are made our champions by their care
What opposition can your rival bring,
While sanhedrims are jealous of the king?
His strength as yet in David's friendship lies
And what can David's self without supplies
Who with exclusive bills must now dispense
Debar the heir, or starve in his defence:
Conditions which our elders ne'er will quit,
And David's justice never can admit.
Or forc'd by wants his brother to betray,
To your ambition next he clears the way;
For if succession once to nought they bring
Their next advance removes the present king

Persisting else his senates to dissolve,
In equal hazard shall his reign involve.
Our tribes, whom Pharaoh's pow'r so much alarms,
Shall rise without their prince t' oppose his arms;
Nor boots it on what cause at first they join,
Their troops once up, are tools for our designs:
At least such subtle cov'nants shall be made,
Till peace itself is war in masquerade: 270
Associations of mysterious sense,
Against, but seeming for, the King's defence:
E'en on their courts of justice fetters draw,
And from our agents muzzle up their law;
By which a conquest if we fail to make,
'Tis a drawn game at worst, and we secure our stake.

He said, and for the dire success depends,
On various sects, by common guilt made friends;
Whose heads, though ne'er so diff'ring in their creed,
I' th' point of treason yet were well agreed. 280
'Mongst these extorting Ishban first appears,
Pursu'd by a meagre troop of bankrupt heirs.
Blest times! when Ishban, he whose occupation
So long has been to cheat, reforms the nation!
Ishban of conscience suited to his trade,
As good a saint as us'rer ever made:
Yet Mammon has not so engross'd him quite,
But Belial lays as large a claim of spite:
Who, for those pardons from his prince he draws,
Returns reproaches, and cries up the cause. 290

That year in which the City he did sway,
He left rebellion in a hopeful way;
Yet his ambition once was found so bold,
To offer talents of extorted gold;
Could David's wants have so been brib'd, to
And scandalize our peerage with his name.
For which his dear sedition he'd forswear,
And e'en turn loyal to be made a peer.
Next him let railing Rabsheka have place,
So full of zeal he has no need of grace;
A saint that can both flesh and spirit use,
Alike haunt conventicles and the stews:
Of whom the question difficult appears,
If most i' th' preachers' or the bawds' arrears
What caution could appear too much in him
That keeps the treasure of Jerusalem!
Let David's brother but approach the Tower
Double our guards, he cries, we are undone
Protesting that he dares not sleep in's bed,
Lest he should rise next morn without his head
“ Next these a troop of busy spirits press,
Of little fortunes, and of conscience less;
With them the tribe whose luxury had drain'd
Their banks, in former sequestrations gain'd
Who rich and great by past rebellions grew,
And long to fish the troubled streams anew.
Some future hopes, some present payment,
To sell their conscience and espouse the cause

Such stipends those vile hirelings best befit,
Priests without grace, and poets without wit. 320
Shall that false Hebronite escape our curse,
Judas, that keeps the rebels' pension-purse;
Judas, that pays the treason-writer's fee,
Judas, that well deserves his namesake's tree;
Who at Jerusalem's own gate erects
His college for a nursery of sects;
Young prophets with an early care secures,
And with the dung of his own arts manures?
What have the men of Hebron here to do?
What part in Is'el's Promis'd land have you? 330
Here Phaleg, the Lay-Hebronite, is come,
Cause, like the rest, he could not live at home;
Who from his own possessions could not drain
An omer e'en of Hebronitish grain?
Here struts it like a patriot, and talks high
Of injur'd subjects alter'd property;
An emblem of that buzzing insect just,
That mounts the wheel, and think she raises dust,
Can dry bones live? or skeletons produce
The vital warmth of cuckoldizing juice? 340
Slim Phaleg could, and, at the table fed,
Return'd the grateful product to the bed.
A waiting-man to trav'ling nobles chose,
He his own laws would saucily impose
Till bastinado'd, back again he went,
To learn those manners he to teach was sent,

And pick
Married at last, but
He could not live by God.
Inspir'd by want, was made a faction-
They got a villain, and we lost a fool.
Still violent, whatever cause he took,
But most against the party he forsook:
For renegadoes, who ne'er turn by half
Are bound in conscience to be double
So this prose-prophet took most monstrous
To let his master see he earn'd his gain
But as the dev'l owes all his imps a
He chose th' apostate for his proper
With little pains he made the picture
And from reflection took the rogu

the credit of the chosen flock ; 3:
g authority, which must convince
nts own no allegiance to their prince ;
leading card to make a whore,
e her mother had turn'd up before.
l me, did the drunken patriarch bless
that shew'd his father's nakedness ?
anks the present church thy pen will give,
proves rebellion was so primitive.
ncient failings be examples made ?
murderers from Cain may learn their trade.
the Heathen and the saint hast drawn, 3:
ks th' apostate was the better man ;
/ hot father, waving my respect,
mother-church, but of a sect :
h he needs must be of thy inditing,
nes of drinking asses' milk, and writing,
should be call'd to leave his place.

Poor slaves in metre, dull and addle-pated,
Who rhyme below e'en David's Psalms translated
Some in my speedy pace I must out-run,
As lame Mephibosheth the wizard's son:
To make quick way I'll leap o'er heavy blocks,
Shun rotten Uzza as I would the pox;
And hasten Og and Doeg to rehearse,
Two fools that crutch their feeble sense on verse;
Who, by my Muse, to all succeeding times,
Shall live in spite of their own dogrel rhymes.

Doeg, though without knowing how or why,
Made still a blundering kind of melody,
Spurr'd boldly on, and dash'd through thick and thin
Through sense and nonsense, never out or in;
Free from all meaning whether good or bad,
And, in one word, heroically mad:
He was too warm on picking-work to dwell,
But faggotted his notions as they fell, 421
And if they rhym'd and rattled all was well:
Spiteful he is not, though he wrote a satire,
For still there goes some thinking to ill nature;
He needs no more than birds and beasts to think,
All his occasions are to eat and drink:
If he call rogue and rascal from a garret,
He means you no more mischief than a parrot:
The words for friend and foe alike were made,
To fetter 'em in verse is all his trade.

nonds he'll cry Whore to his own mother, 430

ll young Absalom King David's brother.

n be gallows-free by my consent,

thing suffer since he nothing meant :

ig supposes human soul and reason,

imal 's below committing treason :

e be hang'd who never could rebel ?

a préferment for Achithophel.

man that committed buggary,

ghtly sentenc'd by the law to die ;

as hard fate that to the gallows led

440

g that never heard the statute read.

in other men may be a crime,

ght to pass for mere instinct in him !

he follows, and no farther knows,

write verse with him is to transpose.

pity treason at his door to lay,

akes Heav'n's gate a lock to its own key.

rail on ; let his invective muse

ur-and-twenty letters to abuse,

if he jumbles to one line of sense,

450

im of a capital offence.

orks give him leave to vent his spite,

re the only serpents he can write :

ght of his ambition is, we know,

e master of a puppet-show ;

one stage his works may yet appear,

month's harvest keeps him all the year.

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F.ij

ABSALOM AND ACHITHOPHEL.

Now stop your noses, readers, all and some
or here's a tun of midnight work to come,
'g from a treason-tavern rolling home.
Round as a globe, and liquor'd ev'ry chink,
Goodly and great he sails behind his link;
With all this bulk there's nothing lost in Og,
For ev'ry inch that is not fool is rogue:

460

A monstrous mass of foul corrupted matter,
As all the devils had spew'd to make the batter.
When wine has given him courage to blaspheme,
He curses God; but God before curs'd him:
And if man could have reason, none has more,
That made his paunch so rich and him so poor.
With wealth he was not trusted, for Heav'n knew
What 'twas of old to pamper up a Jew;
To what would he on quail and pheasant swell,
That e'en on tripe and carrion could rebel?
But tho' Heav'n made him poor, with rev'rence sp
He never was a poet of God's making;
The midwife laid his hand on his thick skull,
With this prophetic blessing----Be thou dull;
Drink, swear, and roar, forbear no lewd delight
Fit for thy bulk; do any think but write:
Thou art of lasting make, like thoughtless me
A strong nativity----but for the pen!
Eat opium, mingle ars'nic in thy drink,
Still thou may'st live, avoiding pen and ink.

I see, I see 'tis counsel giv'n in vain,
For treason botch'd in rhyme will be thy bane;
Rhyme is the rock on which thou art to wreck;
'Tis fatal to thy fame, and to thy neck.
Why should thy metre good King David blast?
A psalm of his will surely be thy last. 490
Dar'st thou presume in verse to meet thy foes,
Thou, whom the Penny Pamphlet foil'd in prose?
Doeg, whom God for mankind's mirth has made,
O'ertops thy talent in thy very trade:
Doeg to thee, thy paintings are so coarse,
A poet is, though he's the poet's horse.
A double noose thou on thy neck dost pull,
For writing treason and for writing dull:
To die for faction is a common evil,
But to be hang'd for nonsense is the devil.
Hadst thou the glories of thy king express,
Thy praises had been satire at the best:
But thou in clumsy verse, unlick'd, unpointed,
Hast shamefully defy'd the Lord's anointed.
I will not rake the dunghill of thy crimes,
For who would read thy life that reads thy rhymes?
But of King David's foes be this the doom,
May all be like the young man Absalom;
And for my foes, may this their blessing be,
To talk like Doeg, and to write like thee."
Achithophel each rank, degree, and age!
For various ends neglects not to engage;

The wise and rich for purse and counsel brought,
The fools and beggars for their number sought;
Who yet not only on the town depends,
For even in Court the faction had its friends;
These thought the places they possess too small,
And in their hearts wish'd Court and King to fall;
Whose names the Muse disdaining, holds i' th' dark
Thrust in the villain herd without a mark; 520
With parasites and libel-spawning imps,
Intriguing fops, dull jesters, and worse pimps,
Disdain the rascal rabble to pursue,
Their set cabals are yet a viler crew;

See where involv'd in common smoke they sit,
Some for our mirth, some for our satire fit;
These gloomy, thoughtful, and on mischief bent,
While those for mere good fellowship frequent
Th' appointed club, can let sedition pass,
Sense, nonsense, any thing to employ the glass; 530
And who believe in their dull honest hearts,
The rest talk reason but to shew their parts;
Who ne'er had wit or will for mischief yet,
But pleas'd to be reputed of a set.

But in the sacred annals of our plot,
Industrious Arod never be forgot;
The labours of this midnight magistrate
May vie with Corah's to preserve the state:
In search of arms he fail'd not to lay hold, 539
On War's most powerful, dang'rous weapon, gold;

And last, to take from Jebusites all odds,
Their altars pillag'd, stole their very gods.
Oft would he cry, when treasure he surpris'd,
'Tis Baalish gold in David's coin disguis'd;
Which to his house with richer reliques came,
Where lumber idols only fed the flame:
For our wise rabble ne'er took pains t' inquire
What 'twas he burnt, so 't made a rousing fire.
With which our elder was enrich'd no more
Than false Gehazi with the Syrian's store; 550
So poor, that when our chusing-tribes were met,
E'en for his stinking votes he ran in debt;
For meat, the wicked, and, as authors think,
The saints he chous'd for his electing drink;
Thus ev'ry shift and subtle method past,
And all to be no Zaken at the last.

Now, rais'd on Tyre's sad ruins, Pharaoh's pride
Soar'd high, his legions threat'ning far and wide;
As when a batt'ring storm engender'd high,
By winds upheld, hangs hov'ring in the sky, 560
Is gaz'd upon by ev'ry trembling swain,
This for his vineyard fears, and that his grain;
For blooming plants, and flow'rs new-opening, these
For lambs yean'd lately, and far-lab'ring bees:
To guard his stock each to the gods does call,
Uncertain where the fire-charg'd clouds will fall:
E'en so the doubtful nations watch his arms,
With terror each expecting his alarms.

But now,

From Egypt need'st a guardian.

Thy prince from sanhedrims no trust allow'd,

Too much the representers of the crowd,

Who for their own defence give no supply,

But what the Crown's prerogatives must buy:

As if their monarch's rights to violate

More needful were than to preserve the state!

From present dangers they divert their care,

And all their fears are of the royal heir;

Whom now the reigning malice of his foes

Unjudg'd would sentence, and e'er crown'd de

Religion the pretence, but their decree

To bar his reign, whate'er his faith shall be!

By sanhedrims and clam'rous crowds thus p

What passions rent the righteous David's b

Who knows not how t' oppose or to comply,

Unjust to grant, and dang'rous to deny!

How near in this dark juncture Isr'el's fate,

— the sole expedient could crea

— requi

contending with the waves and fire,
 leading dangers in the wars of Tyre,
 glorious now forsakes his nativ sand,
 And, like an exile, quits the promis'd land! 600
 Our monarch scarce from pressing tears refrains,
 And powerfully his royal state maintains,
 Who now embracing on th' extremest shore,
 Almost revokes what he injoin'd before;
 Concludes at last more trust to be allow'd,
 To storms and seas than to the raging crowd!
 Forbear, rash Muse; the parting scene to draw,
 With silence charm'd as deep as theirs that saw!
 Not only our attending nobles weep,
 But hardy sailors swell with tears the deep, 610
 The tide restrain'd her course, and more amaz'd,
 The Twin-stars on the brothers gaz'd:
 While this sole fear-----
 Does trouble to our suff'ring hero bring,
 Lest next the pop'lar rage oppress the King!
 Thus parting, each for th' other's danger griev'd,
 The shore the king, and seas the prince receiv'd.
 Go, injur'd Hero, while propitious gales,
 Soft as thy consort's breath, inspire thy sails;
 Well may she trust her beauties on a flood, 620
 Where thy triumphant fleets so oft have rode!
 Safe on thy breast reclin'd, her rest be deep,
 Rock'd like a Nereid by the waves asleep:

Whilst happiest dreams her fancy entertain,
 And to Elysian fields convert the main !
 Go, injur'd Hero, while the shores of Tyre
 At thy approach so silent shall admire,
 Who on thy thunder still their thoughts employ,
 And greet thy landing with a trembling joy.

On heroes thus the prophet's fate is thrown, 63
 Admir'd by every nation but their own :
 Yet while our factious Jews his worth deny,
 Their akeing conscience gives their tongue the lie.
 E'en in the worst of men the noblest parts
 Confess him, and he triumphs in their hearts,
 Whom to his king the best respects commend
 Of subject, soldier, kinsman, prince, and friend ;
 All sacred names of most divine esteem,
 And to perfection all sustain'd by him,
 Wise, just, and constant ; courtly without art, 64
 Swift to discern, and to reward desert ;
 No hour of his in fruitless ease destroy'd,
 But on the noblest subjects still employ'd ;
 Whose steady soul ne'er learnt to separate
 Between his monarch's int'rest and the state,
 But heaps those blessings on the royal head,
 Which he well knows must be on subjects shed.
 On what pretence could then the vulgar rage
 Against his worth and native rights engage ?
 Religious fears their arguments are made, 65
 Religious fears his sacred rights invade !

Of future superstition they complain,
And Jebusitic worship in his reign;
With such alarms his foes the crowd deceive,
With dangers fright, which not themselves believe.

Since nothing can our sacred rights remove,
Whate'er the faith of the successor prove,
Our Jews their ark shall undisturb'd retain,
At least while their religion is their gain,
Who know by old experience Baal's commands 660
Not only claim'd their conscience but their lands;
They grudge God's tythes, how, therefore, shall they
An idol full possession of the field? [yield
Grant such a prince enthron'd, we must confess
The people's suff'rings than that monarch's less,
Who must to hard condition still be bound,
And for his quiet with the crowd compound;
Or should his thoughts to tyranny incline,
Where are the means to compass the design?
Our crown's revenues are too short a store, 670
And jealous sanhedrims would give no more.

As vain our fears of Egypt's potent aid;
Not so has Pharaoh learnt ambition's trade,
Nor ever with such measures can comply
As shock the common rules of policy;
None dread him the growth of Is'rael's king,
And he alone sufficient aids can bring:
Who knows that prince to Egypt can give law,
That on our stubborn tribes his yoke could draw,

At such profound expence he has not stood, 680
Nor dy'd for this his hands so deep in blood ;
Would ne'er tho' wrong and right his progress take,
Grudge his own rest, and keep the world awake,
To fix a lawless Prince on Judah's throne,
First to invade our rights, and then his own :
His dear-gain'd conquests cheaply to despoil,
And reap the harvest of his crimes and toil.
We grant his wealth vast as our ocean's sand,
And curse its fatal influence on our land,
Which our brib'd Jews so num'rously partake, 690
That e'en an host his pensioners would make ;
From these deceivers our divisions spring,
Our weakness, and the growth of Egypt's king ;
These with pretended friendship to the state,
Our crowd's suspicion of their prince create,
Both pleas'd and frighten'd with the specious cry,
To guard their sacred rights and property :
To ruin thus the chosen flock are sold,
While wolves are ta'en for guardians of the fold ;
Seduc'd by these we groundlessly complain, 700
And loath the manna of a gentle reign :
Thus our forefathers' crooked paths are trod,
We trust our prince no more than they their God.
But all in vain our reas'ning prophets preach
To those whom sad experience ne'er could teach,
Who can commence new broils in bleeding scars,
And fresh remembrance of intestine wars :

When the same household mortal foes did yield,
And brothers stain'd with brothers' blood the field;
When sons' curs'd steel the father's gore did stain,
And mothers mourn'd for sons by fathers slain! 711
When thick as Egypt's locusts on the sand,
Our tribes lay slaughter'd thro' the Promis'd land,
Whose few survivors with worse fate remain,
To drag the bondage of a tyrant's reign:
Which scenes of woes unknowing we renew,
And madly e'en those ills we fear pursue,
While Pharaoh laughs at our domestic broils,
And safely crowds his tents with nations' spoils;
Yet our fierce sanhedrim, in restless rage, 720
Against our absent hero still engage,
And chiefly urge, such did their phrensy prove,
The only suit their prince forbids to move,
Which till obtain'd they cease affairs of state,
And real dangers wave for groundless hate.
Long David's patience waits relief to bring,
With all th' indulgence of a lawful king,
Expecting still the troubled waves would cease,
But found the raging billows still increase.
The crowd, whose insolence forbearance swells, 730
While he forgives too far, almost rebels:
At last his deep resentments silence broke,
Th' imperial palace shook, while thus he spoke.
Then Justice wake, and Rigour take her time,
For, lo! our mercy is become our crime.

the
t of empire
Heav'n itself in
will our reason's long-
Isr'el judge between her friends
en shall we see expir'd deceiver's sway,
d credit what our God and monarchs say?
en sanhedrims in blind obedience hold;
Those patriots' falsehood in their actions see,
And judge by the pernicious fruit the tree;
If aught for which so loudly they declaim,
Religion, laws, and freedom, were their aim;
Our senates in due methods they had led,
T' avoid those mischiefs which they seem'd to dread;
But first ere yet they prop'd the sinking state,
T' impeach and charge, as urg'd by private hate,
Proves that they ne'er believ'd the fears they prest,
But barb'rously destroy'd the nation's rest!
O! whither will ungovern'd
And to what bound

we should confirm the wrongs they press,
ings yet were than the people's less;
'd for life the murd'ring sword to wield,
their heirs entail a bloody field :
lly their own freedom they betray,
h' oppression which they fear make way ;
n fix'd by Heav'n, the kingdom's bar,
once dissolv'd, admits the flood of war ;
apine, spoil, without the assault begin,
mad tribes supplant the fence within.
n their good they will not understand,
to take the monarch's power in hand,
y and force to join with skill, 780
: the lunatics against their will.
: rough means that 'swage the crowd appease
te's, raging with the crowd's disease.
th unbias'd measures let them draw
false gloss, but genuine texts of law ;

He said; th' attendants heard with awful joy,
And glad presages their fix'd thoughts employ.
From Hebron now the suff'ring heir return'd,
A realm that long with civil discord mourn'd,
Till his approach, like some arriving god,
Compos'd and heal'd the place of his abode,
The deluge check'd that to Judea spread,
And stop'd sedition at the fountain's head.
Thus in forgiving David's paths he drives, 10
And, chas'd from Isr'el, Isr'el's peace contrives:
The field confess'd his power in arms before,
And seas proclaim'd his triumphs to the shore;
As nobly has his sway in Hebron shown,
How fit t' inherit godlike David's throne.
Thro' Sion's streets his glad arrival's spread,
And conscious Faction shrink's her snaky head;
His train their suff'rings think o'erpaid, to see
The crowds applause with virtue once agree.
Success charms all, but zeal for worth distrest 20
A virtue proper to the brave and best;
'Mongst whom was Jothran, Jothran always bent
To serve the Crown, and loyal by descent,
Whose constancy so firm, and conduct just,
Deserv'd at once two royal masters' trust;
Who Tyre's proud arms had manfully withstood
On seas, and gather'd laurels from the flood;
Of learning yet no portion was deny'd,
Friend to the Muses, and the Muses' pride.

Nor can Benaiah's worth forgotten lie, 820
 Of steady soul when public storms were high;
 Whose conduct while the Moor fierce onsets made,
 Secur'd at once our honour and our trade.
 Such were the chiefs who most his suff'rings mourn'd
 And view'd with silent joy the prince return'd;
 While those that sought his absence to betray,
 Press first their nauseous false respects to pay;
 Him still th' officious hypocrites molest,
 And with malicious duty break his rest.

While real transports thus his friends employ,
 And foes are loud in their dissembled joy, 831
 His triumphs so resounded far and near,
 Miss'd not his young ambitious rival's ear;
 And, as when joyful hunters' clam'rous train
 Some slumb'ring lion wakes in Moab's plain,
 Who oft had forc'd the bold assailants yield,
 And scatter'd his pursuers thro' the field,
 Disdaining, furls his mane, and tears the ground,
 His eyes enflaming all the desert round,
 With roar of seas directs his chaser's way, 840
 Provokes from far and dares them to the fray;
 Such rage storm'd now in Absalom's fierce breast,
 Such indignation his fir'd eyes confess.
 Where now was the instructor of his pride?
 Slept the old pilot in so rough a tide,
 Whose wiles had from the happy shore betray'd,
 And thus on shelves the cred'ulous youth convey'd?

In deep-revolving thoughts he weighs his
Secure of craft, nor doubts to baffle Fate
At least if his storm bark'd must goadrift
To balk his charge, and for himself to sh
In which his dext'rous wit had oft been
And in the wreck of kingdoms sav'd his
But now, with more than common dang
Of various resolutions stands possest,
Perceives the crowds unstable zeal decay,
Lest their recanting chief the cause betra
Who on a father's grace his hopes may g
And for his pardon with their heads com
Him, therefore, ere his fortune slip her
The statesman's plots t' engage in some
Past pardon, whether to attempt his bed
Or threat with open arms the royal head,
Or other darling method, and unjust,
That may confirm him in the people's tr
But failing thus t' ensnare him, nor sec
How long his foil'd ambition may endur
Plots next to lay him by as past his date
And try some new pretender's luckier fa
Whose hopes with equal toil he would p
Nor cares what claimer's crown'd excep
Wake, Absalom, approaching ruin sh
And see, O see, for whom thou art unc
How are thy honours and thy fame betra
The property of desp'rate villains made

t pow'r and conscious fears their crimes create,
 d guilt in them was little less than fate;
 : why shouldst thou from ev'ry grievance free,
 rsake thy vineyards for their stormy sea?
 r thee did Canaan's milk and honey flow, 180
 ve drest thy bowers, and laurels sought thy brow;
 eferment, wealth, and power, thy vassals were,
 nd of a monarch all things but the care.
 h should our crimes again that curse draw down,
 And rebel arms once more attempt the crown,
 Sure ruin waits unhappy Absalom,
 Alike by conquest or defeat undone.
 Who could relentless see such youth and charms,
 Expire with wretched fate in impious arms?
 A prince so form'd with Earth's and Heaven's applause,
 To triumph o'er crown'd heads in David's cause?
 Or grant him victor, still his hopes must fail,
 Who conqu'ring would not for himself prevail;
 The faction whom he trusts for future sway,
 Him and the public would alike betray,
 Amongst themselves divide the captive state,
 And found their hydra-empire in his fate!
 Thus having beat the clouds with painful flight,
 The pity'd youth with sceptres in his sight,
 So have their cruel politics decreed,
 Must by that crew that made him guilty bleed,
 For could their pride brook any prince's sway,
 Whom but mild David would they chuse t' obey?

Who once at such a gentle reign repine,
The fall of monarchy itself design ;
From hate to that their reformations spri
And David not their grievance, but the
Seiz'd now with panic fear the faction lie
Lest this clear truth strike Absalom's cha
Lest he perceive from long enchantment
What all beside the flatter'd youth must
But whate'er doubts his troubled bosom
Fair carriage still became Achithophel,
Who now an envious festival enstals,
And to survey their strength the faction c
Which fraud, religious worship too, m
But oh how weakly does Sedition build ?
For, lo! the royal mandate issues forth,
Dashing at once their treason, zeal, and
So have I seen disastrous chance invade
Where careful emmits had their forage la
Whether fierce Vulcan's rage the furzy p
Had seiz'd, engender'd by some careless s
Or swelling Neptune lawless inroads made
And to their cell of store his flood convey'
The commonwealth broke up, distracted
And in wild haste their loaded mates o'ert
E'en so our scatter'd guests confus'dly mee
With boil'd, bak'd, roast, all justling in
Dejecting all and ruefully dismay'd,
For shekel without treat or treason paid,

Sedition's dark eclipse now fainter shows,
More bright each hour the royal planet grows,
Of force the clouds of envy to disperse,
In kind conjunction of assisting stars.
Here, lab'ring Muse, those glorious chiefs relate,
That turn'd the doubtful scale of David's fate ;
The rest of that illustrious band rehearse,
Immortaliz'd in laurel'd Asaph's verse :
Hard task ! yet will not I thy flight recall ; 940
View heav'n and then enjoy thy glorious fall.

First write Bezaliel, whose illustrious name,
Forestals our praise, and gives his poet fame ;
The Kenites rocky province his command,
A barren limb of fertile Canaan's land.
Which for its gen'rous natives yet could be
Held worthy such a president as he !
Bezaliel, with each grace and virtue fraught,
Serene his looks, serene his life and thought,
On whom so largely Nature heap'd her store, 950
There scarce remain'd for arts to give him more !
To aid the crown and state his greatest zeal,
His second care that service to conceal ;
Of dues observant, firm to ev'ry trust,
And to the needy always more than just ;
Who truth from spacious falsehood can divide,
Has all the groundsmen's skill without their pride ;
Thus crown'd with worth from heights of honour
Sees all his glories copied in his son, [won,

ABSALOM AND ACHITHOPEL.

660

ward fame should ev'ry muse engage,
both boasts skill deny'd to other's age:
manners, language, books of noblest kind,
are the conquest of his mind:
e loyalty before its date was prime,
waited the dull course of rolling time;
monster Faction early he dismay'd,
d David's cause long since confess'd his aid.
Brave Abdaal o'er the prophet's school was plac'd,
Abdaal, with all his father's virtue grac'd;
A hero who, while stars look'd wond'ring down,
Without one Hebrew's blood restor'd the crown.
That praise was his; what boldly to maintain
For foll'wing chiefs, but in this rank of fame,
That crown restor'd; and in this place must claim,
Brave Abdaal with the first a place must claim,
Proceed, illustrious, happy Chief, proceed,
the garlands for thy brow decreed,
d tribe attend with noblest train
thou shalt gain;
h's hills forsake,
edom's lake,

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ong with the Royal wanderer he rov'd,
 and firm in all the turns of fortune prov'd,
 Such ancient service, and desert so large, 990
 Well claim'd the royal household for his charge.

His age with only one mild heiress blest,
 In all the bloom of smiling Nature drest,
 And blest again to see his flow'r ally'd
 To David's stock, and made young Othniel's bride !
 The bright restorer of his father's youth,
 Devoted to a son's and subject's truth;
 Resolv'd to bear that prize of duty home,
 So bravely sought while sought by Absalom.
 A prince! the illustrious planet of thy birth, 1000
 And thy more pow'rful virtue guard thy worth,
 That no Achithophel thy ruin boast;
 Isr'el too much in one such wreck has lost.

E'en envy must consent to Helon's worth,
 Whose soul, though Egypt glories in its birth,
 Could for our captive ark its zeal retain,
 And Pharaoh's altars in their pomp disdain:
 To slight his gods was small; with nobler pride
 He all th' allurements of his court defy'd;
 Whom profit nor example could betray, 1010
 But Isr'el's friend, and true to David's sway:
 What acts of favour in his province fall,
 On merit he confers, and freely all.

Our list of nobles next let Amri grace,
 Whose merits claim'd the Abethdins' high place;

Who with a loyalty that did excel,
Brought all the endowments of Achithophel.
Sincere was Amri, and not only knew,
But Isr'el's sanctions into practice drew;
Our laws, that did a boundless ocean seem, 1020
Were coasted all, and fathom'd all by him:
No Rabbin speaks like him their mystic sense
So just, and with such charms of eloquence;
To whom the double blessing does belong,
With Moses' inspiration, Aaron's tongue.

Than Sheva none more loyal zeal have shown,
Wakeful as Judah's Lion for the Crown;
Who for that cause still combats in his age,
For which his youth with danger did engage.
In vain our factious priests the cant revive, 1030
In vain seditious scribes with libel strive

**T' enflame the crowd, while he, with watchful eye,
Observes, and shoots their treasons as they fly;
Their weekly frauds his keen replies detect;
He undeceives more fast than they infect.
So Moses, when the pest on legends prey'd,
Advanc'd his signal, and the plague was stay'd.**

Once more, my fainting Muse, thy pinions try,
And strength's exhausted store let love supply.
What tribute, Asaph, shall we render thee? 1040
We'll crown thee with a wreath from thy own tree!
Thy laurel grove no envy's flash can blast;
The song of Asaph shall for ever last.

With wonder late posterity shall dwell
 On Absalom and false Achithophel;
 Thy strains shall be our slumb'ring prophets' dream,
 And when our Sion virgins sing their theme,
 Our jubilees shall with thy verse be grac'd;
 The song of Asaph shall for ever last.

How fierce his satire loos'd! restrain'd, how tame!
 How tender of th' offending young man's fame! 1051
 How well his worth and brave adventures stil'd,
 Just to his virtues, to his error mild.
 No page of thine that fears the strictest view,
 But teems with just reproof, or praise as due;
 Not Eden could a fairer prospect yield,
 All Paradise without one barren field;
 Whose wit the censure of his foes has past;
 The song of Asaph shall for ever last.

What praise for such rich strains shall we allow?
 What just rewards the grateful Crown bestow? 1061
 While bees in flow'rs rejoice, and flow'rs in dew,
 While stars and fountains to their course are true;
 While Judah's throne and Sion's rock stand fast,
 The song of Asaph, and the fame, shall last.

Still Hebron's honour'd, happy soil, retains
 Our Royal Hero's beauteous dear remains,
 Who now sails off with winds nor wishes slack,
 To bring his suff'rings' bright companion back;
 But e'er such transport can our sense employ, 1070
 A bitter grief must poison half our joy;

Nor can our coasts restor'd those blessings see,
Without a bribe to envious Destiny!
Curs'd Sodom's doom for ever fix the tide
Where, by inglorious Chance, the valiant dy'd,
Give not insulting Askalon to know,
Nor let Gath's daughters triumph in our woe!
No sailor with the news swell Egypt's pride,
By what inglorious fate our valiant dy'd!
Weep, Arnon! Jordan, weep thy fountains dry, 1080
While Zion's rock dissolves for a supply.

Calm were th' elements, Night's silence deep,
The waves scarce murm'ring, and the winds asleep;
Yet Fate for ruin takes so still an hour,
And treach'rous sands the princely bark devour;
Then Death unworthy seiz'd a gen'rous race,
To virtue's scandal, and the star's disgrace!
Oh! had th' indulgent pow'rs vouchsaf'd to yield,
Instead of faithless shelves, a listed field,
A listed field of Heav'n's and David's foes, 1090
Fierce as the troops that did his youth oppose,
Each life had on his slaughter'd heap retir'd,
Not tamely, and unconqu'ring, thus expir'd;
But Destiny is now their only foe,
And dying, e'en o'er that they triumph too;
With loud last breaths their master's 'scape applaud,
Of whom kind Force could scarce the Fates defraud;
Who for such foll'wers lost, O matchless mind!
At his own safety now almost repin'd!

ASSALOM AND ACHITHOPHEL.

Say, Royal Sir, by all your fame in arms, 11
Your praise in peace, and by Urania's charms,
If all your suff'rings past so nearly prest,
Or pierc'd with half so painful grief your breast?

Thus some diviner Muse her hero forms,
Not sooth'd with soft delights, but toss'd in storms
Nor stretch'd on roses in the myrtle grove,
Nor crowns his days with mirth, his nights with lov
But far remov'd in thund'ring camps is found,
His slumbers short, his bed the herbless ground;
In tasks of danger always seen the first, 11
Feeds from the hedge, and slakes with ice his thirst
Long must his patience strive with Fortune's rage,
And long opposing gods themselves engage,
Must see his country flame, his friends destroy'd,
Before the promis'd empire be enjoy'd :
Such toil of fate must build a man of fame,
And such to Isr'el's crown the godlike David came.

What sudden beams dispel the clouds so fast,
Whose drenching rains laid all our vineyards waste
The Spring, so far behind her course delay'd, 112
On th' instant is in all her bloom array'd ;
The winds breathe low, the element serene,
Yet mark what motion in the waves is seen !
Thronging and busy as Hyblæan swarms,
Or straggled soldiers summon'd to their arms,
See where the princely bark in loosest pride,
With all her guardian fleet, adorns the tide.

Dryden.]

H ij

High on her deck the Royal Lover
Our crimes to pardon ere they touch
Welcome to Isr'el and to David's house
Here all your toils, here all your loss

This year did Ziloah rule Jerusa
And boldly all sedition's syrtes steer
Howe'er incumber'd with a viler
Than Ziph or Shimei to assist the
Yet Ziloah's loyal labours so prevail
That faction at the next election fail
When e'en the common cry did Ju
And Merit by the multitude was cho
With David then was Isr'el's peace
Crowds mourn'd their error, and o

THE HIND AND THE PANTHER.

PART I.

-----Antiquam exquirite matrem,
Et vera lacrimis petunt Dna.

Virg.

A MILK-WHITE Hind, immortal and unchang'd,
Fed on the lawns, and in the forest rang'd;
Without unspotted, innocent within,
She fear'd no danger, for she knew no sin :
Yet had she oft been chas'd with horns and hounds,
And Scythian shafts, and many winged wounds
Aim'd at her heart ; was often forc'd to fly,
And doom'd to death, tho' fated not to die.

Not so her young ; for their unequal line
Was Hero's make, half human, half divine. 10
Their earthly mould obnoxious was to Fate,
Th' immortal part assum'd immortal state.
Of these a slaughter'd army lay in blood,
Extended o'er the Caledonian wood,
Their native walk ; whose vocal blood arose,
And cry'd for pardon on their perjur'd foes.
Their fate was fruitful and the sanguine seed,
Endu'd with souls, increas'd the sacred breed.
So captive Isr'el multiply'd in chains,
A num'rous exile, and enjoy'd her pains. 20

H III

With grief and gladness mix'd, the mother
Her martyr'd offspring, and their race rend
Their corpse to perish, but their kind to
So much the deathless plant the dying fruit

Panting and pensive now she rang'd alone
And wander'd in the kingdoms once her own
The common hunt, tho' from their rage re
By sov'reign pow'r, her company disdain'
Grinn'd as they pass'd, and with a glaring
Gave gloomy signs of secret enmity.

Tis true, she bounded by, and tripp'd so light
They had not time to take a steady sight;
For truth has such a face and such a mien
As, to be lov'd, needs only to be seen.

The bloody bear, an independent beast,
Unlick'd to form, in groans her hate express
Among the tim'rous kind the quaking hare
Profess'd neutrality, but would not swear
Next her the buffoon ape, as Atheists use,
Mimic'd all sects, and had his own to choose
Still when the lion look'd his knees he bent
And paid at church a courtier's compliments
The bristled baptist boar, impure as he,
But whiten'd with the foam of sanctity,
With fat pollutions fill'd the sacred place,
And mountains level'd in his furious race;
So first rebellion founded was in grace:

But since the mighty ravage which he made
In German forests had his guilt betray'd,
With broken tusks, and with a borrow'd name, 50
He shunn'd the vengeance, and conceal'd the shame;
So lurk'd in sects unseen. With greater guile
False Reynard fed on consecrated spoil:
The graceless beast by Anthanasius first,
Was chas'd from Nice, then by Socinus nurs'd;
His impious race their blasphemy renew'd,
And Nature's king thro' Nature's optics view'd;
Revers'd they view'd him lessen'd to their eye,
Nor in an infant could a god descry,
New swarming sects to this obliquely tend, 60
Hence they began, and here they all will end.

What weight of ancient witness can prevail,
If private reason hold the public scale?
But, gracious god how well dost thou provide
For erring judgments an unerring guide?
Thy throne is darkness in th' abyss of light,
A blaze of glory that forbids the sight,
O teach me to believe thee thus conceal'd,
And search no farther than thyself reveal'd;
But her alone for my director take, 70
Whom thou hast promis'd never to forsake!
My thoughtless youth was wing'd with vain desires,
My manhood, long misled by wand'ring fires,
Follow'd false lights, and, when their glimpse was gone.
My pride struck out new sparkles of her own.

Let reason then at her own quarry fly,
 But how can finite grasp infinity?
 'Tis urg'd again, that faith did first commence
 By miracles, which are appeals to sense,
 And thence concluded, that our sense must be
 The motive still of credibility:
 For latter ages must on former wait,
 And what began belief must propagate.

110

But winnow well this thought, and you shall find
 'Tis light as chaff that flies before the wind.
 Were all those wonders wrought by pow'r divine,
 As means, or ends, of some more deep design?
 Most sure as means, whose end was this alone,
 To prove the Godhead of th' eternal Son.
 God thus asserted, man is to believe
 Beyond what sense and reason can conceive,

And for mysterious things of faith rely,

120

On the proponent, Heaven's authority.

If then our faith we for our guide admit,

Vain is the farther search of human wit;

As when the building gains a surer stay,

We take th' unuseful scaffolding away.

Reason by sense no more can understand:

The game is play'd into another hand.

Why chuse we then, like billenders, to creep

Along the coast, and land in view to keep,

When safely we may launch into the deep?

130 }

How weak, weak by nature still I sit
To claim the glory, and to mine the
Good life to every task: my doubt
Whom none could fight my faith for
And I believe eternal God could be
Kings of the mortal world and infer
That the great maker of the world is
dead, offering, that my imperfect
Which all his passion has engaged
And they cannot turn faith compel
And my right, and truth, and
The great and the great are outside;
And I see, and never again, my
That the most easy the rule of
And nothing more than the can be
That what my senses can formatives,
I need no revelation to believe,
Can they who say the best should be
By name, define a body glorify?
Impossible, and generating parts?
Let them declare by what mysterious
He who has revealed all of my own
Of my own, and the truth to the

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Thence into another hand.

Like billenders, to creep

And land in view to keep,

Launch into the deep?

In the same vessel which our Saviour bore,
Himself the pilot, let us leave the shore,
And with a better guide a better world explore.
Could he his Godhead veil with flesh and blood,
And not veil these again to be our food?

His grace in both is equal in extent,
The first affords us life, the second nourishment.
And if he can why all this frantic pain,

To construe what his clearest words contain,
And make a riddle what he made so plain?

To take up half on trust, and half to try,
Name it not faith, but bungling bigotry.

Both knave and fool the merchant we may call,
To pay great sums, and to compound the small:
For who would break with Heav'n, and would not
break for all?

Rest then, my Soul, from endless anguish freed,
Nor sciences, thy guide, nor sense thy creed.
Faith is the best insurer of thy bias;
The bank above must fail before the venture miss.
But Heav'n and heav'n-born faith are far from thee,
Thou first apostate to divinity;
Unkennell'd range in thy Polonian plains,
A fiercer foe, the insatiate wolf, remains.
Too boastful Britain, please thyself no more
That beasts of prey are banish'd from thy shore;
The bear, the boar, and ev'ry savage name,
Wild in effect, though in appearance tame,

Lay waste thy woods, destroy thy blissful bow'r,
 And, muzzled though they seem, the mutes devour,
 More haughty than the rest the wolfish race
 Appear, with belly gaunt and famish'd face;
 Never was so deform'd a beast of grace. }
 His ragged tail betwixt his legs he wears,
 Close clap'd for shame; but his rough crest he rears, }
 And pricks up his predestinating ears. }
 His wild disorder'd walk, his haggard eyes,
 Did all the bestial citizens surprise :
 Though fear'd and hated, yet he rul'd a-while,
 As captain or companion of the spoil. 170
 Full many a year his hateful head had been
 For tribute paid, nor since in Cambria seen;
 The last of all the litter scap'd by chance,
 And from Geneva first infested France,
 Some authors thus his pedigree will trace,
 But others write him of an upstart race,
 Because of Wickliff's brood no mark he brings,
 But his innate antipathy to kings.
 These last deduce him from th' Helvetian kind,
 Who near the Leman lake his consort lin'd; 180
 That fiery Zuinglius first th' affection bred,
 And meagre Calvin blest the nuptial bed.
 In Isr'el some believe him whelp'd long since,
 When the proud sanhedrim oppress'd the Prince;
 Or, since he will be Jew, derive him higher,
 When Corah with his brethren did conspire

From Moses' hand the sov'reign sway to wrest,
 And Aaron of his ephod to divest :
 Till op'ning earth made way for all to pass,
 And could not bear the burden of a class.
 The fox and he came shuffled in the dark,
 If ever they were stow'd in Noah's ark ;
 Perhaps not made ; for all their barking train
 The dog (a common species) will contain ;
 And some wild curs, who from their masters ran,
 Abhorring the supremacy of man,
 In woods and caves the rebel-race began. }

O happy pair, how well have you increas'd !
 What ills in church and state have you redress'd ?
 With teeth untry'd, and rudiments of claws,
 Your first essay was on your native laws : 200
 Those having torn with ease and trampled down,
 Your fangs you fasten'd on the mitred crown,
 And freed from God and monarchy your town. }

What tho' your native kennel still be small,
 Bounded betwixt a puddle and a wall,
 Yet your victorious colonies are sent
 Where the north ocean girds the continent ?
 Quicken'd with fire below, your monsters breed
 In fenny Holland, and in fruitful Tweed ;
 And, like the first, the last effects to be 210
 Drawn to the dregs of a democracy.

As where in fields the fairy rounds are seen,
 A rank sour herbage rises on the green,

So, springing where those midnight elves advance,
 Rebellion prints the footsteps of the dance.
 Such are their doctrines, such contempt they show }
 To Heav'n above, and to their prince below, }
 As none but traitors and blasphemers know. }
 God like the tyrant of the skies, is plac'd, 219
 And kings, like slaves, beneath the crowd debas'd.
 So fulsome is their food that flocks refuse
 To bite, and only dogs for physic use.
 As where the lightning runs along the ground,
 No husbandry can heal the blasting wound,
 Nor bladed grass nor bearded corn succeeds,
 But scales of scurf and putrefaction breeds;
 Such wars, such waste, such fiery tracts of dearth
 Their zeal has left, and such a teemless earth.
 But as the poisons of the deadliest kind
 Are to their own unhappy coasts confin'd; 230
 As only Indian shades of sight deprive,
 And magic plants will but in Colchos thrive;
 So Presbyt'ry and pestilential Zeal
 Can only flourish in a commonweal.
 From Celtic woods is chas'd the wolfish crew;
 But, ah! some pity e'en to brutes is due:
 Their native walks, methinks, they might enjoy,
 Curb'd of their native malice to destroy.
 Of all the tyrannies on human kind,
 The worst is that which persecutes the mind. 240

Let us but weigh at what offence we strike,
'Tis but because we cannot think alike.
In punishing of this we overthrow
The laws of nations and of Nature too.
Beasts are the subjects of tyrannic sway,
Where still the stronger on the weaker prey
Man only of a softer mold is made,
Not for his fellow's ruin, but their aid:
Created kind, beneficent, and free,
The noble image of the Deity.

One portion of informing fire was giv'n
To brutes, th' inferior family of Heav'n:
The smith Divine, as with a careless beat,
Struck out the mute creation at a heat;
But when arriv'd at last to human race,
The Godhead took a deep consid'ring space;
And, to distinguish man from all the rest,
Unlock'd the secret treasures of his breast,
And mercy, mix'd with reason, did impart,
One to his head, the other to his heart;
Reason to rule, but mercy to forgive;
The first is law, the last prerogative:
And like his mind his outward form appear'd
When, issuing naked to the wond'ring herd
He charm'd their eyes; and, for they lov'd
fear'd;

Not arm'd with horns of arbitrary might,
Or claws to seize their furry spoils in fight,
Or with increase of feett' o'ertake 'em in their

Of easy shape, and pliant ev'ry way,
 Confessing still the softness of his clay,
 And kind as kings upon their coronation day;
 With open hands, and with extended space
 Of arms, to satisfy a large embrace.

270

}

Thus kneaded up with milk, the new-made man
 His kingdom o'er his kindred world began:
 Till knowledge misapply'd, misunderstood,
 And pride of empire, sour'd his balmy blood:
 Then, first rebelling, his own stamp he coins,
 The murd'rer Cain was latent in his loins;
 And blood began its first and loudest cry,
 For differing worship of the Deity.

28

Thus Persecution rose, and farther space
 Produc'd the mighty hunter of his race.
 Not so the blessed Pan his flock increas'd,
 Content to fold 'em from the famish'd beast:
 Mild were his laws; the sheep and harmless Hind
 Were never of the persecuting kind.

Such pity now the pious pastor shows,
 Such mercy from the British Lion flows,
 That both provide protection from their foes.

29

Oh happy regions! Italy and Spain,
 Which never did those monsters entertain!
 The wolf, the bear, the boar, can there advance
 No native claim of just inheritance;
 And self-preserving laws, severe in show,
 May guard their fences from th' invading foe.

Dryden.]

I ij

Where birth has plac'd 'em, let 'em safely share
 The common benefit of vital air:
 Themselves unharmed, let them live unharmed,
 Their jaws disabled, and their claws disarm'd: 300
 Here, only in nocturnal howlings bold,
 They dare not seize the Hind, nor leap the fold:
 More pow'rful, and as vigilant as they,
 The Lion awfully forbids the prey:
 Their rage repress'd, tho' pinch'd with famine sore,
 They stand aloof, and tremble at his roar;
 Much is their hunger, but their fear is more.
 These are the chief; to number o'er the rest,
 And stand like Adam, naming ev'ry beast, 310
 Were weary work; nor will the Muse describe
 A slimy born and sun-begotten tribe,
 Who, far from steeples, and their sacred sound,
 In fields their sullen conventicles found.
 These gross, half-animated lumps I leave,
 Nor can I think what thoughts they can conceive;
 But if they think at all, 'tis sure no high'r
 Than matter, put in motion, may aspire:
 Souls that can scarce ferment their mass of clay,
 So drossy, so divisible are they, 320
 As would serve but pure bodies for allay:
 Such souls as sherds produce, such beetle things
 As only buz to heav'n with ev'ning wings;
 Strike in the dark, offending but by chance;
 Such are the blindfold blows of Ignorance:

THE HIND AND THE PANTHER.

They know not beings, and but hate a name ;
To them the Hind and Panther are the same.

The Panther, sure the noblest next the Hind,
And fairest creature of the spotted kind ;
Oh, could her in-born stains be wash'd away,
She were too good to be a beast of prey !
How can I praise, or blame, and not offend,
Or how divide the frailty from the friend ?
Her faults and virtues lie so mix'd, that she
Nor wholly stands condemn'd, nor wholly free ;
Then, like her injur'd Lion, let me speak ;
He cannot bend her, and he would not break.
Unkind already, and estrang'd in part,
The Wolf begins to share her wand'ring heart :
Though unpolluted yet with actual ill,
She half commits, who sins but in her will.
If, as our dreaming Platonists report,
There could be spirits of a middle sort,
Too black for heav'n, and yet too white for hell,
Who just drop'd half way down, nor lower fell ;
So pois'd, so gently, she descends from high,
It seems a soft dismissal from the sky.
Her house not ancient, whatsoe'er pretence
Her clergy heralds make in her defence ;
A second century not half-way run,
Since the new honours of her blood begun :
A lion old, obscene, and furious made
By lust, compress'd her mother in a shade ;

Then, by a left hand marriage, weds'the dame,
 Cov'ring adult'ry with a specious name;
 So Schism begot; and Sacrilege and she,
 A well match'd pair, got graceless Heresy.
 God's and kings' rebels have the same good cause
 To trample down divine and human laws:
 Both would be call'd Reformers, and their hate 360
 Alike destructive both to church and state:
 The fruit proclaims the plant; a lawless prince
 By luxury reform'd incontinence;
 By ruins charity; by riots abstinence;
 Confessions, fasts, and penance set aside:
 Oh with what ease we follow such a guide,
 Where souls are starv'd, and senses gratify'd!
 Where marriage-pleasures midnight pray'r supply,
 And matin bells, a melancholy cry,
 Are tun'd to merrier notes, increase and multiply.
 Religion shows a rosy-colour'd face, 371
 Not hatter'd out with drudging works of grace:

A down-hill reformation rolls apace.

What flesh and blood would crowd the narrow gate,
 Or, till they waste their pamper'd paunches, wait?
 All would be happy at the cheapest rate.

Through our lean faith these rigid laws has given,
 The full-fed Mussulman goes fat to heav'n;
 For his Arabian prophet with delights
 Of sense allur'd his eastern proselytes. 380

The jolly Luther, reading him, began
T' interpret Scriptures by his Alcoran;
To grub the thorns beneath our tender feet,
And make the paths of Paradise more sweet;
Bethought him of a wife e'er half-way gone,
(For 't was uneasy travelling alone)
And, in this masquerade of mirth and love,
Mistook the bliss of heav'n for Bacchanals above,
Sure he presum'd of praise, who came to stock
Th' ethereal pastures with so fair a flock, 390
Burnish'd, and bat'ning on their food, to show
Their diligence of careful herds below.

Our Panther, tho' like these she chang'd her head,
Yet as the mistress of a monarch's bed,
Her front erect with majesty she bore,
The crosier wielded, and the mitre wore.
Her upper part, of decent discipline,
Shew'd affectation of an ancient line;
And fathers, councils, church, and churches' head,
Were on her rev'rend phylacterics read:
But what disgrac'd and disavow'd the rest,
Was Calvin's brand, that stigmatiz'd the beast.
Thus like a creature of a double kind,
In her own labyrinth she lives confin'd;
To foreign lands no sound of her is come,
Humbly content to be despis'd at home,
Such is her faith, where good cannot be had,
At least she leaves the refuse of the bad;

Nice in her choice of ill, though not of best,
 And least deform'd, because deform'd the least. 410
 In doubtful points betwixt her diff'ring friends,
 Where one for substance, one for sign contends;
 Their contradicting terms she strives to join,
 Sign shall be substance, substance shall be sign:
 A real presence all her sons allow,
 And yet 't is flat idolatry to bow,
 Because the Godhead's there they know not how. }
 Her novices are taught that bread and wine
 Are but the visible and outward sign,
 Receiv'd by those who in communion join: 420 }
 But th' inward grace, or the thing signified,
 His blood and body, who to save us dy'd.
 The faithful this thing signified receive;
 What is't those faithful then partake or leave;
 For what is signified and understood,
 Is, by her own confession, flesh and blood,
 Then, by the same acknowledg'ment, we know
 They take the sign, and take the substance too.
 The lit'ral sense is hard to flesh and blood,
 But nonsense never can be understood. 430

Her wild belief on every wave is toss'd,
 But sure no church can better morals boast:
 True to her king her principles are found,
 Oh that her practice were but half so sound!
 Stedfast in various turns of state she stood,
 And seal'd her vow'd affection with her blood.

THE HIND AND THE PANTHER.

105

Nor will I meanly tax her constancy
That int'rest or obligation made the tie.
Bound to the fate of murder'd Monarchy,
Before the sounding axe so falls the vine,
Whose tender branches round the poplar twine;
She chose her ruin, and resign'd her life,
In death undaunted as an Indian wife;

}
440

A rare example! but some souls we see
Grow hard, and stiffen with adversity;
Yet these by Fortune's favours are undone;
Resolv'd into a baser form they run,
And bore the wind, but cannot bear the sun.
Let this be Nature's frailty, or her fate,
Or Isgrim's counsel, her new-chosen mate:
Still she's the fairest of the fallen crew,
No mother more indulgent but the true.

}
450

Fierce to her foes, yet fears her force to try,
Because she wants innate authority;
For how can she constrain them to obey,
Who has herself cast off the lawful sway?
Rebellion equals all, and those who toil
In common theft will share the common spoil.
Let her produce the title and the right
Against her old superiors first to fight;
If she reform by text, e'en that's as plain
For her own rebels to reform again.
As long as words a diff'rent sense will bear,
And each may be his own interpreter.

460

More liberty begets desire of more; 520
 The hunger still increases with the store :
 Without respect they brush'd along the wood,
 Each in his clan, and fill'd with loathsome food, }
 Ask'd no permission to the neighb'ring flood.
 The Panther, full of inward discontent,
 Since they would go, before them wisely went ;
 Supplying want of pow'r by drinking first,
 As if she gave 'em leave to quench their thirst,
 Among the rest, the Hind, with fearful face,
 Beheld from far the common wat'ring place, 530
 Nor durst approach, 'till with an awful roar,
 The sov'reign Lion bade her fear no more.
 Encourag'd thus she brought her younglings nigh,
 Watching the motion of her patron's eye,
 And drank a sober draught; the rest amaz'd,
 Stood mutely still, and on the stranger gaz'd.
 Survey'd her part by part, and sought to find }
 The ten-horn'd monster in the harmless Hind,
 Such as the Wolf and Panther had design'd. }
 They thought at first they dream'd; for 'twas offence
 With them to question certitude of sense, 541
 Their guide in faith; but nearer when they drew,
 And had the faultless object full in view,
 Lord, how they all admir'd her heavenly hue!
 Some, who before her fellowship disdain'd,
 Scarce, and but scarce, from in-born rage restrain'd,
 Now frisk'd about her, and old kindred feign'd.

THE HIND AND THE PANTHER.

109

Whether for love or int'rest, every sect
Of all the savage nation shew'd respect.
The viceroy Panther could not awe the herd; 550
The more the company, the less they fear'd.

The surly Wolf with secret envy burst,
Yet could not howl; the Hind had seen him first; }
But what he durst not speak, the Panther durst.

For when the herd, suffic'd, did late repair
To ferny heaths, and to their forest lair,
She made a mannerly excuse to stay,
Proff'ring the Hind to wait her half the way;
That, since the sky was clear, an hour of talk
Might help her to beguile the tedious walk. 560

Mith much good-will the motion was embrac'd,
To chat awhile on their adventures pass'd:
Nor had the grateful Hind so soon forgot
Her friend and fellow-suff'rer in the plot,
Yet wond'ring how of late she grew estrang'd,
Her forehead cloudy, and her count'nance chang'd,
She thought this hour th' occasion would present,
To learn her secret cause of discontent,
Which well she hop'd might be with ease redress'd, }
Considering her a well-bred civil beast, 570
And more a gentlewoman than the rest.
After some common talk what rumours ran,
The lady of the Spotted Muff began.

DAME, said the Panther,
Since late among the Phi
The toils were pitch'd, a
With expert huntsmen
Th' inclosure narrow'd,
Of hounds and death dro
'Tis true the younger
But all your priestly c
As sacrifices on their
While you their care
Not trusting Destin
For whate'er promis
To your unfailing c
Is four fair legs, in
And whate'er tale
Yet, saving rev'
The better luck v
I remembe

THE HIND AND THE PANTHER

Besides, in Popery they thought you nurs
As evil tongues will ever speak the worst
Because some forms, and ceremonies soon
You kept, and stood in the main question
Dumb you were born indeed; but think
The Test, it seems, at last, has loos'd you
And to explain what your forefathers meant
By real presence in the sacrament,
After long fencing push'd against a wall,
Your salvo comes, that he's not there at
There chang'd your faith, and what may
may fall.

Who can believe what varies every day,
Nor ever was, nor will be at a stay?

Tortures may force the tongue untruths
And I ne'er own'd myself infallible,
Reply'd the Panther; grant such presence
Yet in your sense I never own'd it there.
A real virtue we by faith receive,
And that we in the sacrament believe.

Then said the Hind, as you the matter state
Not only Jesuits can equivocate:
For real, as you now the word expound,
From solid substance dwindles to a sound
Methinks an Æsop's fable you repeat:
You know who took the shadow for the man
Your church's substance thus you change
And yet retain your former figure still.

Dryden.]

K ij

I freely grant you spoke to save your life,
For then you lay beneath the butcher's knife.
Long time you fought, redoubl'd batt'ry bore,
But, after all, against yourself you swore;
Your former self; for every hour your form
Is chop'd and chang'd, like winds before a storm.
Thus feat and int'rest will prevail with some,
For all have not the gift of martyrdom.

The Panther grinn'd at this, and thus reply'd:
That men may err was never yet deny'd:
But, if that common principle be true,
The canon, Dame, is levell'd full at you.
But shunning long disputes, I fain would see
That wondrous wight Infallibility:
Is he from heav'n, this mighty champion, come,
Or lodg'd below in subterranean Rome?
First seat him somewhere and derive his race,
Or else conclude that nothing has no place.

Suppose, though I disown it, said the Hind,
The certain mansion were not yet assign'd,
The doubtful residence no proof can bring
Against the plain existence of the thing.
Because philosophers may disagree,
If sight b' emission or reception be,
Shall it be thence inferr'd I do not see?
But you require an answer positive,
Which yet, when I demand, you dare not give,
For fallacies in universals live,

affirm that this unfailing guide,
 e and gen'ral councils must reside;
 wful, both combin'd; what one decrees
 n'rous votes, the other ratifies:
 undoubted sense the church relies.
 e some doctors in a scantier space,
 in each apart, contract the place:
 who to greater length extend the line,
 arches' after acceptation join.
 st circumference appears too wide;
 urch diffus'd is by the council ty'd;
 nbers, by their representatives
 to laws which prince and senate gives.
 me contract, and some enlarge the space;
 and council who denies the place,
 d from above with God's unfailing grace;
 anons all the needful points contain,
 ense so obvious, and their words so plain,
 disputes about the doubtful text,
 therto the lab'ring world perplex'd;
 ould in after-times appear,
 ncils must be call'd to make the meaning clear;
 in them the pow'r supreme resides,
 the promises are to the guides.
 y be taught with sound and safe defence;
 k how sandy is your own pretence,
 etting councils, pope, and church aside,
 y man his own presuming guide.

The sacred books, you say, are full and plain,
And every needful point of truth contain: 110
All who can read interpreters may be :
Thus, though your several churches disagree,
Yet ev'ry saint has to himself alone,
The secret of this philosophic stone.
These principles your jarring sects unite,
When diff'ring doctors and disciples fight.
Though Luther, Zuinglius, Calvin, holy chiefs,
Have made a battle royal of beliefs;
Or like wild horses sev'ral ways have whirl'd
The tortur'd text about the Christian world. 120
Each Jehu lashing on with furious force,
That Turk or Jew could not have us'd it worse;
No matter what dissention leaders make,
Where every private man may save a stake ;
Rul'd by the Scripture and his own advice,
Each has a blind by-path to Paradise ;
Where driving in a circle slow or fast,
Opposing sects are sure to meet at last.
A wondrous charity you have in store
For all reform'd to pass the narrow door ; 130 }
So much, that Mahomet had scarcely more :
For he, kind prophet, was for damning none,
But Christ and Moses were to save their own :
Himself was to secure his chosen race,
Tho' reason good for Turks to take the place.

And he allow'd to be the better man,
In virtue of his holier Alcoran.

True, said the Panther, I shall ne'er deny
My brethren may be sav'd as well as I:
Though Huguenots condemn our ordination, 140
Succession, ministerial vocation,
And Luther, more mistaking what he read,
Misjoins the sacred body with the bread;
Yet, Lady, still remember I maintain
The Word in needful points is only plain.

Needless or needful, I not now contend,
For still you have a loop-hole for a friend,
Rejoin'd the matron; but the rule you lay
Has led whole flocks, and leads them still, astray }
In weighty points, and full damnation's way:
For did not Arius first, Socinus now,
The Son's eternal Godhead disavow?
And did not these by gospel-texts alone
Condemn our doctrine, and maintain their own?
Have not all heretics the same pretence
To plead the Scriptures in their own defence?
How did the Nicene council then decide
That strong debate? was it by Scripture try'd?
No, sure; to that the rebel would not yield;
Squadrons of texts he marshal'd in the field: 160
That was but Civil war, an equal set,
Where piles with piles, and eagles eagles met.

With texts point blank and plain he fac'd the foe
And did not Satan tempt our Saviour so?
The good old bishops took a simpler way;
Each ask'd but what he heard his father say,
Or how he was instructed in his youth,
And by tradition's force upheld the truth.

The Panther smil'd at this: And when, said'st
Were those first councils disallow'd by me?
Or where did I at sure tradition strike,
Provided still it were apostolic?

Friend, said the Hind, you quit your former ground
Where all your faith you did on Scripture found
Now 'tis tradition join'd with holy writ;
But thus your memory betrays your wit.

No, said the Panther; for in that I view
When your tradition's forg'd, and when 'tis true
I set 'em by the rule, and as they square,
Or deviate from undoubted doctrine there,
This oral fiction, that old faith declare.

HTSD. The council steer'd, it seems, a different course
They try'd the Scripture by tradition's force;

**But you tradition by the Scripture try;
Pursu'd by sects, from this to that you fly,
Nor dare on one foundation to rely.**

**The Word is then depos'd, and in this view,
You rule the Scripture, not the Scripture you.**

Thus, said the Dame, and, smiling, thus pursu'd
I see tradition then is disallow'd.

When not evinc'd by Scripture to be true,
And Scripture, as interpreted by you;
But here you tread upon unfaithful ground,
Unless you could infallibly expound:
Which you reject as odious Popery,
And throw that doctrine back with scorn on me.
Suppose we on things traditive divide,
And both appeal to Scripture to decide:
By various texts we both uphold our claim,
Nay, often ground our titles on the same: 200
After long labour lost, and time's expence,
Both grant the words, and quarrel for the sense.
Thus all disputes for ever must depend,
For no dumb rule can controversies end.
Thus, when you said tradition must be try'd
By sacred writ, whose sense yourselves decide,
You said no more but that yourselves must be
The judges of the Scripture sense, not we.
Against our church-tradition you declare,
And yet your clerks would sit in Moses' chair: 210
At least 'tis prov'd against your argument,
The rule is far from plain where all dissent.
If not by Scriptures, how can we be sure,
Reply'd the Panther, what tradition's pure?
For you may palm upon us new for old:
All as they say, that glitters is not gold.
How but by foll'wing her, reply'd the Dame,
To whom deriv'd from sire to son they came;

Where every age does one another move,
And trusts no father than the next above ; 220
Where all the rounds like Jacob's ladder rise,
The lowest hid in earth, the topmost in the skies ?

Sternly the savage did her answer mark,
Her glowing eyeballs glitt'ring in the dark,
And said but this : Since lucre was your trade,
Succeeding times such dreadful gapes have made,
'Tis dangerous climbing ; to your sons and you
I leave the ladder, and its omen too.

HIND. The Panther's breath was ever fam'd for sweet,
But from the Wolf such wishes oft I meet ; 230

You learn'd this language from the blatant beast,
Or rather did not speak, but were possess'd.

As for your answer, 'tis but barely urg'd,

You must evince tradition to be forg'd ;

Produce plain proofs, unblemish'd authors use

As ancient as those ages they accuse ;

Till when, 'tis not sufficient to defame ;

An old possession stands till elder quits the claim.

Then for our int'rest, which is nam'd alone

To load with envy, we retort your own : 240

For when traditions in your faces fly,

Resolving not to yield, you must decry :

As when the cause goes hard, the guilty man

Excepts, and thins his jury all he can ;

So when you stand of other aid bereft,

You to the Twelve Apostles would be left.

Your friend, the Wolf, did with more craft provide
 To set these toys, traditions, quite aside;
 And Fathers too, unless when, reason spent,
 He cites 'em but sometimes for ornament. 250
 But Madam Panther, you though more sincere,
 Are not so wise as your adulterer;
 The private spirit is a better blind
 Than all the dodging tricks your authors find:
 For they, who left the Scripture to the crowd,
 Each for his own peculiar judge allow'd,
 The way to please 'em was to make them proud. }
 Thus with full sails they ran upon the shelf;
 Who could suspect a coz'nage from himself?
 On his own reason safer 'tis to stand, 260
 Than be deceiv'd and damn'd at second-hand:
 But you, who Fathers and traditions take,
 And garble some, and some you quite forsake,
 Pretending church-authority to fix,
 And yet some grains of private spirit mix,
 Are, like a mule, made up of diff'ring seed,
 And that's the reason why you never breed;
 At least not propagate your kind abroad,
 For home Dissenters are by statutes aw'd:
 And yet they grow upon you every day, 270
 While you (to speak the best) are at a stay,
 For sects, that are extremes, abhor a middle way.
 Like tricks of state, to stop a raging flood,
 Or mollify a mad-brain'd senate's mood:
 Of all expedients never one was good.

Well may they argue, nor can you deny,
If we must fix on church-authority,
Best on the best, the fountain, not the flood,
That must be better still if this be good.
Shall she command who has herself rebell'd?
Is Antichrist by Antichrist expell'd?
Did we a lawful tyranny displace,
To set aloft a bastard of the race?
Why all these wars to win the Book, if we
Must not interpret for ourselves, but she?
Either be wholly slaves, or wholly free.
For purging fires traditions must not fight,
But they must prove Episcopacy's right.
Thus those led horses are from service freed,
You never mount 'em but in time of need:
Like mercenaries, hir'd for home-defence,
They will not serve against their native prince.
Against domestic foes of hierarchy
These are drawn forth to make Fanatics fly;
But, when they see their countrymen at hand,
Marching against 'em under church-command,
Straight they forsake their colour, and disband.

Thus she, nor could the Panther well enlarge
With weak defence against so strong a charge,
But said; For what did Christ his Word provide,
If still his church must want a living guide?
And if all saving doctrines are not there,
Or sacred penmen could not make 'em clear,

From after-ages we should hope in vain
For truths, which men inspir'd could not explain.

Before the Word was written, said the Hind,
Our Saviour preach'd his faith to human-kind:
From his Apostles the first age receiv'd
Eternal truth, and what they taught believ'd.
Thus by tradition faith was planted first, 310
Succeeding flocks succeeding pastors nurs'd.
This was the way our wise redeemer chose,
Who sure could all things for the best dispose, }
To fence his fold from their encroaching foes.
He could have writ himself, but well foresaw
Th' event would be like that of Moses' law;
Some diff'rence would arise, some doubts remain,
Like those which yet the jarring Jews maintain.
No written laws can be so plain, so pure,
But wit may gloss, and malice may obscure; 320
Not those indited by his first command,
A prophet grav'd the text, an angel held his hand.
Thus faith was ere the written word appear'd,
And men believ'd, not what they read, but heard;
But since th' Apostles could not be confin'd
To these or those, but sev'rally design'd
Their large commission round the world to blow,
To spread their faith, they spread their labours too:
Yet still their absent flock their pains did share,
They hearken'd still, for love produces care; 330

And as mistakes arose, or discords fell,
Or bold seducers taught them to rebel,
As charity grew cold, or faction hot,
Or long neglect their lessons had forgot,
For all their wants they wisely did provide,
And preaching by epistles was supply'd:
So great physicians cannot all attend,
But some they visit, and to some they send.
Yet all those letters were not writ to all,
Nor first intended but occasional,
Their absent sermons; nor if they contain
All needful doctrines, are those doctrines plain.
Clearness by frequent preaching must be wrought;
They writ but seldom, but they daily taught;
And what one saint has said of holy Paul,
"He darkly writ," is true apply'd to all.
For this obscurity could Heav'n provide
More prudently than by a living guide,
As doubts arose, the diff'rence to decide?
A guide was therefore needful, therefore made,
And, if appointed, sure to be obey'd.
Thus with due rev'rence to th' Aposles' writ,
By which my sons are taught, to which submit,
I think those truths their sacred works contain
The church alone can certainly explain;
That following ages, leaning on the past,
May rest upon the primitive at last.

349

350

THE HIND AND THE PANTHER.

123

would I thence the Word no rule infer,
none without the church-interpreter;
use, as I have urg'd before, 'tis mute, 360
is itself the subject of dispute.

What th' Apostles their successors taught,
to the next from them to us is brought:
undoubted sense which is in Scripture sought.
Hence the church is arm'd, when errors rise.
Oppose their entrance, and prevent surprise,
Safe intrench'd within, her foes without defies.
These, all-fest'ring sores her councils heal,
Which time or has disclos'd, or shall reveal;
Discord cannot end without a last appeal.

Can a council national decide, 371
With subordination to her guide;
If the cause were on that issue try'd:
Unless the Scripture; for suppose debate
With pretenders to a fair estate.

Swath'd by some legator's last intent,
(Is our dying Saviour's testament)
Which is prov'd, is open'd, and is read;
Doubtful heirs their differing titles plead;
Tough the words their int'rest to maintain, 380
Each pretends by those his cause is plain:
Shall then the testament award the right?
That's the Hungary for which they fight:
Field of battle, subject of debate;
Which is contended for the fair estate.

[den.]

L ij

The sense is intricate, 'tis only clear
 What vowels and what consonants are there :
 Therefore tis plain its meaning must be try'd
 Before some judge appointed to decide.

Suppose, the fair Apostate said, I grant 390
 The faithful flock some living guide should want,
 Your arguments an endless chase pursue :
 Produce this vaunted leader to our view,
 This mighty Moses of the chosen crew. }

The Dame, who saw her fainting foe retir'd,
 With force renew'd, to victory aspir'd;
 And, looking upward to her kindred sky,
 As once our Saviour own'd his deity,
 Pronounc'd his words---"She whom ye seek am I."
 Nor less amaz'd this voice the Panther heard, 400
 Than were those Jews to hear a God declar'd;
 Then thus the Matron modestly renew'd :
 Let all your prophets and their sects be view'd,
 And see to which of them yourselves think fit
 The conduct of your conscience to submit :
 Each proselyte would vote his doctor best,
 With absolute exclusion to the rest:
 Thus would your Polish diet disagree,
 And end as it began in anarchy:

Yourself the fairest for election stand, 410
 Because you seem crown-gen'ral of the land;
 But soon against your superstitious lawn
 Some Presbyterian sabre would be drawn.

In your establish'd laws of sov'reignty,
The rest some fundamental law would see,
And call rebellion Gospel-liberty.

}

To church-decrees your articles require
Submission mollify'd, if not entire.

Homage deny'd, to censures you proceed;
But when Curtana will not do the deed,

420

You lay that pointless clergy-weapon by,
And to the laws, your sword of justice, fly.
Now this your sects the more unkindly take,
(Those prying varlets hit the blots you make)

Because some ancient friends of yours declare,
Your only rule of faith the Scriptures are,

Interpreted by men of judgment sound,
Which every sect will for themselves expound;

Nor thinks less rev'rence to their doctors due
For sound interpretation, than to you.

430

If then, by able heads, are understood

Your brother prophets, who reform'd abroad,

Those able heads expound a wiser way,

That their own sheep their shepherd should obey:

But if you mean yourselves are only sound,

That doctrine turns the reformation round,

And all the rest are false reformers found;

Because in sundry points you stand alone,

Not in communion join'd with any one,

And therefore must be all the church, or none. 440

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}
}

Then, till you have agreed whose judge is best,
 Against this forc'd submission they protest ;
 While sound and sound a diff'rent sense explains,
 Both play at hard-head till they break their brains ;
 And from their chairs each others force defy,
 While unregarded thunders vainly fly.

I pass the rest, because your church alone,
 Of all usurpers, best could fill the throne :

But neither you, nor any sect beside,

For this high office can be qualify'd

With necessary gifts requir'd in such a guide.

450

For that which must direct the whole must be

Bound in one bond of faith and unity ;

But all your several churches disagree.

The consubstantiating church and priest

Refuse communion to the Calvinist :

The French reform'd from preaching you restrain,

Because you judge their ordination vain ;

[dain,

And so they judge of your's ; but donors must or-

In short, in doctrine, or in discipline,

460

Not one reform'd can with another join ;

But all from each, as from damnation, fly ;

No union they pretend but in Non-popery :

Nor, should their members in a synod meet,

Could any church presume to mount the seat

Above the rest their discords to decide ;

None would obey, but each would be the guide :

And face to face, dissensions would increase;

For only distance now preserves the peace.

All in their turns accusers, and accus'd, 479

Babel was never half so much confus'd,

What one can plead, the rest can plead as well;

For amongst equals lies no last appeal,

And all confess themselves are fallible,

Now since you grant some necessary guide,

All who can err are justly laid aside;

Because a trust so sacred to confer,

Shews want of such a sure interpreter;

And how can he be needful who can err?

Then granting that unerring guide we want, 480

That such there is you stand oblig'd to grant;

Our Saviour else were wanting to supply

Our needs, and obviate that necessity.

It then remains that church can only be

The guide, which owns unfailing certainty:

Or else you slip your hold, and change your side,

Relapsing from a necessary guide.

But this annex'd condition of the crown,

Immunity from errors, you disown: [down.

Here then you shrink, and lay your weak pretensions

For petty royalties you raise debate; 491

But this unfailing universal state

You shun, nor dare succeed to such a glorious weight;

And for that cause those promises detest,

With which our Saviour did his church invest;

But strive t' evade, and fear to find them true,
As conscious they were never meant to you:
All which the mother-church asserts her own,
And with unrivall'd claim ascends the throne:
So when of old th' Almighty Father sate 500
In council, to redeem our ruin'd state,
Millions of millions, at a distance round,
Silent the sacred consistory, crown'd, [pound; }
To hear what mercy, mix'd with justice, could pro- }
All prompt with eager pity to fulfil
The full extent of their Creator's will:
But when the stern conditions were declar'd,
A mournful whisper through the host was heard,
And the whole hierarchy, with heads hung down,
Submissively declin'd the pond'rous proffer'd crown.
Then, not till then, th' eternal Son from high, 511
Rose in the strength of all the Deity,
Stood forth t' accept the terms, and underwent
A weight, which all the frame of heav'n had bent,
Nor he himself could bear, but as Omnipotent.
Now, to remove the least remaining doubt,
That e'en the blear-eyed sects may find her out,
Behold what heav'nly rays adorn her brows,
What from his wardrobe her belov'd allows,
To deck the wedding-day of his unspotted spouse,
Behold what marks of majesty she brings,
Richer than ancient heirs of eastern kings:



THE HIND AND THE PANTHER.

Her right hand holds the sceptre and the keys,
To shew whom she commands, and who obeys :
With these to bind, or set the sinner free,
With that t' assert spiritual royalty.

One in herself, not rent by schism, but sound,
Entire, one solid shining diamond ;
Not sparkles, shatter'd into sects like you :
One is the church, and must be, to be true :
One central principle of unity,
As undivided, so from errors free,
As one in faith, so one in sanctity.
Thus she, and none but she, th' insulting rage
Of heretics oppos'd from age to age :
Still when the giant-brood invades her throne, 't
She stoops from heav'n, and meets 'em half w
down,

And with paternal thunder vindicates her crown.
But like Egyptian sorcerers you stand, 5
And vainly lift aloft your magic wand,
To sweep away the swarms of vermin, from th
land :

You could like them, with like infernal force,
Produce the plague, but not arrest the course :
But when the boils and blotches, with disgrace
And public scandal sat upon the face,
Themselves attack'd, the magi strove no more,
They saw God's finger, and their fate deplore ;
Themselves they could not cure of the dishonest so:

Thus one, thus pure, behold her largely spread,
Like the fair ocean from her mother-bed ;
From east to west triumphantly she rides,
All shores are water'd by her wealthy tides,
The Gospel-sound, diffus'd from pole to pole,
Where winds can carry, and where waves can roll,
The self same doctrine of the sacred page,
Convey'd to ev'ry clime, in ev'ry age.

Here let my sorrow give my satire place,
To raise new blushes on my British race ; 560
Our sailing ships like common sewers we use,
And through our distant colonies diffuse
The draught of dungeons, and the stench of stews :
Whom, when their home-bred honesty is lost,
We disemboque on some far Indian coast :
Thieves, panders, paillards, sins of ev'ry sort,
Those are the manufactures we export ;
And these the missionaries our zeal has made :
For, with my country's pardon be it said,
Religion is the least of all our trade. 570

Yet some improve their traffic more than we ;
For they on gain, their only god, rely,
And set a public price on piety.
Industrious of the needle and the chart,
They run full sail to their Japonian mart:
Prevention, fear, and prodigal of fame,
Sell all of Christian to the very name,
Nor leave enough of that to hide their naked shame.

Thus of these marks which in the creed we view,
Not one of all can be apply'd to you; 580

Much less the fourth: in vain, alas! you seek
Th' ambitious title of Apostolic:

Godlike descent! 'tis well your blood can be
Prov'd noble in the third or fourth degree:

For all of ancient that you had before,
(I mean what is not borrow'd from our store)
Was error fulminated o'er and o'er; }

Old heresies condemn'd in ages past,
By ease and time recover'd from the blast.

'Tis said with ease, but never can be prov'd, 590
The church her old foundations has remov'd,

And built new doctrines on unstable sands:

Judge that, ye Winds and Rains: you prov'd her, yet
she stands.

Those ancient doctrines charg'd on her for new,
Shew when, and how, and from what hands they grew.

We claim no pow'r, when heresies grow bold,
To coin new faith, but still declare the old:

How else could that obscene disease be purg'd,
When controverted texts are vainly urg'd?

To prove tradition new, there's somewhat more 600
Requir'd than saying, 'twas not used before.

Those monumental arms are never stirr'd,
Till schism or heresy call down Goliath's sword.

Thus what you call corruptions are, in truth,
The first plantations of the Gospel's youth;

Old standard faith : but cast your eyes again,
And view those errors which new sects maintain,
Or which of old disturb'd the church's peaceful
reign :

And we can point each period of the time
When they began, and who begot the crime ;
Can calculate how long th' eclipse endur'd,
Who inferpos'd, what digits were obscur'd :
Of all which are already pass'd away,
We know the rise, the progress, and decay.

Despair at our foundations then to strike,
Till you can prove your faith apostolic ;
A limpid stream drawn from the native source ;
Succession lawful in a lineal course.
Prove any Church, oppos'd to this our head,
So one, so pure, so unconfin'dly spread,
Under one chief of the spiritual state,
The members all combin'd, and all subordinate :
Shew such a seamless coat, from schism so free,
In no communion join'd with heresy.

If such a one you find, let truth prevail ;
Till when, your weights will in the balance fail ;
A church unprincipled kicks up the scale.

But if you cannot think (nor sure you can
Suppose in God what were unjust in man)
That he, the fountain of eternal grace,
Should suffer falsehood, for so long a space,
To banish truth, and to usurp her place ;

That sev'n successive ages should be lost,
And preach damnation at their proper cost ;
That all your erring ancestors should die,
Drown'd in th' abyss of deep idolatry :
If piety forbid such thoughts to rise,
Awake, and open your unwilling eyes ;
God hath left nothing for each age undone, 639
From this to that wherein he sent his Son ; [done.
Then think but well of him, and half your work is
See how his church, adorn'd with ev'ry grace,
With open arms, a kind forgiving face,
Stands ready to prevent her long-lost son's embrace.
Not more did Joseph o'er his brethren weep,
Nor less himself could from discov'ry keep,
When in the crowd of suppliants they were seen,
And in their crew his best-belov'd Benjamin.
That pious Joseph in the church behold,
To feed your famine, and refuse your gold ; 650
The Joseph you exil'd, the Joseph whom you sold.
Thus, while with heav'nly charity she spoke,
A streaming blaze the silent shadows broke,
Shot from the skies, a cheerful azure light ;
The birds obscene to forests wing'd their flight,
And gaping graves receiv'd the wand'ring guilty
spright.

Such were the pleasing triumphs of the sky
For James his late nocturnal victory ;

The pledge of his almighty Patron's love,
The fireworks which his angels made above. 600

I saw myself the lambent easy light
Gild the brown horror, and dispel the night;
The messenger with speed the tidings bore;
News which three lab'ring nations did restore;
But Heav'n's own nuncius was arriv'd before.

By this the Hind had reach'd her lonely cell,
And vapours rose, and dews unwholesome fell:
When she, by frequent observation wise,
As one who long on heav'n had fix'd her eyes,
Discern'd a change of weather in the skies. 670

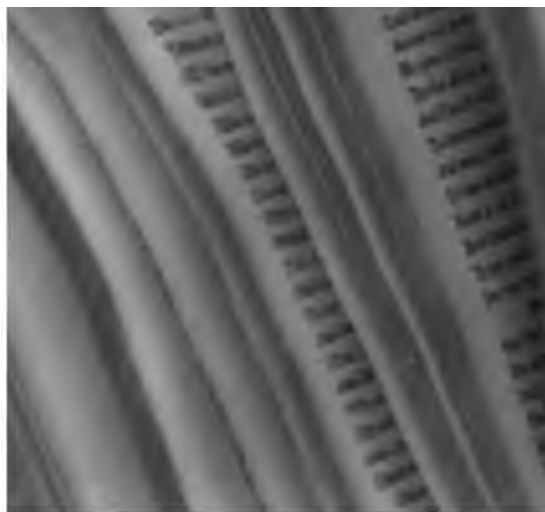
The western borders were with crimson spread,
The moon descending look'd all flaming red;
She thought good manners bound her to invite
The stranger dame to be her guest that night.
'Tis true coarse diet, and a short repast,
She said, were weak inducements to the taste
Of one so nicely bred, and so unus'd to fast;
But what plain fare her cottage could afford,
A hearty welcome at a homely board,
Was freely her's; and, to supply the rest, 680
An honest meaning, and an open breast:
Last, with content of mind, the poor man's wealth,
A grace-cup to their common patron's health.
This she desir'd her to accept, and stay,
For fear she might be wilder'd in her way.

Because she wanted an unerring guide,
And then the dew-drops on her silken hide,
Her tender constitution did declare,
Too lady-like a long fatigue to bear,
And rough inclemencies of raw nocturnal air: 690
But most she fear'd that, travelling so late,
Some evil-minded beasts might lie in wait,
And without witness wreak their hidden hate.

The Panther, though she lent a list'ning ear,
Had more of lion in her than to fear;
Yet wisely weighing, since she had to deal
With many foes, their numbers might prevail;
Return'd her all the thanks she could afford,
And took her friendly hostess at her word;
Who ent'ring first her lowly roof, a shed 700
With hoary moss, and winding ivy spread,
Honest enough to hide an humble hermit's head,
Thus graciously bespoke her welcome guest;
So might these walls, with your fair presence blest,
Become your dwelling-place of everlasting rest;
Not for a night, or quick revolving year,
Welcome an owner, not a sojourner;
This peaceful seat my poverty secures;
War seldom enters but where wealth allures:
Nor yet despise it; for this poor abode 710
Has oft receiv'd, and yet receives a god;
A god victorious, of a Stygian race,
Here laid his sacred limbs, and sanctified the place.

Dryden.]

M ij



This mean retreat did mighty Pan contain :
Be emulous of him, and pomp disdain,
And dare not to debase your soul to gain.

The silent stranger stood amaz'd to see
Contempt of wealth, and wilful poverty ;
And, though ill habits are not soon control'd,
A while suspended her desire of gold :
But civilly drew in her sharpen'd paws,
Not violating hospitable laws,
And pacify'd her tail, and lick'd her frothy jaws.

The Hind did first her country cates provide,
Then couch'd herself securely by her side,

THE HIND AND THE PANTHER.

P A R T III.

Much malice mingled with a little wit,
Perhaps may censure this mysterious writ;
Because the Muse has peopled Caledon [known,
With panthers, bears, and wolves, and beasts un-
As if we were not stock'd with monsters of our own.
Let Æsop answer, who has set to view
Such kinds as Greece and Phrygia never knew;
And Mother Hubbard, in her homely dress,
Has sharply blam'd a British lioness;
That queen, whose feast the factious rabble keep, 10
Expos'd obscenely naked and asleep.
Led by those great examples, may not I
The wanted organs of their words supply?
If men transact like brutes, 'tis equal then
For brutes to claim the privilege of men.

Others our Hind of folly will indite,
To entertain a dang'rous guest by night:
Let those remember that she cannot die,
Till rolling time is lost in round eternity;
Nor need she fear the Panther, though untam'd, 20
Because the Lion's peace was now proclaim'd:
The wary savage would not give offence,
To forfeit the protection of her prince;

M Wj

But watch'd the time her vengeance to complete,
When all her furry sons in frequent senate met.
Meanwhile she quench'd her fury at the flood,
And with a lenten sallad cool'd her blood.

Their commons, tho' but coarse, were nothing scant,
Nor did their minds an equal banquet want.

For now the Hind, whose noble nature strove 30
T' express her plain simplicity of love,
Did all the honours of her house so well,
No sharp debates disturb'd the friendly meal.
She turn'd the talk, avoiding that extreme,
To common dangers past, a sadly pleasing theme;
Rememb'ring every storm which toss'd the state,
When both were objects of the public hate, }
And dropt a tear betwixt for her own children's fate. }

Nor fail'd she then a full review to make,
Of what the Panther suffer'd for her sake : 40
Her lost esteem, her truth, her loyal care,
Her faith unshaken to an evil'd heir,
Her strength t' endure, her courage to defy ;
Her choice of honourable infamy.

On these, prolixly thankful, she enlarg'd,
Then with acknowledgment herself she charg'd :
For friendship, of itself an holy tie,
Is made more sacred by adversity.

Now should they part, malicious tongues would say
They met like chance companions on the way, 50

Whom mutual fear of robbers had possess'd ;
 While danger lasted, kindness was profess'd ;
 But that once o'er, the short liv'd union ends :
 The road divides, and there divide the friends.

The Panther nodded when her speech was done,
 And thank'd her coldly in a hollow tone :
 But said her gratitude had gone too far
 For common offices of Christian care.

If to the lawful heir she had been true,
 She paid but Cæsar what was Cæsar's due.
 I might, she added, with like praise describe
 Your suff'ring sons, and so return your bribe :
 But incense from my hands is poorly priz'd ;
 For gifts are scorn'd where givers are despis'd.

I serv'd a turn, and then was cast away ;
 You, like the gaudy fly, your wings display,
 And sip the sweets, and bask in your great pa-
 tron's day.

This heard, the Matron was not slow to find
 What sort of malady had seiz'd her mind :
 Disdain, with gnawing Envy, fell Despight,
 And canker'd Malice, stood in open sight :
 Ambition, Int'rest, Pride without control,
 And Jealousy, the jaundice of the soul ;
 Revenge, the bloody minister of ill,

With all the lean tormentors of the will,
 'Twa easy now to guess from whence arose
 A new-made union with her ancient foes,

Her forc'd civilities, her faint embrace,
 Affected kindness, with an'alter'd face:
 Yet durst she not too deeply probe the wound, 86
 As hoping still the nobler parts were sound;
 But strove with anodynes t' assuage the smart,
 And mildly thus her med'cine did impart.

Complaints of lovers help to ease their pain;
 It shows a rest of kindness to complain;
 A friendship loath to quit its former hold;
 And conscious merit may be justly bold:
 But much more just your jealousy would shew,
 If others' good were injury to you:
 Witness ye Heav'ns, how I rejoice to see 90
 Rewarded worth and rising loyalty.
 Your warrior offspring that upheld the crown,
 The scarlet honour of your peaceful gown,
 Are the most pleasing objects I can find,
 Charms to my sight, and cordials to my mind:
 When Virtue spumes before a prosp'rous gale,
 My heaving wishes help to fill the sail;
 And if my pray'rs for all the brave were heard,
 Cæsar should still have such, and such should still
 reward. 99

The labour'd earth your pains have sow'd and till'd;
 'Tis just you reap the product of the field:
 Your's be the harvest, 'tis the begger's gain
 To glean the fallings of the loaded wain.

Such scatter'd ears as are not worth your care,
 Your charity for alms may safely spare,
 For alms are but the vehicles of pray'r.
 My daily bread is lit'rally implor'd ;
 I have no barns nor granaries to hoard.
 If Cæsar to his own his hand extends,
 Say, which of yours his charity offends : 110
 You know he largely gives to more than are his
 friends. }

Are you defrauded when he speeds the poor ?
 Our mitre decreases nothing of your store.
 I am but few, and by your face you see
 My crying sins are not of luxury,
 Some juster motive sure your mind withdraws,
 And makes you break our friendship's holy laws ;
 For barefac'd envy is too base a cause. }

Shew more occasion for your discontent ;
 Your love, the Wolf, would help you to invent :
 Some German quarrel or as times go now, 121
 Some French, where force is uppermost, will do.
 When at the fountain's head, as merit ought
 To claim the place, you take a swilling draught,
 How easy 'tis an envious eye to throw,
 And tax the sheep for troubling streams below ;
 Or call her (when no farther cause you find)
 An enemy profess'd of all your kind ;
 But then, perhaps, the wicked world would think
 The Wolf design'd to eat as well as drink. 130

This last illusion gall'd the Panther more,
Because, indeed, it rubb'd upon the sore:
Yet seem'd she not to winch, tho' shrewdly pain'd,
But thus her passive character maintain'd.

I never grudg'd whate'er my foes report,
Your flaunting fortune in the lion's court.
You have your day, or you are much bely'd,
But I am always on the suff'ring side:
You know my doctrine, and I need not say
I will not, but I cannot disobey.

143

On this firm principle I ever stood,
He of my sons who fails to make it good,
By one rebellious act renounces to my blood.

Ah! said the Hind, how many sons have you,
Who call you mother whom you never knew?
But most of them, who that relation plead,
Are such ungracious youths as wish you dead.

They gape at rich revenues which you hold,
And fain would nibble at your grandame Gold;

Inquire into our years and laugh to find

150

Your crazy temper shews you much declin'd.

Were you not dim, and doted, you might see

A pack of cheats that claim a pedigree,

No more of kin to you than you to me.

Do you not know that, for a little coin,

Heralds can foist a name into the line?

They ask you blessing but for what you have,

But once possess'd of what with care you save,

The wanton boys would piss upon your grave.



Your sons of latitude that court your grace, 160 }
 Tho' most resembling you in form and face,
 Are far the worst of your pretended race ;
 And, but I blush your honesty to blot,
 Pray God you prove 'em lawfully begot :
 For in some Popish libels I have read,
 The wolf has been too busy in your bed ;
 At least her hinder parts, the belly-piece,
 The paunch, and all the scorpio claims are his.
 Their malice too a sore suspicion brings ;
 For tho' they dare not bark, they snarl at kings :
 Nor blame 'em for intruding in your line ;
 Fat bishopricks are still of right divine.

Think you your new French proselytes are come
 To starve abroad, because they starv'd at home ?
 Your benefices twinkled from afar ;
 They found the new Messiah by the star :
 Those Swisses fight on any side for pay,
 And 'tis the living that conforms, not they.
 Mark with what management their tribes divide :
 Some stick to you, and some to t' other side,
 That many churches may for many months pro-
 vide. }

More vacant pulpits would more converts make ;
 All would have latitude enough to take ;
 The rest unbenefic'd your sects maintain ;
 For ordinations without cures are vain,
 And chamber practice is a silent gain.

Your sons of breadth at home are much like these;
Their soft and yielding metals run with ease;
They melt, and take the figure of the mould,
But harden, and preserve it best in gold. 190

Your Delphic sword, the Panther then reply'd,
Is double-edg'd, and cuts on either side.
Some sons of mine, who bear upon their shield
Three steeples argent in a sable field,
Have sharply tax'd your converts, who, unfed,
Have follow'd you for miracles of bread;
Such who themselves of no religion are,
Allur'd with gain, for any will declare;
Bare lies with bold assertions they can face,
But dint of argument is out of place: 200
The grim logician puts'em in a fright;
'Tis easier far to flourish than to fight.
Thus our eighth Henry's marriage they defame;
They say the schism of beds began the game,
Divorcing from the church to wed the dame:
Tho' largely prov'd, and by himself profess'd,
That conscience, conscience would not let him rest;
I mean not till possess'd of her he lov'd,
And old uncharming Catharine was remov'd.
For sundry years before he did complain, 210
And told his ghostly confessor his pain;
With the same imprudence, without a ground,
They say, that look the reformation round,
No Treatise of Humility is found:

But if none were, the Gospel does not want ;
 Our Saviour preach'd it, and I hope you grant
 His sermon on the mount was Protestant.

No doubt, reply'd the Hind, as sure as all
 The writings of St. Peter and St. Paul ;
 On that decision let it stand or fall. 220
 Now, for my converts, who, you say, unfed,
 Have follow'd me for miracles of bread ;
 Judge not by hear-say, but observe, at least,
 If since their change their loaves have been increast.
 The Lion buys no converts ; if he did,
 Beasts would be sold as fast as he could bid.
 Tax those of int'rest who conform for gain,
 Or stay the market of another reign ;
 Your Broadway sons would never be too nice
 To close with Calvin, if he paid their price ; 230
 But, rais'd three steeples high'r, would change their
 And quit the cassock for the canting coat. [note,
 Now, if you damn this censure, as too bold,
 Judge by yourselves, and think not others sold.

Mean-time my sons accus'd by Fame's report,
 Pay small attendance at the Lion's court,
 Nor rise with early crowds, nor flatter late,
 For silently they beg who daily wait.
 Preferment is bestow'd that comes unsought,
 Attendance is a bribe, and then 'tis bought. 240
 How they should speed, their fortune is untry'd,
 For not to ask is not to be deny'd.

For what they have their God and king they bless,
 And hope they should not murmur had they less;
 But if reduc'd subsistence to implore,
 In common prudence they would pass your door,
 Unpitied Hudibras, your champion friend,
 Has shewn how far your charities extend:
 This lasting verse shall on his tomb be read,
 "He sham'd you living, and upbraids you dead."

With odious Atheist names you load your foes;
 Your lib'ral clergy why did I expose?
 It never fails in charities like those.

In climes where true religion is profess'd,
 That imputation were no laughing jest:
 But *Imprimatur*, with a chaplain's name,
 Is here sufficient licence to defame.
 What wonder is't that black detraction thrives?
 The homicide of names is less than lives,
 And yet the perjur'd murderer survives!

This said, she paus'd a little, and suppress'd
 The boiling indignation of her breast:
 She knew the virtue of her blade, nor would
 Pollute her satire with ignoble blood:

Her panting foe she saw before her eye,
 And back she drew the shining weapon dry.
 So when the gen'roun lion has in sight
 His equal match, he rouses for the fight:
 But when his foe lies prostrate on the plain,
 He sheaths his paws, uncurls his angry mane,

nd, plesas'd with bloodless honours of the day,
 Talks over, and disdains th' inglorious prey.
 James, if great with less we may compare,
 Treasts his rolling thunderbolts in air,
 And grants ungrateful friends a lengthen'd space,
 'Implore the remnants of long-suff'ring grace.

This breathing-time the Matron took; and then
 resum'd the thread of her discourse again,
 A vengeance wholly left to pow'rs divine,
 And let Heav'n judge betwixt your sons and mine:
 Joys hereafter must be purchas'd here,
 With loss of all that mortals hold so dear,
 Hence welcome infamy and public shame,
 And last, a long farewell to worldly fame.

'Tis said with ease, but, oh, how hardly try'd
 By haughty souls, to human honour tied!
 Sharp convulsive pangs of agonizing pride!
 Own then, thou rebel, never more to rise,
 And what thou didst, and dost so nearly prize,
 That fame, that darling fame, make that thy sa-
 crifice. 200

'Tis nothing thou has giv'n; then add thy tears
 For a long race of unrepenting years:
 'Tis nothing yet, yet all thou hast to give;
 Then add those may-be years thou hast to live:
 Yet nothing still; then poor and naked come;
 Thy Father will receive his unthrift home, [sum.
 And thy blest Saviour's blood discharge the mighty
Dryden. N ij

Thus (she pursu'd) I discipline a son,
 Whose uncheck'd fury to revenge would run;
 He champs the bit, impatient of his loss, 30
 And starts aside, and flounders at the cross.
 Instruct him better, gracious God, to know,
 As thine is vengeance, so forgiveness too;
 That suff'ring from ill tongues, he bears no more
 Than what his sov'reign bears, and what his Saviour
 bore.

It now remains for you to school your child,
 And ask why God's anointed he revil'd;
 A king and princess dead! did Shimei worse?
 The curser's punishment should fright the curse:
 Your son was warn'd, and wisely gave it o'er, 31
 But he who counsell'd him has paid the score;
 The heavy malice could no higher tend,
 But woe to him on whom the weights descend,
 So to permitted ills the demon flies;
 His rage is aim'd at him who rules the skies;
 Constrain'd to quit his cause, no succour found,
 The foe discharges ev'ry tire around,
 In clouds of smoke abandoning the fight,
 But his own thund'ring peals proclaim his flight.

In Henry's change his charge as ill succeeds; 32
 To that long story little answer needs:
 Confront but Henry's words with Henry's deeds
 Were space allow'd, with ease it might be prov'd
 What springs his blessed reformation mov'd.

The dire effects appear'd in open sight,
Which, from the cause he calls a distant flight,
and yet no larger leap than from the sun to light. }

Now last your sons a double pean sound,
A Treatise of Humility is found;
Tis found, but better it had ne'er been sought, 330
Than thus in Protestant procession brought.

The fam'd original through Spain is known,
Rodriguez' work, my celebrated son,
Which your's, by ill translating, made his own; }
onceal'd its author, and usurp'd the name,
The basest and ignoblest theft of fame.

By altars kindled first that living coal;
Restore or practise better what you stole:
That virtue could this humble verse inspire,
Tis all the restitution I require. 340

Had was the Panther that the charge was clos'd,
And none of all her fav'rite sons expos'd:
Nor laws of arms permit each injur'd man
To make himself a saviour where he can.
Perhaps the plunder'd merchant cannot tell
The names of pirates in whose hands he fell;
At at the den of thieves he justly flies,
And ev'ry Algerine is lawful prize.

No private person in the foe's estate
Can plead exemption from the public fate; 350
Yet Christian laws allow not such redress;
Then let the greater supersede the less.

THE HIND AND THE PANTHER.

nor let th' abettors of the Panther's crime
Learn to make fairer wars another time.
Some characters may sure be found to write
Among her sons; for 'tis no common sight,
A spotted dame, and all her offspring white.
The Savage, though she saw her plea controul'd
Yet would not wholly seem to quit her hold,
But offer'd fairly to compound the strife,
And judg'd conversion by the convert's life.
'Tis true, she said, I think it somewhat strange
So few should follow profitable change;
For present joys are more to flesh and blood
Than a dull prospect of a distant good.
'Twas well alluded by a son of mine,
(I hope to quote him is not to purloin)
Two magnets, heav'n and earth, allure to bless;
The larger loadstone that, the nearer this;
The weak attraction of the greater fails;
We nod awhile, but neighbourhood prevails;
But when the greater proves the nearer too,
I wonder more your converts come so slow:
Methinks in those, who firm with me remain
It shews a nobler principle than gain.
Your inference would be strong, the Hind
If your's were in effect the suff'ring side;
Your clergy's sons their own in peace poss
Nor are their prospects in reversion less:

My proselytes are struck with awful dread; 38
Your bloody comet-laws hang blazing o'er their head
The respite they enjoy but only lent,
The best they have to hope protracted punishment.
Be judge yourself, if int'rest may prevail,
Which motives, your's or mine, will turn the scale.
While pride and pomp allure, and plenteous ease, }
That is, 'till man's predom'nant passions cease, }
Admire no longer at my slow increase.

By education most have been misled;
So they believe, because they so were bred; 39
The priest continues what the nurse began,
And thus the child imposes on the man.
The rest I nam'd before, nor need repeat;
But int'rest is the most prevailing cheat,
The sly seducer both of age and youth,
They study that, and think they study truth.
When int'rest fortifies an argument,
Weak reason serves to gain the will's assent: }
For souls, already warpt, receive an easy bent. }
Add long prescription of establish'd laws, 40
And pique of honour to maintain a cause;
And shame of change, and fear of future ill,
And zeal, the blind conductor of the will;
And, chief among the still-mistaking crowd,
The same of teachers obstinate and proud,
And more than all, the private judge allow'd;

Disdain of Fathers, which the dance began ;
 And last, uncertain whose the narrower span,
 The clown unread, and half-read gentleman.

To this the Panther, with a scornful smile ;
 Yet still you travel with unwearied toil,
 And range around the realm without control,
 Among my sons for proselytes to prowl,
 And here and there you snap some silly soul,
 You hinted fears of future change in state !

Pray Heav'n you did not prophesy your fate.
 Perhaps you think your time of triumph near,
 But may mistake the season of the year ;
 The Swallow's fortune gives you cause to fear.

For charity, reply'd the Matron, tell
 What sad mischance those pretty birds beset.

Nay, no mischance, the savage Dame reply'd,
 But want of wit in their unerring guide,
 And eager haste, and gaudy hopes, and giddy pride.
 Yet, wishing timely warning may prevail,
 Mark you the moral, and I'll tell the tale.

The Swallow, privileg'd above the rest
 Of all the birds as man's familiar guest,
 Pursues the sun, in summer, brisk and bold,
 But wisely shuns the persecuting cold :
 Is well to chancels and to chimnies known,
 Though 'tis not thought she feeds on smoke alone.
 From hence she has been held of heav'nly line,
 Endu'd with particles of soul divine :

erry chorister had long possess'd
summer-seat, and feather'd well her nest,
owning skies began to change their cheer,
time turn'd up the wrong side of the year;
redding trees began the ground to strow
yellow leaves, and bitter blasts to blow: 440
guries of winter thence she drew,
by instinct, or prophecy, she knew;
prudence warn'd her to remove betimes,
seek a better heav'n, and warmer climes.
sons were summon'd on a steeple's height,
all'd in common council, vote a flight;
y was nam'd, the next that should be fair,
the general rendezvous repair. [in air;
ry their flutt'ring wings, and thrust themselves
together upward to the moon they go, 450
um the winter out in caves below,
ks at flies elsewhere, concerns us not to know.
wards, you may be sure, they bent their flight,
arbour'd in a hollow rock at night;
orn they rose, and set up ev'ry sail;
nd was fair, but blew a mackrel gale:
kly young sat shiv'ring on the shore,
'd salt water, never seen before,
ay'd their tender mothers to delay
ssage, and expect a fairer day. 460
these the Martin readily concurr'd,
ch-begot and church-believing bird;

Of little body, but of lofty mind,
 Round belly'd, for a dignity design'd,
 And much a dunce, as Martins are by kind:
 Yet often quoted canon-laws and code,
 And Fathers which he never understood;
 But little learning needs in noble blood:
 For sooth to say, the Swallow brought him in
 Her household-chaplain, and her next of kin; 479
 In superstition silly to excess,
 And casting schemes by planetary guess;
 In fine, short-wing'd, unfit himself to fly,
 His fear foretold foul weather in the sky.

Besides, a Raven from a wither'd oak,
 Left of their lodging, was observ'd to croak.
 That omen lik'd him not; so his advice
 Was present safety bought at any price;
 A seeming pious care, that cover'd cowardice.
 To strengthen this, he told a boding dream 480
 Of rising waters, and a troubled stream,
 Sure signs of anguish, dangers, and distress,
 With something more, not lawful to express,
 By which he sily seem'd to intimate
 Some secret revelation of their fate;
 For he concluded once upon a time,
 He found a leaf inscrib'd with sacred rhyme,
 Whose antique characters did well denote
 The Sibyl's hand of the Cumæan grot;

The mad divineress had plainly writ, 490
 A time should come (but many ages yet)
 In which sinister destinies ordain,
 A dame should drown with all her feather'd train,
 And seas from thence be call'd the Chelidonian
 main. }

At this some shook for fear, the more devout
 Arose, and bless'd themselves from head to foot.

'Tis true some stagers of the wiser sort
 Made all these idle wonderments their sport :
 They said, their only danger was delay,
 And he who heard what ev'ry fool could say, 500
 Wou'd never fix his thought, but trim his time away
 The passage yet was good ; the wind, 'tis true,
 Was somewhat high, but that was nothing new,
 No more than usual equinoxes blew,
 The sun, already from the scales declin'd,
 Gave little hopes of better days behind, [wind.
 But change from bad to worse of weather and of
 Nor need they fear the dampness of the sky
 Should flag their wings, and hinder them to fly,
 'Twas only water thrown on sails too dry. 510 }

But least of all philosophy presumes
 Of truth in dreams, from melancholy fumes ;
 Perhaps the Martin, hous'd in holy ground,
 Might think of ghosts that walk their midnight rounds,
 Till grosser atoms, tumbling in the stream
 Of fancy, madly met, and clubb'd into a dream :

As little weight his vain presages bear
Of ill effect to such alone who fear:
Most prophesies are of a piece with these,
Each Nostradamus can foretel with ease: 520
Not naming persons and confounding times,
One causal truth supports a thousand lying rhymes.

Th' advice was true, but fear had seiz'd the most,
And all good counsel is on cowards lost
The question crudely put to shun delay,
'Twas carry'd by the major part to stay.

His point thus gain'd, Sir Martin dated thence
His pow'r and from a priest became a prince.

He order'd all things with a busy care,
And cells, and refectories did prepare, 530
And large provisions laid of winter-fare :

But now and then let fall a word or two
Of hope, that Heav'n some miracle might show,
And for their sakes the sun should backward go;
Against the law of Nature upward climb,

And mounted on the Ram, renew the prime ;
For which two proofs in sacred story lay,

Of Ahaz' dial, and of Joshua's day.

In expectation of such times as these,

A chapel hous'd 'em truly call'd of Ease : 540

For Martin much devotion did not ask ;

They pray'd sometimes, and that was all their task.

It happen'd (as beyond the reach of wit
Blind prophesies may have a lucky hit)

THE HIND AND THE PANTHER.

157

accomplish'd, or at least in part,
repute to their new Merlin's art.
Is, the giants of the swallow kind,
d, stout-hearted, but of stupid mind
es or for Gibeonites design'd)
ers, peeping through a broken pane, 550
sh air, survey'd the neighb'ring plain,
but scarcely could believe their eyes)
oms flourish, and new flow'rs arise;
d been abroad, and walking there,
s footsteps, and reform'd the year:
hills from far were seen to glow
'ring beams, and in the meads below
sh'd brooks appear'd with liquid gold to
ow.

y heard the foolish cuckow sing,
te proclaim'd the holy-day of spring. 560
er doubting, all prepare to fly,
sess their patrimonial sky.

before 'em did his wings display,
good omens might attend their way,
ould have it, 't was St. Martin's day.
at the Swallow triumphs now alone?
y of heav'n is all her own:
ful offspring to their haunts repair,
along in glades, and skim in air,
or insects in the purling springs, 570
on rivers to refresh their wings.

L.

O

Their mothers think a fair provision made,
That ev'ry son can live upon his trade;
And, now the careful charge is off their hands,
Look out for husbands, and new nuptial bands:
The youthful widow longs to be supply'd;
But first the lover is by lawyers ty'd
To settle jointure-chimnies on the bride.
So thick they couple, in so short a space,
That Martin's marriage-off'rings rise apace: 58
Their ancient houses running to decay,
Are furbish'd up, and cemented with clay;
They teem already; store of eggs are laid,
And brooding mothers call Lucina's aid;
Fame spreads the news, and foreign fowls appear
In flocks to greet the new-returning year,
To bless the founder, and partake the cheer.
And now 'twas time (so fast their numbers rise)
To plant abroad, and people colonies.
The youth drawn forth, as Martin had desir'd,
(For so their cruel destiny requir'd)
Were sent far off on an ill-fated day;
The rest would needs conduct 'em on their way;
And Martin went because he fear'd alone to stay.
So long they flew with inconsiderate haste,
That now their afternoon began to waste;
And, what was ominous, that very morn
The sun was enter'd into Capricorn,

Which by their bad astronomer's account,
 That week the virgin Balance should remount : 600
 An infant moon eclips'd him in his way,
 And hid the small remainders of his day.
 The crowd, amaz'd, pursu'd no certain mark ;
 But birds met birds, and justled in the dark :
 Few mind the public in a panic fright,
 And fear increas'd the horror of the night.
 Night came, but unattended with repose ;
 Alone she came, no sleep their eyes to close :
 Alone, and black ; she came no friendly stars arose.
 What should they do, beset with dangers round,
 No neighb'ring drop, no lodging to be found,
 But bleak plains, and bare unhospitable ground ?
 The latter brood, who just began to fly,
 Sick-feather'd, and unpractic'd in the sky,
 For succour to their helpless mother call ; [crawl ;
 She spread her wings ; some few beneath 'em
 She spread 'em wider yet, but could not cover all.
 T' augment their woes, the winds began to move,
 Debate in air for empty fields above,
 Till Boreas got the skies, and pour'd amain 620
 His rattling hailstones, mix'd with snow and rain.

The joyless morning late arose and found
 A dreadful desolation reign around, [ground.
 Some bury'd in the snow, some frozen to the
 The rest were struggling still with death, and lay
 The crows, and ravens, right, an undefended prey ;

Dryden.]

G ii

Excepting Martin's race ; for they and he
 Had gain'd the shelter of a hollow tree;
 But soon discover'd by a sturdy clown,,
 He headed all the rabble of the town, 63
 And finish'd 'em with bats, or poll'd 'em down.
 Martin himself was caught alive, and try'd
 For treas'nous crimes, because the laws provide
 No Martin there in winter shall abide,
 High on an oak which never leaf shall bear,
 He breath'd his last, expos'd to open air;
 And there his corpee unblas'd, is hanging still,
 To shew the change of winds with his prophetic bill.

The patience of the Hind did almost fail,
 For well she mark'd the malice of the tail; 64
 Which ribbald art their church to Luther owes,
 In malice it began, by malice grows;
 He sow'd the serpent's teeth, an iron harvest rose: }
 But most in Martin's character and fate,
 She saw her slander'd sons, the panther's hate,
 The people's rage, the persecuting state :
 Then said, I take th' advice in friendly part ;
 You clear your conscience or at least your heart :
 Perhaps you fail'd in your foreseeing skill,
 For swallows are unlucky birds to kill: 65
 As for my sons, the family is bless'd,
 Whose ev'ry child is equal to the rest :
 No church reform'd can boast a blameless line;
 Such Martins build in your's, and more than mine ;



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Or else an old fanatic author lies,
Who summ'd their scandals up by centuries :
But through your parable I plainly see
The bloody laws, the crowd's barbarity ;
The sunshine that offends the purblind sight :
Had some their wishes it would soon be night. 660
Mistake me not, the charge concerns not you ;
Your sons are malecontents, but yet are true,
As far as non-resistance makes 'em so ;
But that's a word of neutral sense you know,
A passive term, which no relief will bring,
But trims betwixt a rebel and a king.

Rest well assur'd, the Pardellis reply'd,
My sons would all support the regal side,
Tho' Heav'n forbid the cause by battle should be
try'd. }

The matron answer'd with a loud *Amen*, 670
And thus pursu'd her argument again :
If, as you say, and as I hope no less,
Your sons will practise what yourselves profess, }
What angry pow'r prevents our present peace ?
The Lion, studious of our common good,
Desires, and kings desires are ill withstood,
To join our nations in a lasting love ;
The bars betwixt are easy to remove,
For sanguinary laws were never made above,
If you condemn that prince of tyranny, 680
Whose mandate forc'd your Gallic friends to fly,

Make not a worse example of your own;
Or cease to rail at causeless rigour shown,
And let the guiltless person throw the stone.
His blunted sword your suff'ring brotherhood
Have seldom felt; he stops it short of blood:
But you have ground the persecuting knife,
And set it to a razor-edge on life.
Curst be the wit which cruelty refines,
Or to his father's rod the scorpion's joins;
Your finger is more gross than the great monarch's loins.

But you, perhaps, remove that bloody note,
And stick it on the first reformer's coat,
Oh let their crime in long oblivion sleep:
'Twas theirs indeed to make, 't is your's to keep,
Unjust or just, is all the question now;
'Tis plain that not repealing you allow.

To name the Test would put you in a rage;
You charge not that on any former age,
But smile to think how innocent you stand, 700
Arm'd by a weapon put into your hand;
Yet still remember that you wield a sword
Forg'd by your foes against your sov'reign lord;
Design'd to hew th' imperial cedar down,
Defraud succession, and dis-heir the crown.
'T' abhor the makers, and their laws approve,
Is to hate traitors, and the treason love.

What means it else, which now your children say,
We made it not, nor will we take away? 709

Suppose some great oppressor had, by slight
Of law, disseis'd your brother of his right,
Your common sire-surrend'ring in a fright;
Would you to that unrighteous title stand,
Left by the villain's will to heir the land?
More just was Judas, who his Saviour sold;
The sacrilegious bribe he could not hold,
Nor hang in peace, before he render'd back the gold.
What more could you have done than now you do,
Had Oates and Bedlow, and their plot been true?
Some specious reasons for those wrongs were found;
Their dire magicians threw their mists around, 721
And wise men walk'd as on enchanted ground;
But now when time has made th' imposture plain,
(Late though he follow'd Truth, and limping held
her train) [again

What new delusion charms your cheated eyes
The painted harlot might awhile bewitch,
But why the hag uucas'd, and all obscene with itch?

The first reformers were a modest race;
Our peers possess'd in peace their native place;
And when rebellious arms o'erturn'd the state, 730
They suffer'd only in the common fate:
But now the sov'reign mounts the regal chair,
And mitred seats are full, yet David's bench is bare.

THE HIND AND THE PANTHER.

Your answer is they were not dispossess;
 They need but rub their metal on the Test,
 To prove their ore; 'twere well if gold alone
 Were touch'd and try'd on your discerning stone;
 But that unfaithful Test unsound will pass,
 The dross of Atheists and sectarian brass;
 As if th' experiment were made to hold
 For base production, and reject the gold.
 Thus men ungodded may to places rise,
 And sects may be preferr'd without disguise;
 No danger to the church or state from these;
 The Papist only has his writ of Ease.
 No gainful office gives him the pretence
 To grind the subject, or defraud the prince.
 Wrong conscience, or no conscience, may deserve
 To thrive, but ours alone is privileg'd to starve. 749
 Still thank yourselves, you cry; your noble race
 We banish not, but they forsake the place;
 Our doors are open; true, but ere they come,
 You toss your 'censing Test, and fume the room;
 As if 'twere Toby's rival to expel,
 And fright the fiend who could not bear the smell.
 To this the Panther sharply had reply'd;
 But having gain'd a verdict on her side,
 She wisely gave the loser leave to chide;
 Well satisfy'd to have the buttr and peace,
 And for the plaintiff's cause she car'd the less,
 Because she su'd *in forma pauperis*:

Yet thought it decent something should be said,
 For secret guilt by silence is betray'd:
 So neither granted all, nor much deny'd,
 But answer'd with a yawning kind of pride.

Methinks such terms of proffer'd peace you bring,
 As once Æneas to the Italian king;
 By long possession all the land is mine;
 You strangers come with your intruding line,
 To share my sceptre, which you call to join. 770
 You plead, like him, an ancient pedigree,
 And claim a peaceful seat by Fate's decree.

In ready pomp your sacrificer stands,
 T' unite the Trojan and the Latin bands,
 And, that the league more firmly may be tied,
 Demand the fair Lavinia for your bride.
 Thus plausibly you veil th' attended wrong,
 But still you bring your exil'd gods along;
 And will endeavour, in succeeding space 779
 Those household puppets on our hearths to place.
 Perhaps some barb'rous laws have been preferr'd;
 I spake against the Test, but was not heard;
 These to rescind, and peerage to restore,
 My gracious sov'reign would my vote implore;
 I owe him much, but owe my conscience more.

Conscience is then your plea, reply'd the Dame,
 Which, well inform'd, will ever be the same:
 But your's is much of the Camelion hue,
 To change the dye with ev'ry distant view.

When first
Your conscience taught you
He might have had your statutes
No conscience but of subjects was possessed
He found your temper, and no farther try'd
But on that broken reed your church rely'd
In vain the sects essay'd their utmost art,
With offer'd treasure to expound their part;
Their treasures were a bribe too mean to win
heart:

But when by long experience you had prov'd
How far he could forgive, how well he lov'd
A goodness that excell'd his godlike race,
And only short of Heav'n's unbounded grace
A flood of mercy that o'erflow'd our isle,
Calm in the rise, and fruitful as the Nile
Forgetting whence your Egypt was supply'd
You thought your sov'reign bound to try
Nor upward look'd on that immortal sky
Nor durst he durst not be a kin

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But if the cause by battle should be try'd,
You grant she must espouse the regal side:
O Proteus Conscience, never to be tied!
What Phœbus from the tripod shall disclose
Which are, in last resort, your friends or foes?
Homer, who learn'd the language of the sky,
The seeming Gordian knot would soon untie;
Immortal pow'rs the term of Conscience know,
But Int'rest is her name with men below.

Conscience or Int'rest be't, or both in one,
The Panther answer'd in a surly tone,
The first commands me to maintain the crown,
The last forbids to throw my barriers down.
Our penal laws no sons of your's admit,
Our Test excludes your tribe from benefit.
These are my banks your ocean to withstand,
Which proudly rising overlooks the land,
And, once let in, with unresisted sway
Would sweep the pastors and their flocks away.
I think not my judgment leads me to comply
With laws unjust, but hard necessity;
Imperious need, which cannot be withstood,
Makes ill authentic for a greater good.

(Unwilling, witness
To mend my errors, and
That little space you safely
Your all-dispensing power protect
Hold, said the Hind, 'tis needless
You will postpone me to another reign;
Till when you are content to be unjust;
Your part is to possess, and mine to trust:
A fair exchange propos'd of future chance,
For present profit and inheritance.
Few words will serve to finish our dispute;
Who will not now repeal would persecute.
To ripen green revenge your hopes attend
Wishing that happier planet would ascend
For shame, let Conscience be your plea
To will hereafter proves she might be
But she's a bawd to Gain, and holds
Your care about your banks infer
Of threat'ning floods and inundations
If so, a just reprise would serve
Of what the land usurp'd upon the sea
And all your jealousies but serve
Your ground is, like your grant
In what you grant
The justice of your
The use of

THE HIND AND THE PANTHER.

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rannic force is that which least you fear; 875
ne sound is frightful in a Christian's ear :
vert it, Heav'n! nor let that plague be sent
To us from the dispeopled continent.

But piety commands me to refrain ;
Those pray'rs are needless in this monarch's reign.
Behold! how he protects your friends oppress'd,
Receives the banish'd, succours the distress'd :
Behold, for you may read an honest open breast ;
He stands in day-light, and disdains to hide
An act to which by honour he is tied, 880
A gen'rous, laudable, and kingly pride.
Your Test he would repeal, his peers restore ;
This when he says he means, he means no more.

Well, said the Panther, I believe him just,
And yet-----

And yet, 'tis but because you must ;
You would be trusted, but you would not trust.
The Hind thus briefly ; and disdain'd t' enlarge
On pow'r of kings, and their superior charge, 889
As Heav'n's trustees before the people's choice ;
Tho' sure the Panther did not much rejoice
To hear those echoes giv'n of her once loyal voice.

The Matron woo'd her kindness to the last,
But could not win ; her hour of grace was past :
Whom, thus persisting, when she could not bring
To leave the Wolf, and to believe her king,

She gave her up, and fairly wish'd her joy
Of her late treaty with her new ally ;
Which well she hop'd would more successful prove
Than was the Pigeon's and the Buzzard's love. 900
The Panther ask'd what concord there could be
Betwixt two kinds whose natures disagree ?
The Dame reply'd; 'Tis sung in ev'ry street,
The common chat of gossips when they meet ;
But, since unheard by you, 'tis worth your while
To take a wholesome tale, tho' told in homely style.

A plain good man, whose name is understood,
(So few deserve the name of plain and good)
Of three fair lineal lordships stood possest,
And liv'd, as reason was, upon the best. 910
Inur'd to hardships from his early youth,
Much had he done, and suffer'd for his truth;
At land, and sea, in many a doubtful fight,
Was never known a more advent'rous knight,
Who oft'ner drew his sword, and always for the
right. }

As Fortune would, (his fortune came, tho' late)
He took possession of his just estate ;
Nor rack'd his tenants with increase of rent,
Nor liv'd too sparing, nor too largely spent ;
But overlook'd his Hinds, their pay was just, 920
And ready, for he scorn'd to go on trust :
Slow to resolve, but in performance quick ;
So true, that he was awkward at a trick

e souls on little shifts rely,
 ards arts of mean expedients try ;
 le mind will dare do any thing but lie.
 ends, his deadliest foes, could find no way,
 vs of honest bluntness to betray ;
 uspected plainness he believ'd ;
 d into himself and was deceiv'd. 930
 cky planet sure attends his birth,
 'n would make a miracle on earth ;
 p'rous honesty is seldom seen,
 so dead a weight, and yet to win.
 is Fate with Nature's law would strive,
 plain dealing once an age may thrive ;
 en so tough a frame she could not bend,
 l her commission to befriend.
 rateful man as Heav'n increas'd his store,
 d again, and daily fed his poor : 940
 e with all convenience was purvey'd :
 he found, but rais'd the fabric where he pray'd,
 at sacred place his beauteous wife
 l her happiest hours of holy life.
 d their alms extend to those alone,
 ommon faith more strictly made their own,
 Doves were hous'd too near their hall,
 s the proverb, and abound with gall,
 e, 'tis true, are passively inclin'd,
 er part degen'rate from their kind ; 950

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P ij

THE HIND AND THE PANTHER.

Voracious birds, that hotly bill and breed,
And largely drink, because on salt they feed.
Small gain from them their bounteous owner draws;
Yet bound by promise, he supports their cause,
As corporations privileg'd by laws.

That house, which harbour to their kind affords,
Was built long since, God knows for better birds;
But, flutt'ring, there they nestle near the throne,
And lodge in habitations not their own. 950

By their high crops and corny gizzards known.
Like harpies they could scent a plenteous board;
Then, to be sure, they never fail'd their lord:
The rest was form, and bare attendance paid;
They drank, and ate, and grudgingly obey'd:
The more they fed they raven'd still for more;
They drain'd from Dan, and left Beersheba poor.
All this they had by law, and none repin'd;
The preff'rance was but due to Levi's kind;
But when some lay preferment-fell by chance,
The Gourmands made it their inheritance.

When once possess'd, they never quit their claim,
For then 'tis sanctify'd to heav'n's high name:
And, hallow'd thus, they cannot give consent
The gift should be profan'd by worldly managem

Their flesh was never to the table serv'd,
Tho' 'tis not thence inferr'd the birds were starv
But that their master did not like the food,
As rank, and breeding melancholy blood:

For did it with his gracious nature suit,
'en though they were not Doves, to persecute: 980
'et her refus'd (nor could they take offence)
Their glutton kind should teach him abstinence;
For consecrated grain their wheat he thought,
Which new from treading in their bills they brought;
But left his hinds each in his private pow'r,
That those who like the bran might leave the flour.
He for himself, and not for others chose,
For would he be impos'd on, nor impose;
But in their faces his devotion paid,
And sacrifice with solemn rites was made, 990
And sacred incense on his altars laid.
Besides these jolly birds, whose corps impure
Repaid their commons with their salt manure,
Another farm he had behind his house,
Not overstock'd, but barely for his use,
Wherein his poor domestic poultry fed,
And from his pious hands receiv'd their bread;
But pamper'd pigeons, with malignant eyes,
Beheld these inmates and their nurseries:
'Ho' hard their fare, at ev'ning and at morn, 1000
A cruise of water, and an ear of corn,
Yet still they grudg'd that modicum and thought
A sheaf in ev'ry single grain was brought:
'ain would they filch that little food away,
While unrestrain'd those happy gluttons prey. 1050



That he should
And clap his wings, and
To sacred rites, and vex th' etherial powers
With midnight matins at uncivil hours;
Nay more, his quiet neighbours should not
Just in the sweetness of their morning rest
Beast of a bird, supinely when he might
Lie snug and sleep, to rise before the light
What if his dull forefathers us'd that cry,
Could he not let a bad example die?
The world was fall'n into an easier way;
This age knew better than to fast and pray
Good sense in sacred worship would approve
So to begin, as they might end the year
Such feats in former times had wrought
Of crowing Chanticleers in cloister'd
Expell'd for this, and for their lands,
And sister Partlet with her hooded hen
Expell'd hence, because she would

A lively faith will bear aloft the mind,
And leave the luggage of good works behind.

Such doctrines in the Pigeon-house were taught;
You need not ask how wondrously they wrought;
But sure the common cry was all for these,
Whose life and precepts both encourag'd ease:
Yet fearing those alluring baits might fail, 1040
And holy deeds o'er all their arts prevail,
(For vice, though frontless, and of harden'd face,
Is daunted at the sight of awful grace)
An hideous figure of their foes they drew,
Nor lines, nor looks, nor shades, nor colours true;
And this grotesque design expos'd to public view.
One would have thought it some Egyptian piece,
With garden-gods, and barking deities,
More thick than Ptolemy has stuck the skies. }
All so perverse a draught, so far unlike, 1050
It was no libel where it meant to strike:
Yet still the daubing pleas'd, and great and small
To view the monster crowded Pigeon-hall;
There Chanticleer was drawn upon his knees,
Adoring shrines, and stocks of sainted trees;
And by him a mis-shapen, ugly, race;
The curse of God was seen on ev'ry face:
No Holland emblem could that malice mend,
But still the worse the look the fitter for a fiend.
The master of the farm, displeas'd to find 106
So much of rancour in so mild a kind,

THE HIND AND THE PANTHER.

Inquir'd into the cause, and came to know
The passive church had struck the foremost blow,
With groundless fears, and jealousies possess'd,
As if this troublesome intruding guest
Would drive the birds of Venus from their nest;
A deed his in-born equity abhorr'd, [wee]
But Int'rest will not trust, tho' God should plight his

A law the source of many future harms, 1070
Had banish'd all the poultry from the farms,
With loss of life, if any should be found
To crow or peck on this forbidden ground.
That bloody statute chiefly was design'd
For Chanticleer the White, of clergy kind;
But after-malice did not long forget
The lay that wore the robe and coronet.
For them, for their inferiors and allies,
Their foes a deadly Shibboleth devise,
By which unrighteously it was decreed,
That none to trust or profit should succeed, [weed
Who would not swallow first a pois'nous wicked
Or that to which old Socrates was curst,
Or henbane-juice, to swell them till they burst.
The patron, as in reason, thought it hard
To see this inquisition in his yard,
By which the sov'reign was of subjects' use debarr'd
All gentle means he try'd, which might withhold
Th' effects of so unnatural a law;

But still the Dove-house obstinately stood
 Deaf to their own and to their neighbours' good; 1190
 And which was worse, if any worse could be,
 Repented of their boasted loyalty :
 Now made the champions of a cruel cause,
 And drunk with fumes of popular applause;
 For those whom God to ruin has design'd,
 He fits for fate, and first destroys their mind.

New doubts, indeed, they daily strove to raise,
 Suggested dangers, interpos'd delays,
 And emissary Pigeons had in store,
 Such as the Meccan Prophet us'd of yore, 1100
 To whisper counsels in their patron's ear,
 And veil'd their false advice with zealous fear.
 The master smil'd to see 'em work in vain,
 To wear him out, and make an idle reign;
 He saw but suffer'd their protractive arts,
 And strove by mildness to reduce their hearts;
 But they abus'd that grace to make allies,
 And fondly clos'd with former enemies;
 For fools are doubly fools, endeavoring to be wise. }

After a grave consult what course were best, 2110
 One, more mature in folly than the rest,
 Stood up, and told them, with his head aside,
 That desp'rate cures must be to desp'rate ills apply'd;
 And, therefore, since their main impending fear,
 Was from th' increasing race of Chanticleer,

Some potent bird of prey they ought to find,
 A foe profess'd to him and all his kind:
 Some haggard Hawk, who had her eyry nigh,
 Well pounc'd to fasten, and well wing'd to fly;
 One they might trust, their common wrongs to wreak;
 The Musquet and the Coystrel were too weak,
 Too fierce the Falcon; but above the rest,
 The noble Buzzard ever pleas'd me best;
 Of small renown, 'tis true, for, not to lie,
 We call him but a Hawk by courtesy:
 I know he hates the Pigeon-house and farm,
 And more, in time of war has done us harm;
 But all his hate on trivial points depends;
 Give up our forms, and we shall soon be friends:
 For Pigeons' flesh he seems not much to care, 1130
 Cram'd chickens are a more delicious fare.
 On this high potentate, without delay,
 I wish you would confer the sov'reign sway;
 Petition him t' accept the government,
 And let a splendid embassy be sent.

This pithy speech prevail'd, and all agreed,
 Old enemies forgot, the Buzzard should succeed.

Their welcome suit was granted soon as heard,
 His lodgings furnish'd, and a train prepar'd,
 With B's upon their breast, 'appointed for his guard. }
 He came, and, crown'd with great solemnity,
 God save King Buzzard, was the gen'ral cry.

A portly prince, and goodly to the sight,
He seem'd a son of Anach for his height;
Like those whom stature did to crowns prefer,
Black-brow'd, and bluff, like Homer's Jupiter:
Broad-back'd, and brawny built, for love's delight,
A prophet form'd, to make a female proselyte.
A theologue more by need than genial bent;
By breeding sharp, by nature confident. 1150
Int'rest in all his actions was discern'd;
More learn'd than honest, more a wit than learn'd.
Or forc'd by fear, or by his profit led,
Or both conjoin'd, his native clime he fled;
But brought the virtues of his heav'n along,
A fair behaviour, and a fluent tongue.
And yet with all his arts he could not thrive;
The most unlucky parasite alive.
Loud praises to prepare his paths he sent,
And then himself pursu'd his compliment: 1160
But, by reverse of fortune, chas'd away,
His gifts no longer than their author stay;
He shakes the dust against th' ungrateful race,
And leaves the stench of ordures in the place.
Oft has he flatter'd and blasphem'd the same,
For, in his rage, he spares no sov'reign's name:
The hero and the tyrant change their style,
By the same measure that they frown or smile.
When well receiv'd by hospitable foes,
The kindness he returns is to expose;

For courtesies, though undeserv'd and great,
No gratitude in felon minds beget ;
As tribute to his wit the churl receives the treat.
His praise of foes is venomously nice ;
So touch'd, it turns a virtue to a vice :
A Greek, and bountiful forewarns us twice.
Seven sacraments he wisely does disown,
Because he knows confession stands for one :
Where sins to sacred silence are convey'd,
And not for fear, or love, to be betray'd :
But he, uncall'd, his patron to control,
Divulg'd the secret whispers of his soul ;
Stood forth th' accusing Satan of his crimes,
And offer'd to the Moloch of the times.
Prompt to assail, and careless of defence,
Invulnerable in his impudence,
He dares the world, and, eager of a name,
He thrusts about, and justles into fame.
Frontless, and satire-proof, he scow'rs the streets
And runs an Indian muck at all he meets :
So fond of loud report, that not to miss
Of being known (his last and utmost bliss)
He rather would be known for what he is.
Such was, and is, the captain of the Test,
Though half his virtues are not here express'd,
The modesty of Fame conceals the rest.
The spleenful Pigeons never could create
A prince more proper to revenge their hate :

ed more proper to revenge than save;
 ng whom in his wrath th' Almighty gave; 1200
 all the grace the landlord had allow'd,
 made the Buzzard and the Pigeons proud;
 e time to fix their friends, and to seduce the
 crowd. }

r long their fellow-subjects to enthrall,
 r patron's promise into question call,
 vainly think he meant to make 'em lords of all,
 lse fears their leaders fail'd not to suggest,
 'the Doves were to be dispossess'd;
 sighs, nor groans, nor gogling eyes did want:
 ow the Pigeons too had learnt to cant. 1210
 house of pray'r is stock'd with large increase,
 doors, nor windows can contain the press:
 irds of ev'ry feather fill th' abode;
 Atheists out of envy own a God;
 reeking from the stews, adult'ers come,
 Goths and Vandals to demolish Rome.
 conscience, which to all their crimes was mâte,
 cries aloud, and cries to persecute;
 gour of the laws to be releas'd,
 much the less, because it was their lord's request;
 thought it great their sov'reign to control, 1220
 am'd their pride Nobility of soul.
 true, the Pigeons, and their prince elect,
 short of pow'r their purpose to effect;

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But with their quills did all the hurt they could,
And cuff'd the tender chickens from their food;
And much the Buzzard in their cause did stir,
Though naming not the patron, to infer,
With all respect, he was a gross idolater.

But when th' imperial owner did espy, 12
That thus they turn'd his grace to villany,
Not suff'ring wrath to discompose his mind,
He strove a temper for th' extremes to find;
So to be just, as he might still be kind;
Then, all maturely weigh'd, pronounc'd a doom,
Of sacred strength for ev'ry age to come.
By this the Doves their wealth and state possess,
No rights infring'd, but licence to oppress:
Such pow'r have they as factious lawyers long
To crowns ascrib'd, that kings can do no wrong:
But since his own domestic birds have try'd 12
The dire effects of their destructive pride,
He deems that proof a measure to the rest,
Concluding well within his kingly breast,
His fowls of Nature too unjustly were oppress.
He therefore makes all birds of ev'ry sect

Free of his farm, with promise to respect
Their sev'ral kinds alike, and equally protect.
His gracious edict the same franchise yields
To all the wild increase of woods and fields, 1250
And who in rocks aloof, and who in steeples builds:

e like impartial grace affords,
s and Daws, and such republic birds;
ample privilege to feed,
district and his bounds decreed;
common int'rest with his own,
ass the Pigeon's Rubicon.

the reign of his pretended Dove,
es accomplish'd from above;
omes the sceptre to remove.

126

from her imperial high abode,
ius to a private rod,
church, that with pretended grace
nctive mark in duty place,
l, reviles her Maker to his face.

r happen'd is not hard to guess:
eginnings had a large increase, [peace.
l wealth succeed, the sacred spoils of
Doves repented, though too late,
smiths of their own foolish fate:

1270

r owner hasten their ill hour,
credit, they decreas'd in pow'r;
in warmth, that mildly pass away,
the silence of decay.

ard, not content with equal place,
eather'd Nimrods of his race
thinness of their flock from sight,
er make a seeming goodly flight;

Q ij

own;
ne,
food;

1286

are,
to heav'n repair.
months may come,
reach their home;
the decrees)

the bees,
themselves oppress'd,
waits the falling feast.
er fable end,
e it, nor commend;

1291

s, at the close
ral repose;
began to peep,
sh'd both to sleep:
and, wishing to her guest,
etook herself to rest.
on her slumbers wait,
her future state.

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Cry'd, 'Tis
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Shadwell alone

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Shadwell alone,
Who stands con
The rest to some
But Shadwell never
Some beams of wit
Strike through, and
Shadwell's genui

MACFLECNOE.

ALL human things are subject to decay,
And, when Fate summons, monarchs must obey.
This, Flecknoe found, who, like Augustus, young,
Was call'd t^o empire, and had govern'd long;
In prose and verse was own'd, without dispute,
Through all the realms of Nonsense, absolute.
This aged prince, now flourishing in peace,
And blest with issue of a large increase,
Worn out with bus'ness, did at length debate
To settle the succession of the state;
And, pond'ring which of all his sons was fit
To reign, and wage immortal war with Wit,
Cry'd, 'Tis resolv'd; for Nature pleads that he
Should only rule who most resembles me.
Shadwell alone my perfect image bears,
'Mature in dulness from his tender years;
Shadwell alone, of all my sons, is he
Who stands confirm'd in full stupidity:
The rest to some faint meaning make pretence,
But Shadwell never deviates into sense.
Some beams of wit on other souls may fall,
Strike through, and make a lucid interval;
But Shadwell's genuine night admits no ray,
His rising fogs prevail upon the day.
Besides, his goodly fabric fills the eye,
And seems design'd for thoughtless majesty;



Though they in number as in sense excel;
 So just, so like tautology, they fell,
 That, pale with envy, Singleton foreswore
 The lute and sword which he in triumph bore,
 And vow'd he ne'er would act Villerius more.

}

Here stop'd the good old sire, and wept for joy,
 In silent raptures of the hopeful boy.

61

All arguments, but most his plays, persuade
 That for anointed Dulness he was made.

Close to the walls which fair Augusta bind,
 (The fair Augusta, much to fears inclined)
 An ancient fabric, rais'd t' inform the sight,
 There stood of yore, and Barbican it hight;
 A watch-tower once: but now, so Fate ordains,
 Of all the pile an empty name remains:

From its old ruins brothel-houses rise,

o

Scenes of lewd loves, and of polluted joys,
 Where their vast courts the mother-strumpets keep,
 And, undisturb'd by watch, in silence sleep.*

Near these a nursery erects its head,
 Where queens are form'd, and future heroes bred;
 Where unfledg'd actors learn to laugh and cry,
 Where infant punks their tender voices try †,
 And little Maximins the gods defy.

}

* Parodies on these lines of Cowley, Davideis, Book I.
 Where their vast courts the mother-waters keep,
 And undisturb'd by moons, in silence sleep.

† ----- Where unfledg'd tempests lie,
 And infant Winds their tender voices try.

here,
 pear;
 s
 minds:
 lords,
 r with words.
 well known,
 ll's throne:
 along since,
 a mighty prince,
 d flail of sense:
 uld some Psyches owe,
 his pen should flow;
 es it should produce,
 es, and tribes of Bruce.
 had publish'd the renown
 on through the Town.
 ame, the nations meet,
 nd distant Watling-street.
 spread th' imperial way,
 s of mangled poets lay;
 neglected authors come,
 and reliques of the bum.
 d, Shirley, Ogleby, there lay,
 Shadwell almost choak'd the way,
 ers for yeomen stood prepar'd,
 captain of the guard.

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Whose right

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On his left hand

So Romulus, 't

Presage of swa

Th' admiring

And omens c

95

100

The hoary prince in majesty appear'd,
High on a throne of his own labours rear'd :
At his right hand our young Ascanius sate,
Rome's other hope, and pillar of the state :
His brows thick fogs, instead of glories, grace, 110
And lambent Dulness play'd around his face.
As Hannibal did to the altars come, -
Swore by his sire a mortal foe to Rome ;
So Shadwell swore, nor should his vow be vain,
That he till death true Dulness would maintain ;
And, in his father's right, and realm's defence,
Ne'er to have peace with wit, nor truce with sense.
The king himself the sacred unction made,
As king by office, and as priest by trade.
In his sinister hand, instead of ball, 120
He plac'd a mighty mug of potent ale ;
Love's kingdom to his right he did convey,
At once his sceptre, and his rule of sway ;
Whose righteous lore the Prince had practis'd young,
And from whose loins recorded Psyche sprung.
His temples, last, with poppies were o'erspread,
That nodding seem'd to consecrate his head.
Just at the point of time, if Fame not lie,
On his left hand twelve rev'rend owls did fly.
So Romulus, 't is sung, by Tiber's brook, 130
Presage of sway from twice six vultures took :
Th' admiring throng loud acclamations make,
And omenis of his future empire take.

The sire then shook the honour of his he
And from his brows damps of oblivion sh
Full on the filial Dulness: long he stood,
Repelling from his breast the raging god
At length burst out in the prophetic mood

Heav'ns bless my son, from Ireland let
To fair Barbadoes on the western main;
Of his dominion may no end be known,
And greater than his father's be his throne
Beyond Love's kingdom let him stretch
He paus'd, and all the people cry'd, Amen
Then thus continu'd he: My son, advance
Still in new impudence, new ignorance.
Success let others teach, learn thou from
Pangs without birth, and fruitless industry
Let virtuosos in five years be writ;
Yet not one thought accuse thy toil of wit
Let gentle George in triumph tread the stage
Make Dorimant betray, and Loveit rage
Let Cully, Cockwood, Fopling, charm the
And in their folly shew the writer's wit:
Yet still thy fools shall stand in thy defence
And justify their author's want of sense.
Let them be all by thy own model made
Of dullness, and desire no foreign aid,
That they to future ages may be known,
Not copies drawn, but issue of thy own.
Nay, let thy men of wit, too, be the same
All full of thee, and diff'ring but in name

MACFLECNOE.

But let no alien Sedley interpose,
To lard with wit thy hungry Epsom prose:
And when false flowers of rhet'ric thou wouldst
Trust Nature, do not labour to be dull;
But, write thy best, and top; and, in each line
Sir Formal's oratory will be thine:
Sir Formal, though unsought, attends thy quill
And does thy northern dedications fill.
Nor let false friend seduce thy mind to fame,
By arrogating Johnson's hostile name.
Let father Flecnoe fire thy mind with praise,
And uncle Ogleby thy envy raise.
Thou art my blood, where Johnson has no part
What share have we in nature or in art?
Where did his wit on learning fix a brand,
And rail at arts he did not understand?
Where made he love in Prince Nicander's vein,
Or swept the dust in Psyche's humble strain?
Where sold he bargains, Whip-stitch, Kiss me
Promis'd a play, and dwindled to a farce?
When did his muse from Fletcher scenes purloin
As thou old Eth'rege dost transfuse to thine?
But so transfus'd as oil and waters flow,
His always floats above, thine sinks below.
This is thy province, this thy wondrous way,
New humours to invent for each new play:
This is that boasted bias of thy mind,
By which, one way, to dulness 'tis inclin'd:

Which make

And, in all changes, ...
Nor let thy mountain-belly man

Of likeness; thine's a tympany of sense.
A tun of man in thy large bulk is writ,

But sure thou'rt but a kilderkin of wit.
Like mine, thy gentle numbers feebly creep;

Thy Tragic Muse gives smiles, thy Comic sleep
With whale'er gall thou sett'st thyself to write,
Thy inoffensive satires never bite.

In thy felonious heart though venom lies,
It does but touch thy Irish pen, and dies.
Thy genius calls thee not to purchase fame

In keen Iambics, but mild Anagram.
Leave writing Plays, and chuse for thy co
Some peaceful province in Acrostic land

There thou may'st wings display, and a
And torture one poor word ten thousand
Or if thou would'st thy diff'rent talent

... songs, and sing them to
... last words were se
... trap p'

THE MEDAL.

A SATIRE AGAINST SEDITION.

*Per Gratum populos mediacque per Elidris urbem,
Ibat ovans, Divinque sibi poscebat honorem,*

Virg.

OF all our antic sights and pageantry,
Which English idiots run in crowds to see,
The Polish Medal bears the prize alone,
A monster, more the fav'rite of the Town
Than either fairs or theatres yet have shown.
Never did Art so well with Nature strive,
Nor ever idol seem so much alive;
So like the man, so golden to the sight,
So base within, so counterfeit and light;
One side is fill'd with title and with face, 10
And, lest the King should want a regal place,
On the reverse a tow'r the town surveys,
O'er which our mounting sun his beams displays.
The word, pronounc'd aloud by shrieval voice,
Lætatur, which, in Polish, is Rejoice.
The day, month, year, to the great act are join'd,
And a new canting holiday design'd.
Five days he sat, for every cast and look,
Four more than God to finish Adam took:
But who can tell what essence angels are. 20
Or how long Heav'n was making Lucifer?

Volume II.

R

O, could the style that copy'd ev'ry grace,
And plough'd such furrows for an eunuch face,
Could it have form'd his ever-changing will,
The various piece had tir'd the graver's skill !
A martial hero first, with early care,
Blown, like a pigmy by the winds, to war ;
A beardless chief, a rebel ere a man,
So young his hatred to his prince began.
Next this, how wildly will ambition steer !
A vermin, wriggling in th' usurper's ear ;
Bart'ring his venal wit for sums of gold,
He cast himself into the saint-like mould ;
Groan'd, sigh'd, and pray'd, while godliness was
The loudest bagpipe of the squeaking train.
But, as 'tis hard to cheat a juggler's eyes,
His open lewdness he could ne'er disguise.
There split the saint ; for hypocritic zeal
Allows no sins but those it can conceal.
Whoring to scandal gives too large a scope :
Saints must not trade, but they may interlope.
Th' ungodly principle was all the same,
But a gross cheat betrays his partner's game.
Besides, their pace was formal, grave, and slow
His nimble wit outran the heavy pack :
Yet still he found his fortune at a stay,
Whole droves of blockheads choaking up his way
They took, but not rewarded, his advice ;
Villain and wit exact a double price.

w'r was his aim ; but thrown from that pretence,
 he wretch turn'd loyal in his own defence,
 and malice reconcil'd him to his prince.
 m, in the anguish of his soul, he serv'd,
 rewarded faster still than he deserv'd.
 hold him now exalted into trust,
 s counsels oft convenient, seldom just.
 en in the most sincere advice he gave,
 e had a grudging still to be a knave.
 he frauds he learnt in his fanatic years,
 ade him uneasy in his lawful gears :
 t best, as little honest as he could,
 nd, like white witches, mischievously good.
 o his first bias, longingly, he leans.
 nd rather would be great by wicked means.
 hus, fram'd for ill, he loos'd our triple hold,
 dvice unsafe, precipitous, and bold:
 rom hence those tears, that Ilium of our woe,
 Who helps a pow'ful friend fore-arms a foe.
 What wonder if the waves prevail so far,
 When he cut down the banks that made the bar? 70
 eas follow but their nature, to invade ;
 ut he by art our native strength betray'd.
 o Samson to his foe his force confest,
 nd, to be shorn, lay slumb'ring on her breast :
 ut, when this fatal counsel, found too late,
 xpos'd its author to the public hate ;

Dryden.]

R ij

THE METAL.

And weigh, by no impious way,
 e'er to arbitrary sway;
 than large, he shifts his sail,
 the current with a pop'lar gale,
 the fœd confess'd without a veil.
 is to the crowd that pow'r is lent,
 averg'd, to kingly government;
 no successive bear no binding force;
 mutation-unto are things of course:
 as the multitude can never err,
 as the people in the Papal chair.
 man's obvious, Int'rest never lies;
 must have still their int'rest in their eyes;
 pow'r is always theirs, and pow'r is ever wise.
 ighty crowd! thou shorten'st all dispute,
 e'r is thy essence, wit thy attribute;
 e faith nor reason make thee at a stay,
 you leap'st o'er all eternal truths in thy Pindaric way!
 them, no doubt, did rightously decide,
 When Phocion and when Socrates were try'd;
 As righteously they did those dooms repent;
 Still they were wise whatever way they went;
 Crowds err not, though to both extremes they run,
 To kill the father and recall the son.
 Some think the fools were most, as times went then,
 But now the world's o'erstock'd with prudent men.
 The common cry is e'en Religion's test;
 The Turk's is, at Constantinople, best;

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Idols in India, Popery at Rome ;
 And our own worship only true at home :
 And true, but for the time; 'tis hard to know
 How long we please it shall continue so.
 This side to-day, and that to-morrow burns;
 So all are God-almighties, in their turns. 100
 A tempting doctrine, plausible and new ;
 What fools our fathers were, if this be true !
 Who, to destroy the seeds of Civil war,
 Inherent right in monarchs did declare ;
 And, that a lawful power might never cease,
 Secur'd succession to secure our peace.
 Thus property and sov'reign sway, at last,
 In equal balances were justly cast :
 But this new Jehu spurs the hot-mouth'd horse,
 Instructs the beast to know his native force, 120
 To take the bit between his teeth and fly
 To the next headlong step of anarchy.
 Too happy England, if our good we knew,
 Would we possess the freedom we pursue ?
 The lavish government can give no more,
 Yet we repine, and plenty makes us poor.
 God tried us once ; our rebel fathers fought ;
 He glutted 'em with all the pow'r they sought ;
 Till master'd by their own usurping brave,
 The free-born subject sunk into a slave. 130
 We lothe our manna, and we long for quails ;
 Ah, what is man when his own wish prevails ?

[illegible]

And is constrain'd, with patience, all to take : 160

For what defence can Greek and Hebrew make ?

Happy who can this talking trumpet seize ;

They make it speak whatever sense they please.

'Twas fram'd, at first, our oracle t' inquire ;

But since our sects in prophecy grow higher, [spire. }

The text inspires not them, but they the text in-

London thou great emporium of our isle,

O thou too bounteous, thou too fruitful Nile !

How shall I praise or curse to thy desert,

Or separate thy sound from thy corrupted part ? 170

I call'd thee Nile ; the parallel will stand ;

Thy tides of wealth o'erflow the fatten'd land ;

Yet monsters from thy large increase we find,

Engender'd on the slime thou leav'st behind.

Sedition has not wholly seiz'd on thee ;

Thy nobler parts are from infection free :

Of Isr'el's tribes thou hast a num'rous band,

But still the Canaanite is in the land.

Thy military chiefs are brave and true ;

Nor are thy disenchanted burghers few. 180

The head is loyal which thy heart commands,

But what's a head with two such gouty hands ?

The wise and wealthy love the surest way,

And are content to thrive and to obey :

But wisdom is to sloth too great a slave ;

None are so busy as the fool and knave.

THE MEDAL.

Let me curse; what vengeance will they urge,
Whose ordures neither plague nor fire can purge?

190

Or sharp experience can to duty bring,
Or angry Heav'n nor a forgiving King!
In gospel-phrase their chapmen they betray;
Their shops are dens, the buyer is the prey:
The knack of trades is living on the spoil;
They boast e'en when each other they beguile.
Customs to steal is such a trivial thing,
That 'tis their charter to defraud their king.

All hands unite of every jarring sect;
They cheat their country first, and then infect.
They for God's cause their monarchs dare dethrone,
And they'll be sure to make his cause their own. 200
Whether the plott'ng Jesuit laid the plan
Of murd'ring kings, or the French Puritan,
Our sacrilegious sects their guides outgo,
And kings and kingly pow'r would murder too.

What means their trait'rous combination less,
Too plain t' evade, too shameful to confess?
But treason is not own'd when 'tis descry'd:
Successful crimes alone are justify'd.
The men who no conspiracy would find,
Who doubts but, had it taken, they had join'd
Join'd in a mutual cov'nant of defence,
At first without, at last, against their prince
If sov'reign right by sov'reign pow'r they see
The same bold maxim holds in God and me

God were not safe, his thunder could they shun ;

He should be forc'd to crown another son.

Thus when the heir was from the vineyard thrown,

The rich possession was the murd'ers' own.

In vain to sophistry they have recourse ;

By proving theirs no plot, they prove 'ts worse,

Unmask'd rebellion, and audacious force ; 221

Which though not actual, yet all eyes may see

'Tis working, in th' immediate pow'r to be ;

For, from pretended grievances they rise,

First to dislike, and after to despise ;

Then, Cyclop-like, in human flesh to deal,

Chop up a minister at every meal :

Perhaps not wholly to melt down the King,

But clip his regal rights within the ring :

From thence t' assume the pow'r of peace and war,

And ease him, by degrees, of public care. 231

Yet, to consult his dignity and fame,

He should have leave to exercise the name,

And hold the cards while Commons play'd the game.

For what can pow'r give more than food and drink,

To live at ease and not be bound to think ?

These are the cooler methods of their crime,

But their hot zealots think 'tis loss of time ;

On utmost bounds of loyalty they stand,

And grin and whet like a Croastian band,

That waits impatient for the last command, 240

Thus outlaws open villany maintain;
 They steal not, but in squadrons scour the plain,
 And if their pow'r the passengers subdue,
 The most have right, the wrong is in the few.
 Such impious axioms foolishly they show,
 For in some soils republics will not grow;
 Our temp'rate isle will no extremes sustain,
 Of pop'lar sway or arbitrary reign;
 But slides between them both into the best,
 Secure in freedom, in a monarch blest:
 And though the climate vex'd with various winds,
 Works, through our yielding bodies, on our minds,
 The wholesome tempest purges what it breeds,
 To recommend the calmness that succeeds.

But thou, the pander of the people's hearts,
 O crooked soul, and serpentine in arts!
 Whose blandishments a loyal land have whor'd,
 And broke the bonds she plighted to her lord;
 What curses on thy blasted name will fall;
 Which age to age their legacy shall call?
 For all must curse the woes that must descend on all.
 Religion thou hast none; thy Mercury
 Has past through ev'ry sect, or theirs through thee;
 But what thou giv'st, that venom still remains,
 And the pox'd nation feels thee in their brains.
 What else inspires the tongues, and swells the breath
 Of all thy bellowing renegado priests,

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see for God ; dispense thy laws,
my ferment their fainting cause; 270
madness raise, and toil and sweat
midable, cripple great ?
crimes succeed, should lawless pow'r
ends thy greedy hopes devour,
ends thy mortal foes would be;
heirs will never long agree.
thou hast any) must be one
world and human kind alone;
that passes hours too well
heav'n, or threaten us with hell: 280
ern'd can at rebellion sit,
t crimes he did himself commit.
eirs; the heav'n their priesthood paints
le of gloomy sullen saints;
ike bedlam, slovenly and sad,
for souls with false religion mad.
a vision poets can foreshow
it fools by common sense may know:
ession from our isle should fail,
profane with impious arms prevail;
or those thy factious arts engage,
at harvest of rebellious rage,
thou flatter'st thy decrepit age,
g poison of the sev'ral sects,
nting vent, the nation's health infect!

Shall burst its bag ; and, fighting out the
The various venoms on each other prey.

The Presbyter puff'd up with spirit'al pride
Shall on the necks of the low'd nobles ride
His breth'ren damn, the Civil pow'r defy,
And parcel out republic prelacy :

But short shall be his reign; his rigid yoke
And tyrant pow'r will puny sects provoke
And frogs and toads, and all the tadpole tribe
Will croak to Heav'n for help from this divine
The cut-throat Sword and clam'rous Gov
In sharing their ill-gotten spoils of war :

Chiefs shall be grudg'd the part which they
Lords envy lords, and friends with ev'ry side
About their impious merit shall contend.
The surly Commons shall respect deny,

And juggle peerage out with property,
Their Gen'ral either shall his trust betray,
And force the crowd to arbitrary sway ;

Or they, suspecting his ambitious aim,
In hate of kings, shall cast anew the frame
And thrust out Collatine that bore their name

Thus inborn broils the factions would end
Or wars of exil'd heirs, or foreign rage,
Till halting Vengeance overtook our age :
And our wild labours, wearied into rest,
Reclin'd us on a rightful monarch's breast

-----Pudet hæc opprobria vixisse
Et dici potuisse, et non potuisse refelli.

ALEXANDER'S FEAST:

OR, THE POWER OF MUSIC.

AN ODE.

IN HONOUR OF ST. CECILIA'S DAY.

I.

'T WAS at the royal feast, for Persia won
By Philip's warlike son :
Aloft in awful state
The godlike hero sate
On his imperial throne :
His valiant peers were plac'd around,
Their brows with roses and with myrtles bound,
(So should desert in arms be crown'd)
The lovely Thais by his side
Sate like a blooming eastern bride,
In flow'r of youth and beauty's pride.
Happy, happy, happy pair !
None but the brave,
None but the brave,
None but the brave deserves the fair.

CHORUS.

" Happy, happy, happy pair !
" None but the brave,
" None but the brave,
" None but the brave deserves the fair."

II.

Timotheus, plac'd on high
Amid the tuneful voices

And is constrain'd, with patience, all to take : 160

For what defence can Greek and Hebrew make ?

Happy who can this talking trumpet seize ;

They make it speak whatever sense they please.

'Twas fram'd, at first, our oracle t' inquire ;

But since our sects in prophecy grow higher, [spire. }

The text inspires not them, but they the text in-

London thou great emporium of our isle,

O thou too bounteous, thou too fruitful Nile !

How shall I praise or curse to thy desert,

Or separate thy sound from thy corrupted part ? 170

I call'd thee Nile ; the parallel will stand ;

Thy tides of wealth o'erflow the fatten'd land ;

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Engender'd on the slime thou leav'st behind.

Sedition has not wholly seiz'd on thee ;

Thy nobler parts are from infection free :

Of Isr'el's tribes thou hast a num'rous band,

But still the Canaanite is in the land.

Thy military chiefs are brave and true ;

Nor are thy disenchanted burghers few. 180

The head is loyal which thy heart commands,

But what's a head with two such gouty hands ?

The wise and wealthy love the surest way,

And are content to thrive and to obey :

But wisdom is to sloth too great a slave ;

None are so busy as the fool and knave.

Those let me curse; what vengeance w
Whose ordures neither plague nor fire c
Nor sharp experience can to duty bring,
Nor angry Heav'n nor a forgiving King
In gospel-phrase their chapmen they be
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The knack of trades is living on the spoi
They boast e'en when each other they b
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That 'tis their charter to defraud their k
All hands unite of every jarring sect;
They cheat their country first, and then
They for God's cause their monarchs da
And they'll be sure to make his cause th
Whether the plott'ng Jesuit laid the pla
Of murd'ring kings, or the French Puri
Our sacrilegious sects their guides outgo
And kings and kingly pow'r would mur
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Too plain t' evade, too shameful to con
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If sov'reign right by sov'reign pow'r the
The same bold maxim holds in God and

God were not safe, his thunder could they shun ;
 He should be forc'd to crown another son.
 Thus when the heir was from the vineyard thrown,
 The rich possession was the murd'ers' own.
 In vain to sophistry they have recourse ;
 By proving theirs no plot, they prove 'ts worse, }
 Unmask'd rebellion, and audacious force ; 221 }
 Which though not actual, yet all eyes may see
 'Tis working, in th' immediate pow'r to be ;
 For, from pretended grievances they rise,
 First to dislike, and after to despise ;
 Then, Cyclop-like, in human flesh to deal,
 Chop up a minister at every meal :
 Perhaps not wholly to melt down the King,
 But clip his regal rights within the ring :
 From thence t' assume the pow'r of peace and war,
 And ease him, by degrees, of public care. 231
 Yet, to consult his dignity and fame, }
 He should have leave to exercise the name, }
 And hold the cards while Commons play'd the game. }
 For what can pow'r give more than food and drink,
 To live at ease and not be bound to think ?
 These are the cooler methods of their crime,
 But their hot zealots think 'tis loss of time ;
 On utmost bounds of loyalty they stand,
 And grin and whet like a Croastian band, 24° }
 That waits impatient for the last command.

THE MENAE.

Thus outlaws open villany maintain;
 They steal not, but in squadrons scour the plains;
 And if their pow'r the passengers subdue,
 The most have right, the wrong is in the few.
 Such impious axioms foolishly they show,
 For in some soils republics will not grow;
 Our temp'rate isle will no extremes sustain,
 Of pop'lar sway or arbitrary reign;
 But slides between them both into the best,
 Secure in freedom, in a monarch blest:
 And though the climate vex'd with various winds,
 Works, through our yielding bodies, on our minds,
 The wholesome tempest purges what it breeds,
 To recommend the calmness that succeeds.
 But thou, the pander of the people's hearts,
 O crooked soul, and serpentine in arts!
 Whose blandishments a loyal land have whor'd,
 And broke the bonds she plighted to her lord;
 What curses on thy blasted name will fall;
 Which age to age their legacy shall call?
 For all must curse the woes that must descend on all.
 Religion thou hast none; thy Mercury
 Has past through ev'ry sect, or theirs through thee
 But what thou giv'st, that venom still remains,
 And the pox'd nation feels thee in their brains.
 What else inspires the tongues, and swells the brains
 Of all thy bellowing renegade priests,

That preach up thee for God ; dispense thy laws,
 And with thy stum ferment their fainting cause; 270
 Fresh fumes of madness raise, and toil and sweat
 To make the formidable cripple great ?
 Yet should thy crimes succeed, should lawless pow'r
 Compass those ends thy greedy hopes devour,
 Thy canting friends thy mortal foes would be;
 Thy god and theirs will never long agree.
 For thine (if thou hast any) must be one
 That lets the world and human kind alone;
 A jolly god, that passes hours too well
 To promise heav'n, or threaten us with hell: 280
 That unconcern'd can at rebellion sit,
 And wink at crimes he did himself commit.
 A tyrant theirs ; the heav'n their priesthood paints
 A conventicle of gloomy sullen saints;
 A heav'n, like bedlam, slovenly and sad,
 Foredoom'd for souls with false religion mad.

Without a vision poets can foreshow
 What all but fools by common sense may know:
 If true succession from our isle should fail,
 And crowds profane with impious arms prevail;
 Not thou, nor those thy factious arts engage,
 Shall reap that harvest of rebellious rage,
 With which thou flatter'st thy decrepit age,
 The swelling poison of the sev'ral sects,
 Which, wanting vent, the nation's health infects.

Shall burst its bag; and, fighting out their way,
 The various venoms on each other prey.
 The Presbyter puff'd up with spirit'al pride,
 Shall on the necks of the lew'd nobles ride.
 His breth'ren damn, the Civil pow'r defy, 300
 And parcel out republic prelacy:
 But short shall be his reign; his rigid yoke
 And tyrant pow'r will puny sects provoke:
 And frogs and toads, and all the tadpole train,
 Will croak to Heav'n for help from this devouring crane,
 The cut-throat Sword and clam'rous Gown shall jar,
 In sharing their ill-gotten spoils of war:
 Chiefs shall be grudg'd the part which they pretend; }
 Lords envy lords, and friends with ev'ry friend }
 About their impious merit shall contend. 310 }
 The surly Commons shall respect deny,
 And jumble peerage out with property,
 Their Gen'ral either shall his trust betray,
 And force the crowd to arbitrary sway;
 Or they, suspecting his ambitious aim, }
 In hate of kings, shall cast anew the frame, }
 And thrust out Collatine that bore their name. }

Thus inborn broils the factions would engage,
 Or wars of exil'd heirs, or foreign rage,
 Till halting Vengeance overtook our age:
 And our wild labours, wearied into rest,
 Reclin'd us on a rightful monarch's breast.

-----Pudet hæc opprobria v. bis

Et dici potuisse, et non potuisse refelli.

ALEXANDER'S FEAST :

OR, THE POWER OF MUSIC.

AN ODE.

IN HONOUR OF ST. CECILIA'S DAY.

I.

As at the royal feast, for Persia won
Philip's warlike son :
In awful state
Odlike hero sate
On imperial throne :
Gallant peers were plac'd around,
Brows with roses and with myrtles bound,
Should desert in arms be crown'd)
Nearly Thais by his side
Like a blooming eastern bride,
Prize of youth and beauty's pride.
O, happy, happy pair !
But the brave,
Not the brave,
But the brave deserves the fair.

CHORUS.

Happy, happy, happy pair !
Not one but the brave,
Not one but the brave,
Not one but the brave deserves the fair."

II.

Heus, plac'd on high
The tuneful quire,
See II.

S





ALEXANDER'S FEAST.

207

d in triumph comes ;
umpets, beat the drums :
a purple grace,
honest face.
e hautboys breath. He comes ! he comes !
er fair and young,
ys did first ordain ;
ssings are a treasure ;
the soldier's pleasure ;
asure,
easure ;
asure after pain."

CHORUS.

' blessings are a treasure ;
g is the soldier's pleasure :
e treasure,
ie pleasure ;
; pleasure after pain."

IV.

the sound, the king grew vain ;
is battles o'er again ;
ie routed all his foes, and thrice he slew
saw the madness rise ; [the slain.
; cheeks, his ardent eyes ;
e heav'n and earth defy'd,
hand, and check'd his pride,
mournful muse,

He sung Darius, great and good;
By too severe a fate,
Fallen, fallen, fallen, fallen,
Fallen from his high estate,
And welt'ring in his blood;
Deserted at his utmost need
By those his former bounty fed;
On the bare earth expos'd he lies,
With not a friend to close his eyes
With down-cast looks the joyless
Revolving in his alter'd soul
The various turns of chance below
And, now and then, a sigh he st
And tears began to flow.

CHORUS.

“ Revolving in his alter'd soul
“ The various turns of chance
“ And, now and then, a sigh
“ And tears began to flow.”

V.

The mighty master smil'd to see
That love was in the next degree
'Twas but a kindred sound to mo
For pity melts the mind to love,
Softly sweet, in Lydian measure
Soon he sooth'd his soul to pleas
War, he sung, is toil and troub
Honour but an empty bubble;

ever ending, still beginning,
 fighting still, and still destroying :
 the world be worth thy winning,
 sink, O think it worth enjoying.
 lovely Thais sits besides thee ;
 like the good the Gods provide thee.
 he many rend the skies with loud applause :
 love was crown'd, but music won the cause.
 he prince, unable to conceal his pain,
 gaz'd on the fair
 who caus'd his care,
 and sigh'd and look'd, sigh'd and look'd,
 sigh'd and look'd, and sigh'd again.
 At length, with love and wine at once opprest,
 he vanquish'd victor sunk upon her breast.

CHORUS.

" The prince unable to conceal his pain,
 " Gaz'd on the fair
 " Who caus'd his care,
 " And sigh'd and look'd, sigh'd and look'd,
 " Sigh'd and look'd, and sigh'd again.
 " At length with love and wine at once opprest,
 " The vanquish'd victor sunk upon her breast."

VI.

Now strikes the golden lyre again :
 louder yet, and yet a louder strain,
 break his bands of sleep asunder,
 and rouse him like a rattling peal of thunder.

Hark, hark, the horrid sound
Has rais'd up his head,
As awak'd from the dead,
And amaz'd, he stares around.
Revenge, revenge, Timotheus cries,
See the furies arise!
See the snakes that they rear,
How they hiss in their hair!
And the sparkles that flash from their eyes!
Behold a ghastly band,
Each a torch in his hand,
Those are Grecian ghosts that in battle were slain
And unbury'd remain
Inglorious on the plain:
Give the vengeance due
To the valiant crew.
Behold how they toss their torches on high,
How they point to the Persian abodes,
And glitt'ring temples of their hostile gods?
The princes applaud with a furious joy,
And the king seiz'd a flambeau, with zeal to destroy
Thais led the way,
To light him to his prey;
And, like another Helen, fir'd another Troy.

CHORUS.

" And the King seiz'd a flambeau, with ze
" Thais led the way, [des
" To light him to his prey;
" And, like another Helen, fir'd another Troy

VII.

Thus long ago,
Ere heaving bellows learn'd to blow,
While organs yet were mute,
Timotheus, to his breathing flute
And sounding lyre,
Could swell the soul to rage, or kindle soft desire.
At last divine Cecilia came,
Inventress of the vocal frame;
The sweet enthusiast, from her sacred store,
Enlarg'd the former narrow bounds,
And added length to solemn sounds,
With Nature's mother-wit, and arts unknown before
Let old Timotheus yield the prize.
Or both divide the crown;
He rais'd a mortal to the skies,
She drew an angel down.

GRAND CHORUS.

" At last divine Cecilia came,
" Inventress of the vocal frame;
" The sweet enthusiast, from her sacred store,
" Enlarg'd the former narrow bounds,
" And added length to solemn sounds,
" With Nature's mother-wit, and arts unknown
" Let old Timotheus yield the prize, [before.
" Or both divide the crown;
" He rais'd a mortal to the skies,
" She drew an angel down."

THE SECULAR

Enter JANUS.

JAN. CHRONOS, Chronos, mend thy
An hundred times the rolling sun
Around the radiant belt has run.

In his revolving race.
Behold, behold, the goal in sight,
Spread thy fans, and wing thy night
Enter CHRONOS, with a scythe in his hand

back: which he sets down at his
CURIO. Weary, weary of my work
Let me, let me drop my freight,
And leave the world behind.
I could not bear,
Another year,
The load of human-kind.

Enter MOMUS.
MOM. Ha! ha! ha! ha! ha! ha!
down thy pack, ▼
back. ▼

DIAN. Since Momus comes to laugh below,
 And Time begin the show,
 That he may see, in every scene,
 What changes in this age have been.

CHORO. Then, goddess of the silver bow, begin.

[*Horns, or hunting music within.*]

Enter DIANA.

DIANA. With horns and with hounds I waken the day,
 And hie to the woodland-walks away;
 I buck up my robe, and am buskin'd soon,
 And tie to my forehead a waxing moon:
 I course the fleet stag, unkennel the fox,
 And chase the wild goats o'er summits of rocks;
 With shouting and hooting we pierce thro' the sky,
 And Echo turns hunter, and doubles the cry.

CHORO. *of all.*] "With shouting and hooting we pierce
 "thro' the sky,

And Echo turns hunter, and doubles the cry."

DIAN. Then our age was in its prime:

CHORO. Free from rage,

DIANA. -----And free from crime.

CHORO. A very merry, dancing, drinking,
 Laughing, quaffing, and unthinking time.

CHORO. *of all.*] "Then our age was in its prime,

Free from rage, and free from crime.

A very merry, dancing, drinking,

Laughing, quaffing, and unthinking time."

[*Dance of DIANA's attendants.*

MARS. Inspire the vocal
 The world is past its infant age -
 Arms and honour,
 Arms and honour,
 Set the martial mind on fire,
 And kindle manly rage,
 Mars has look'd the sky to red;
 And Peace, the lazy god, is fled.
 Plenty, Peace, and Pleasure fly
 The sprightly green,
 In woodland-walks, no more
 The sprightly green has drunk
 "The sprightly green, no more
 "In woodland-walks, no more
 "The sprightly green has
 MARS. Sound the trumpet
 Through all the world a
 Sound a reveille, sound
 The warrior god is con
 "Sound
 Through all the w
 ville,

only thinner
 r cost and care?
 side a winner,
 re as they were.
] "The fools are only thinner,
 our cost and care;
 er side a winner,
 are as they were."

Enter VENUS.

is appear when storms are past;
 ve his hour at last:
 y kindly care;
 s, and I repair.
 ke me, while you may,
 s not ev'ry day."
] "Take her, take her, while you may,
 es not ev'ry day."
 e world was then so light,
 t the weight;
 day, and Love the night:
 : Queen of Pleasure left the ground,
 ,
 rag
 us orb around.
 all of a piece throughout;
 Diana.] Thy chace had a beast in view;
 Thy wars brought nothing about;
 Thy lovers were all untrue.

JAN. 'Tis well an old age is out.

CHOR. And time to begin a new.

CHO. *of all.*] "All, all of a piece throughout;

"Thy chace had a beast in view;

"Thy wars brought nothing about,

"Thy lovers were all untrue,

"'Tis well an old age is out,

"And time to begin a new."

Dance of huntsmen, nymphs, warriors, and lovers.

TO HIS SACRED MAJESTY.

A PANEGYRIC ON HIS CORONATION.

hat wild deluge where the world was drown'd,
en life and sin one common tomb had found,
first small prospect of a rising hill
h various notes of joy the ark did fill ;
when that flood in its own depths was drown'd,
ft behind it false and slipp'ry ground ;
the more solemn pomp was still deferr'd,
new-born nature in fresh looks appear'd.
s Royal Sir, to see you landed here,
s cause enough of triumph for a year : 10
would your care those glorious joys repeat,
they at once might be secure and great ;
your kind beams by their continu'd stay,
warm'd the ground, and call'd the damps away.
vapours, while your pow'rful influence dries,
n soonest vanish when they highest rise.
greater hate these sacred rites prepar'd,
e guilty months had in your triumphs shar'd ;
this untainted year is all your own ;
r glories may without our crimes be shown. 20
had not yet exhausted all our store,
n you refresh'd our joys by adding more,
eav'n, of old, dispens'd celestial dew,
gave us manna, and still give us new.
June 11. T

ON THE CORONATION

Now our sad ruins are remov'd from sight,
The season, too, comes fraught with new delight:
Time seems not now beneath his years to stoop,
Nor do his wings with sickly feathers droop:
Soft western winds waft o'er the gaudy Spring,
And open'd scenes of flow'rs and blossoms bring
To grace this happy day while you appear
Not king of us alone but of the year.
All eyes you draw, and with the eyes the heart;
Of your own pomp yourself the greatest part,
Loud shouts the nation's happiness proclaim,
And heav'n this day is feasted with your name.
Your cavalcade the fair spectators view,
From their high standings, yet look up to you.
And longs to date a conquest from your day.
Now charg'd with blessings, while you seek re-
Officious Slumbers haste your eyes to close:
The pleasing shapes of all you saw before.
Next to the sacred temple you are led,
Where waits a crown for your more sacred
How justly from the church that crown is
Preserv'd from ruin, and restor'd by you
The grateful choir their harmony employ
Not to make greater but more solemn joy
Wrapt soft and warm, your name is
As flames do on the wings of incense f

'f is lost, in vain she brings
 notes to praise the best of kings :
 strains in you a tomb have found,
 bees, in their own sweetness drown'd.
 ight peace, all discord could atone,
 music of itself alone.
 he sacred oil anoints your head,
 t scents begun from you, are spread 65
 ge dome, the people's joyful sound,
 s still preserv'd in hallow'd ground :
 e blessing mix'd descends on you,
 d spirits fall in richer dew.
 wishes do increase your store,
 self, you can admit no more :
 to your glory, but employ
 e angels, in expressing joy.
 y, or our hopes, alone
 oy, but full fruition : 70
 ose blessings which we must possess,
 f future by past happiness.
 an oblige a prince so much
 od, as long to have been such.
 lation heats your breast,
 n fame now robs you of your rest.
 s still must be maintain'd with good,
 urish'd with resembling food.
 ready quench'd Sedition's brand ;
 hich burnt it, only warms the land. 80

ON THE CORONATION

ne jealous sects that dare not trust their cause
So far from their own will as to the laws,
You for their umpire and their synod take,
And their appeal alone to Cæsar make.
Kind Heav'n so rare a temper did provide,
That Guilt repenting might in it confide.
Among our crimes oblivion may be set
But 'tis our Kings perfection to forget.
Virtues, unknown to these rough northern climes,
From milder heav'ns you bring, without their crimes
Your calmness does no after-storms provide,
Nor seeming patience mortal anger hide.
When empire first from families did spring,
Then ev'ry father govern'd as a king;
But you that are a sov'reign prince, allay
Imperial pow'r with your paternal sway.
From those great cares when ease your soul un-
Your pleasures are design'd to noble ends:
Born to command the mistress of the seas,
Your thoughts themselves in that blue empi-
Hither in summer ev'nings you repair
To take the *fraicheur* of the purer air:
Undaunted here you ride, when Winter raw
With Cæsar's heart that rose above the w-
More I could sing, but fear my numbers
No loyal subject, dares that courage pra-
In stately frigates most delight you find
Where well-drawn battles fire your ma-

What to your cares we owe is learn'd from hence,
When ev'n your pleasures serve for our defence. 110
Beyond your court flows in th' admitted tide,
Where in new depths the wond'ring fishes glide:
Here in a royal bed the waters sleep;
When tir'd at sea, within this bay they creep.
Here the mistrustful fowl no harm suspects,
Of safe are all things which our king protects.
From your lov'd Thames a blessing yet is due,
Second alone to that it brought in you;
A queen, near whose chaste womb, ordain'd by Fate,
The souls of kings unborn for bodies wait. 120
It was your love before made discord cease;
Your love is destin'd to your country's peace.
Both Indies, rivals in your bed, provide,
With gold or jewels to adorn your bride.
This to a mighty king presents rich ore,
While that with incense does a god implore.
Two kingdoms wait your doom, and, as you chuse,
This must receive a crown, or that must lose.
Thus from your royal oak, like Jove's of old,
Are answers sought and destinies foretold; 130
Propitious oracles are begg'd with vows,
And crowns that grow upon the sacred boughs.
Your subjects, while you weigh the nation's fate,
Suspend to both their doubtful love or hate;
Chuse only, Sir, that so they may possess,
With their own peace, their children's happiness.

A KEY to Absalom and Ac
Absalom and Achithophel,

Part I. - - - - -

Part II. - - - - -

The Hind and the Panther,

Part I. - - - - -

Part II. - - - - -

Part III. - - - - -

Macflecnoe, - - - - -

The Medal. A Satire again

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